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September 19, 1936

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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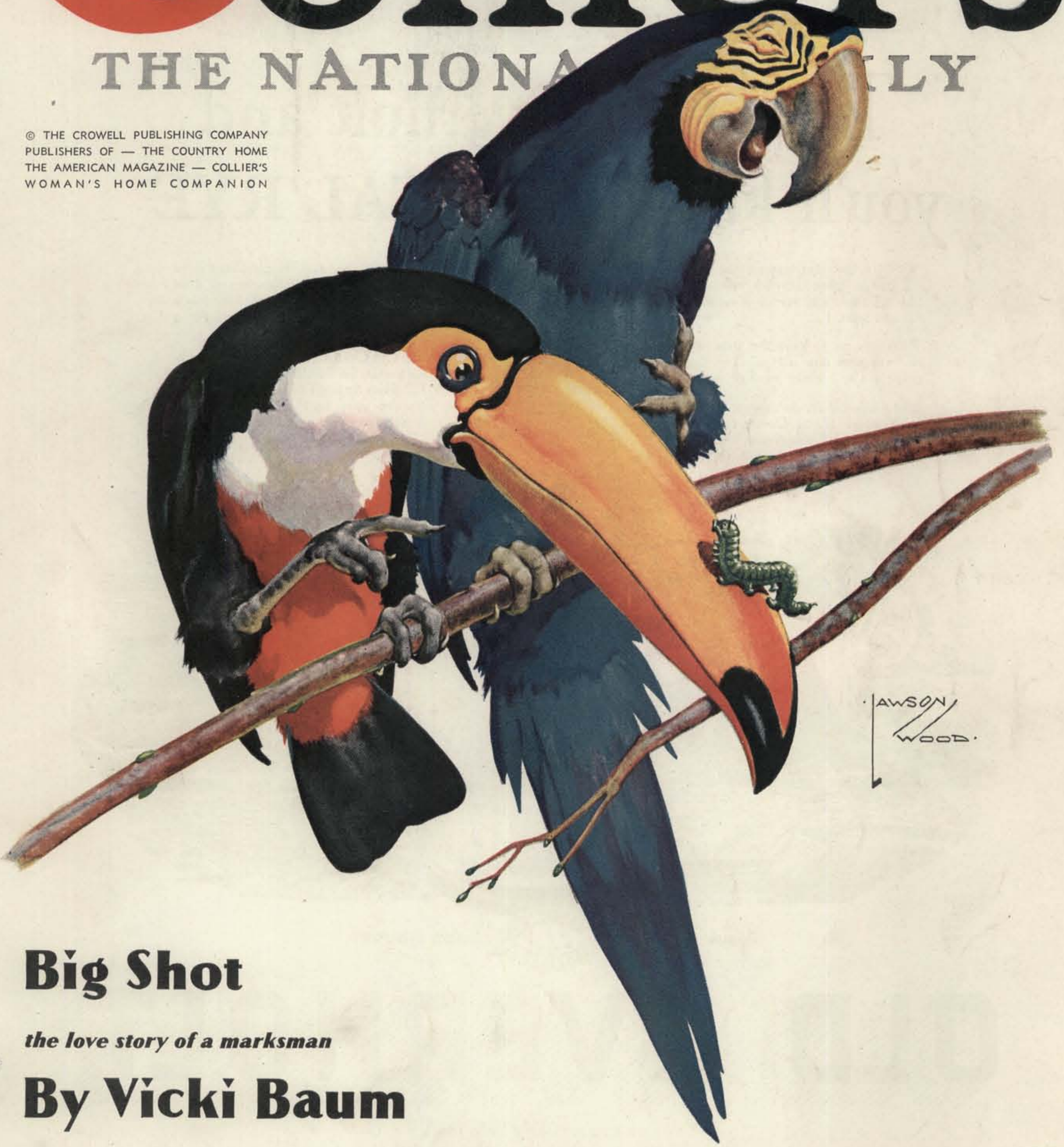

Big Shot

the love story of a marksman

By Vicki Baum

Puerto Rico *problem child* By W. B. C

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YOUR first taste may surprise you. It's like no other. It's rich with zest. It's full and round and robust. It's different as day and night.

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Old Overholt is, of course, bottled in bond under U. S. Government supervision. It is Pennsylvania straight rye whiskey. But even these high specifications cannot tell its excellence — in every full-bodied virile drop is that honor and integrity which have made the name known and respected for a century and a quarter.

The Old Overholt in good bars and package stores today still comes from Broad Ford, Pa., where the first Old Overholt was made, starting away back before Harrisburg became the capital of the state.

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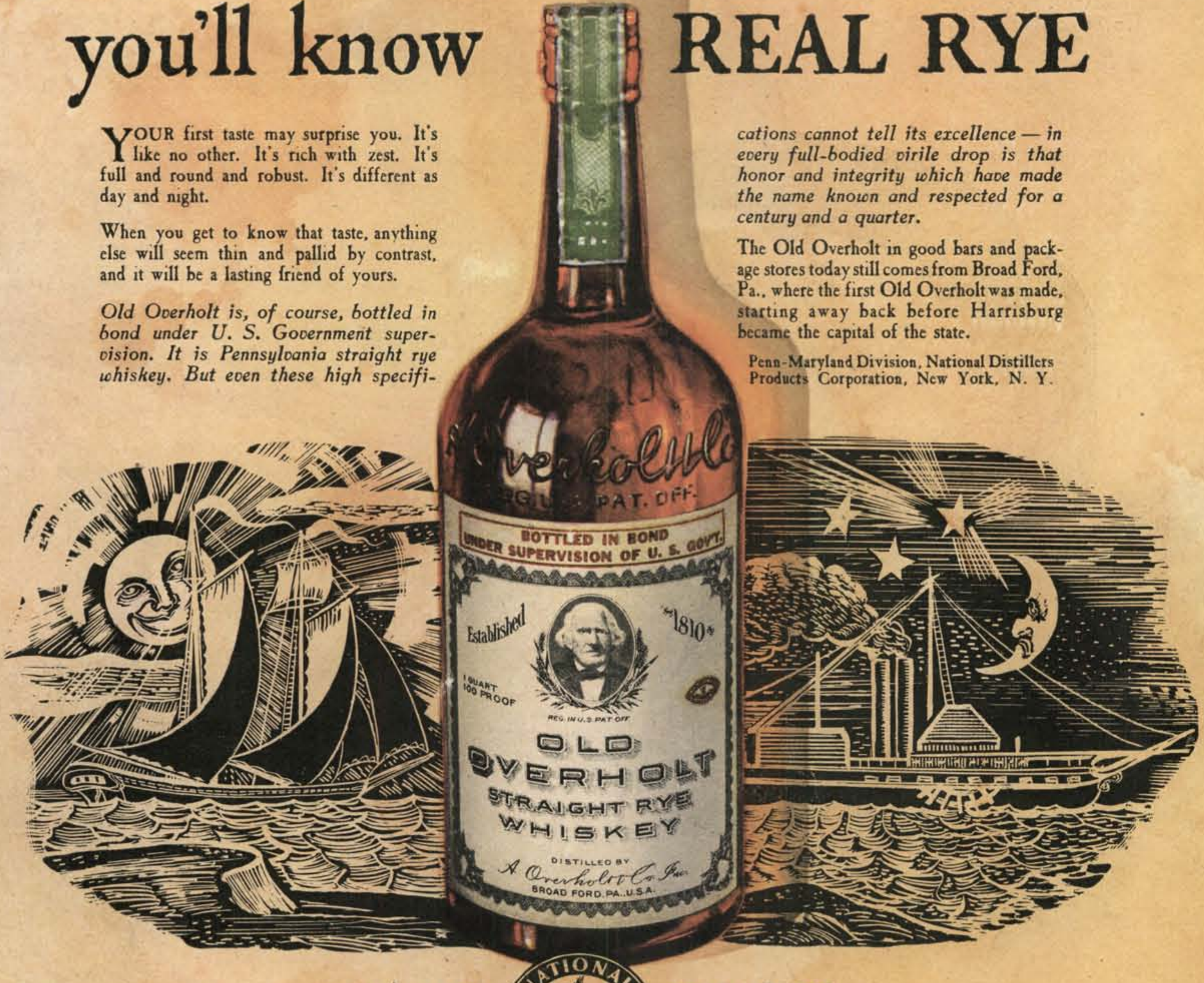
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UNDER U.S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

IF THEIR SMILES FALL DOWN, THEIR JOBS FOLD UP

New York's Handsomest Men SAY:

WILLIAM CRABB'S main interest outside the studios is golf. He plays an excellent game and keeps fit for studio work that way. He wants a career in Wall Street.

"For a thorough and safer cleansing, Listerine Tooth Paste every time!"

That's straight from the shoulder advice from the hardest boiled critics of tooth paste—the men who every day must face the merciless eye of the camera in New York commercial studios. Men like Glen Gallagher, William Crabb, Harry Conover, whose very livelihood depends largely on the perfection of their teeth, cannot afford to take chances with ordinary tooth paste.

Why not for you?

Why don't you discard the tooth paste you are now using and switch to Listerine Tooth Paste for a while? You may be amazed at the improvement in the looks of your teeth.

There are no coarse, hard abrasives in Listerine Tooth Paste. Instead there is an exclusive combination of cleansers chosen for their extreme gentleness. While they remove every vestige of debris on the teeth, they cannot harm the priceless enamel itself. Examined under the microscope, teeth brushed twice a day for the equivalent of a lifetime, showed no harm to the enamel.

Gentle polishing, too

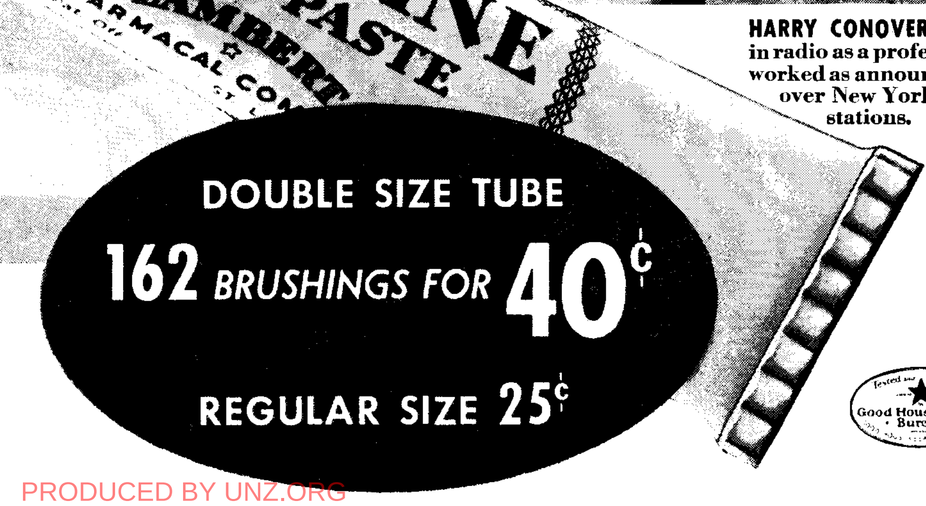
The ingredient in Listerine Tooth Paste that gives teeth such brilliance and lustre is so delicate, so fine, that only three places in the world can produce a product that will meet our specifications.

When you brush your teeth with Listerine Tooth Paste you know that you are getting the utmost in cleansing with the greatest degree of safety. There are two sizes: Regular 25¢ and the great big tube at 40¢, which contains 162 brushings.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

HARRY CONOVER is interested in radio as a profession and has worked as announcer and actor over New York and Detroit stations.

GLEN GALLAGHER is well known on the Coast as a polo and tennis player. In summer stock, he gains acting experience to fit him for moving picture work.



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Associate Editors

Next Week

THE cards were stacked against Jinny. They took her out of the woods of northern Maine and set her down in New York. They put her in a woodsman's show with transplanted spruce trees and fake snow and a log cabin. Jinny was at a disadvantage.

Madeline Sherrill, who was Jerry Welden's fiancée, might have let it go at that. But she wanted to be entirely sure that Jerry would see how ridiculous Jinny was. And there she was wrong. In "Out of the Woods" Leona Dalrymple tells the story.

THOSE who have loitered for a while in Topeka amid the breezy assurance of the Republican campaigners might expect to find Democratic National Headquarters in Washington the seat of purple gloom and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Farley pretty discouraged if not already negotiating with new employers. This, oddly enough, is not at all the case. The Democratic machine is moving forward with smooth and expert efficiency. As for the leader of the party, the possibility of defeat has not penetrated even to the outer fringes of his consciousness. Walter Davenport gives you a picture of expert players, well provided with aces, "The Doubtless Democrats."

THE trouble with Joe Marks was that "He Didn't Know a Story." He was like the reporter sent to cover a big wedding who phoned the desk there was no story because the bridegroom hadn't shown up. Joe's friends got rich on the stories he turned up and threw away. *His* story, gags included, is told by Arthur "Bugs" Baer.

EVEN the very best athletes carry with them a constant handicap—their brains. At a crucial moment, when their muscles ought to be making split-second decisions for them, the old gray matter is likely to get in the way. Unfortunately you can't "Leave Your Brains at Home." Tommy Armour in a brilliant article shows you the next best thing.

OUR favorite strong man of the South Seas, Wallaby Jim, appears again on an errand of vengeance. Even with Wallaby betrayed and helpless, the opposition has no quiet moment. In the legends of the islands Wallaby is accounted invincible. He proves it again "In Gun Smoke," by Albert Richard Wetjen.

WILL JENKINS writes the Short Short Story. H. Vernor Dixon, Kathleen Norris, Jim Marshall, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Oscar Howard, F. J. Taylor, Kyle Crichton and others contribute stories and articles. It's a galaxy!

This Week

●

September 19, 1936

Cover by Lawson Wood

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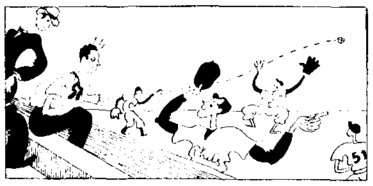
Any Week

MR. MURRAY T. FOSBRIDGE of Wichita, Kansas, confesses to a "sinking feeling" every time he hears candidates and their spielers "begging for votes." He wants to know whether there isn't "a simple, general formula which, if stuck to by somebody, would solve all these problems of government." Maybe there is. Yet we're pretty well convinced that most of us are ignoring that grand but too often disregarded triumvirate—Courage, Humor and Common Sense. Try it the next time you're sure the end has come.

FROM Johnson City, Tennessee, Mrs. Helen Broadbent notifies us that she and her husband have decided not to cash their veterans' bonus bonds. "We can get along somehow without that cash," says she. "Having the bonds has given us a new feeling. We are now stockholders in the United States of America. We feel as if the government was partly ours."

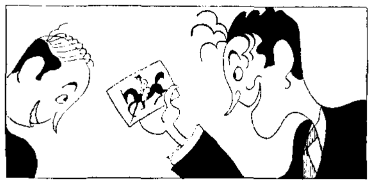


PERHAPS you don't care how many people go to see the Athletics play what, for the want of a better name, is called baseball in Philadelphia. We don't. But Mr. Larry Freas of that tranquil city reports that "folks are afraid to go to Shibe Park for fear they will be called upon to pitch for the home team. Anybody who can throw the ball as far as home plate is apt to be drafted right out of the stands."

NOT knowing what else to do about it we telephoned to Major Caygill. An official United States Army envelope was delivered to our desk informing us that Major Caygill is now living at Number 9 Gay Street, New York City. That's all there was to it. No explanation. So we telephoned. The voice on the other end asked us what we wanted. We had to be truthful and admit we didn't want anything. "But you sent us your new address," we argued. "There must be some reason." And the voice said: "Maybe you'd better go lie down where it's cool. This weather affects people like you first."

SNUBBED like that, we got what solace we could out of the thought that, after all, it is much more fun and, of course, highly educational to look into apparently trivial things. We hope we never lose the urge.

Mr. Melvin O'Donnell of Syracuse, New York, told us that an irritated politician whom we had treated with less than adoration got pretty angry at us. "Collier's ought to mind its own business," he raged. "Listen," replied Mr. O'Donnell, "the minute Collier's does nothing better than mind its own business I'll quit reading it, and so will you."



YET there are times when a little diplomacy seems to be called for. For example, here's a snapshot sent to us by Mrs. Ted Crenshaw of Salem, Oregon. "Take a good look at this," she bids us. "Look hard and tell me do you think this is a good-looking girl. We have decided to abide by your decision." Well, it's certainly a swell horse she's riding.

MR. WALTER T. BEANS of Louisville, Kentucky, admits that his ears may have deceived him when he listened to the Honorable John Daniel Miller Hamilton give his latest version of how he and Mr. Landon propose to save us all from a fate worse than death. "But," says Mr. Beans, "I think that Mr. Hamilton is going a bit far when he says that he and Mr. Landon propose to take the government out of politics."

DOWN in Tulsa, Oklahoma, Dr. E. E. Frankenthal listened to a job hunter telling why he should be elected to the state legislature. "This fellow Lemke," roared the orator, "says he would limit private fortunes to $500,000. I go further than that. I will introduce a law limiting them to $400,000 and compel all employers who fire an employee to continue to pay that employee's wages until he has found another job just as good."

THAT gentleman is going to get a lot of votes. But he'd better be careful. Doubters vote, too. We remember a political rally a few weeks ago when a gentleman rose to say that he didn't think the candidate could immediately reduce federal taxes, balance the budget and abolish unemployment. Before the orator could answer, one of his friends got up and, pointing an accusing finger at the questioner, shouted, "What did you come here for, to listen or think? If you got to think go home."

THE dirty Red.

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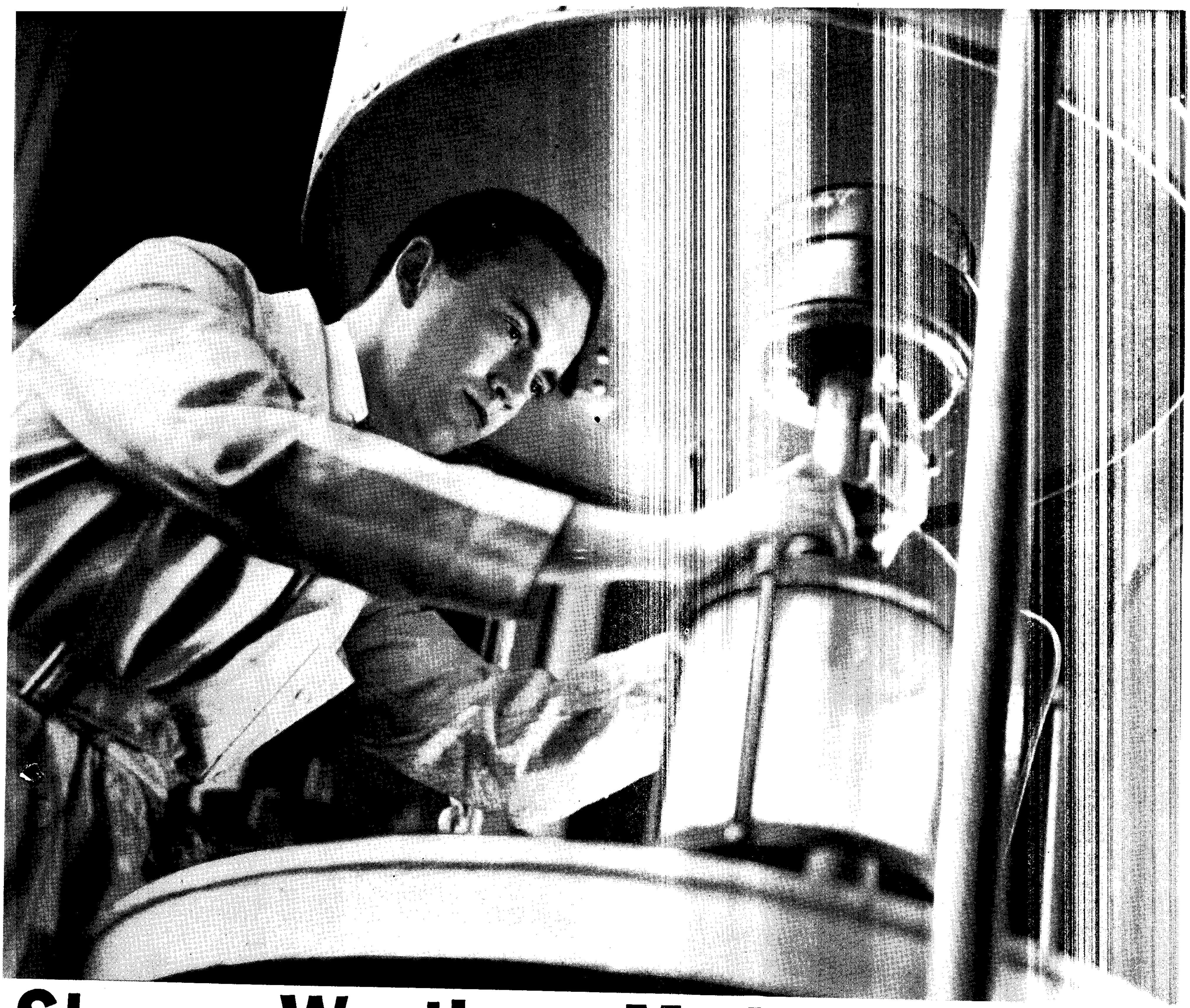

Stormy Weather—Made to Order

WHICH WOULD YOU LIKE...a raw, foggy day... a nice cloudburst...one of those hot, dry orchers...or a dust-storm? Almost any kind of eather is on tap here.

And the purpose is...to make certain that the ousands of Plymouth engines built every day ill "run sweet" in *all* kinds of weather.

In this particular picture, Plymouth's down-raft carburetor and air cleaner are getting a thor-ugh work-out. This is done regularly...rechecking e efficiency with which the carburetor mixes gas-line and air under average atmospheric conditions .making sure again that air entering the engine is ean and free from dust.

In other tests, they are checking-up on every de-il of starting the Plymouth engine in bad weather ...warming it up uniformly and quickly. Testing the units of Calibrated Ignition that make possible highest compression, on ordinary gas. Measuring the action of Plymouth's Directional Water Circulation...which, with full-length water jackets, gives best possible cooling—plus low oil consumption—assuring peak efficiency in performance.

That's why every cold snap brings a new burst of owners' applause for the ease with which that engine starts. And that's why in the "Dust Bowl" country where dust-storms often stop other cars, Plymouth has made a record for coming through.

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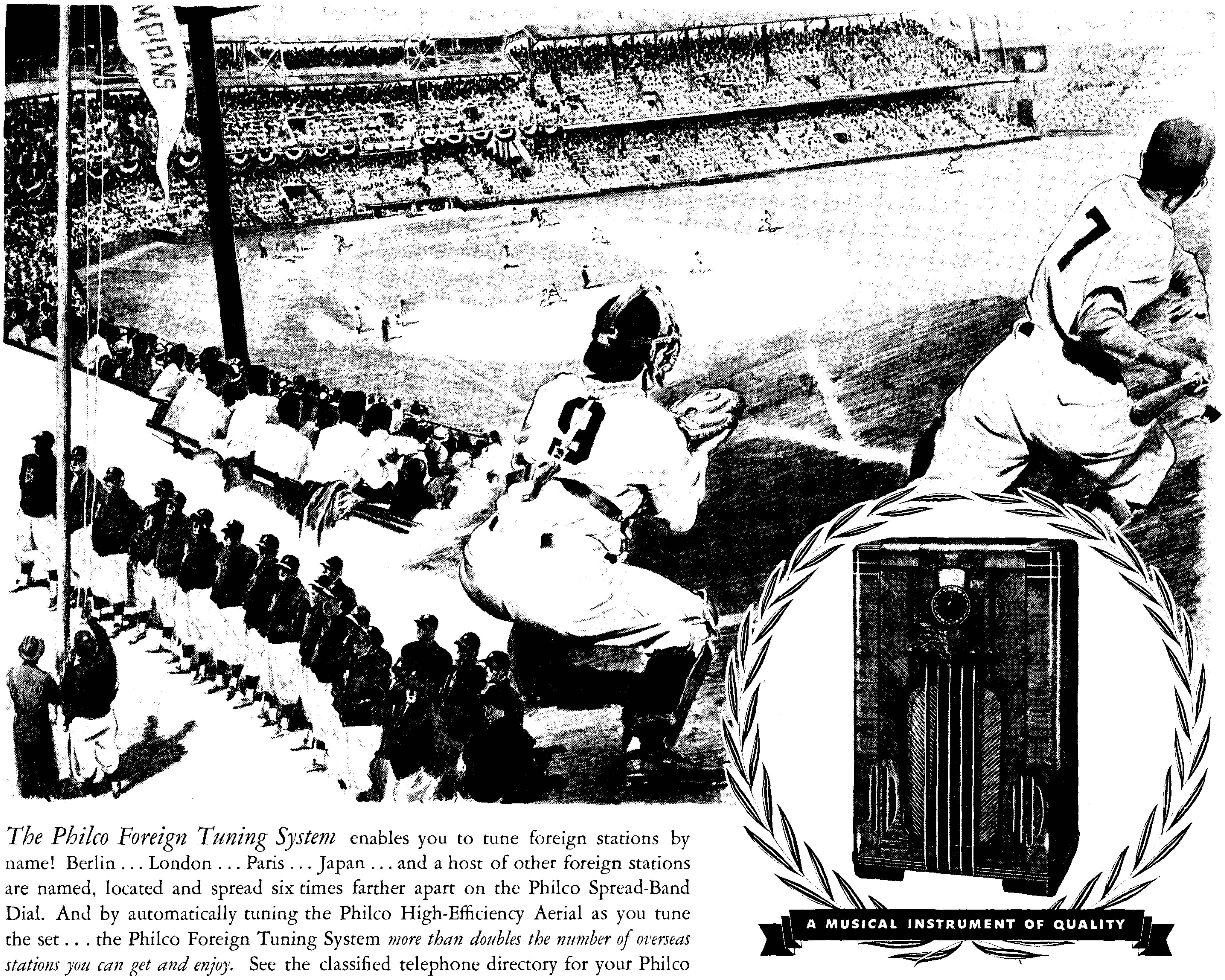
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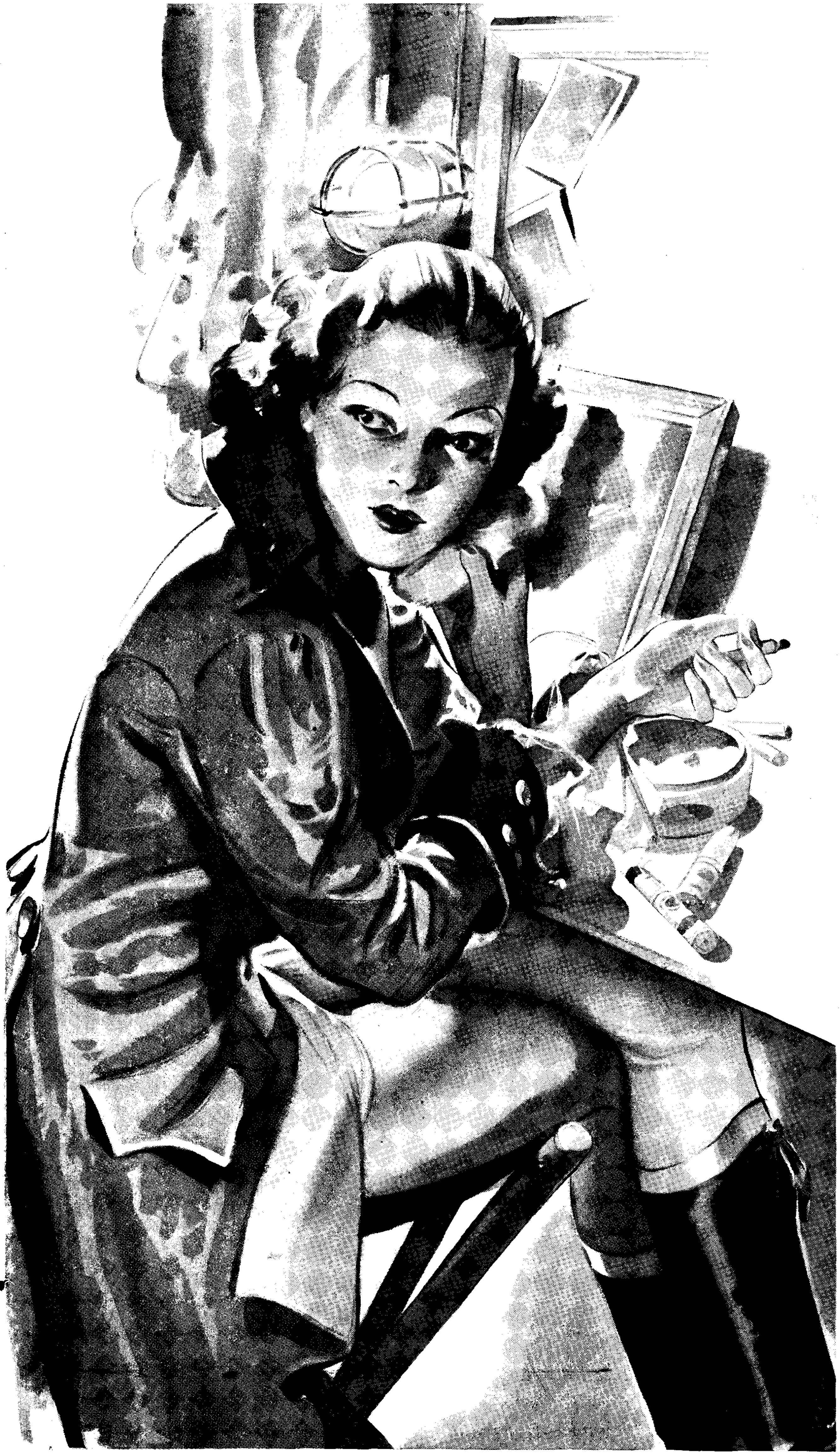


She lingered in front of the mirror, admiring herself, till Brandt shouted at her

Big Shot

Both men loved her. Both were willing to die for her. And both proved it

By Vicki Baum

BRANDT, the sharpshooter, sat in his van, playing a game of checkers with himself. That was how he always spent the half-hour preceding his appearance. The game soothed him and steadied his hands. He raised his head irritably as the door was pulled open, and the stable smell and circus noises came surging in.

"What's wrong?" he asked, unfriendly.

"An accident," stammered the stable master. "They want you." Brandt jumped up.

"Rodini—" the stable master said.

"A fall—?" asked Brandt.

"Broke his neck. Killed on the spot. Please come—"

"He drank too much," said Brandt. Slowly he put on his green dress coat. "The old man knows I shouldn't be disturbed before I go on," he said. The stable master stood waiting at the open door. "It's Sultan," he said in a low voice. "Broke his foreleg." There were tears in his eyes.

Now Brandt's face turned white. "It's a shame!" he murmured. He reached for his glittering pistol case, which was decorated in the loud, circus fashion. On second thought, he turned from the case to his shabby, travel-worn valise, from which he drew an old forty-five. "Let's go," he said.

BRANDT hurried through the long tent that housed the cages. Half of it had been partitioned off with canvas to accommodate the horses' stalls. Sultan stood in his box, which was roped off from the vacant one adjoining. A small silent group had gathered about the injured animal. No sound came from him —only his head drooped low. Lenz, the director, turned and came over to Brandt. "Will you do Sultan the honor, I beg you—" he murmured. The group made way for Brandt. From a distant stall a colt neighed loudly and anxiously.

Still shining with the sweat of his performance, Sultan stood on three legs. His eyes were sad as though filmed with dust. It was deadly quiet. Brandt put his arms about the horse's neck, and whispered a few words into his ear. He felt for the spot behind the ear, and while his left hand caressed the animal, he pulled the trigger. There was a smothered report, a shudder ran over Sultan's skin and he collapsed. The stable hands put a blanket over the dead horse. Brandt stood there a moment longer, pensive, then he turned to go.

"You've got fifteen minutes yet," said the old man. In the big tent they were playing the waltz, accompanying the trapeze feats of the queen of the air.

The revolver still hung from Brandt's right hand as he approached the living quarters. Seeing shadowy forms moving on the steps of Rodini's van, he hesitated a moment, then walked toward them.

As he pushed his way through the

murmuring crowd, a small figure that had been cowering on the steps rose up before him. It was Ria, Rodini's young daughter. "I don't want you to go in," she said softly but with vehemence. Brandt looked at her in surprise. Her eyes were hot, dry, tearless. "You didn't like Papa, and he didn't like you," she said, barring the way with her arm. She looked about at the people surrounding the van—the canvasmen, the stableboys, the menagerie men. "It's not true—Papa wasn't drunk," she cried.

Brandt retreated two steps and bowed. "I'm sorry," he murmured, and moved from the glare of the arc lights into the dense shadow between the vans.

THEY left Budapest for Vienna, where they pitched their tent on a meadow of the Prater. Young Lenz, the director's son, took over the dead equestrian's act. Brandt didn't see Ria again till one morning several weeks later, when he entered the ring for some practice. A sunbeam, darting through a chink in the canvas, struck the edge of the ring. Ria sat crouched, one leg tucked under her; Brandt remembered that this was how he had always seen her—crouching on the edge of the ring, her eyes following her father at his bareback practice.

The place was empty except for a few women—wives of the performers, who sat chatting, knitting and watching the artists at their morning workout. Brandt remembered that Ria had no mother. She looked very small and lonely, squatting there at the ring, belonging to no one.

She didn't once stir as he went about his shooting, but he could feel her eyes following his every movement. When he had finished, arranged his pistols in their case and was about to leave the manège, he stopped for a moment beside her.

"How are you?" he asked.

She didn't answer, but merely looked at him. He was startled to see that, though her lips were set tight, she was weeping.

"Why are you crying?" he asked her. Her only answer was a shake of the head. "Are you crying about your father?"

"No, about myself," she answered now. Brandt was at a loss for words.

"The old man doesn't want to take me along any more," she added.

Brandt considered this for a moment before he asked: "Can't you ride?"

She shook her head again, more vehemently this time. "I'm afraid," she said at last.

HE COULDN'T suppress a smile. "Well, you're not a liar, at any rate," he said and passed his hand over her hair. It was the same caress with which he sometimes gripped the mane of a horse or caressed a young lion. She ducked under the touch of his steady hand.

"I can't do anything," she said, looking him straight in the face for the first time.

"Where will you go?" he inquired absent-mindedly.

"Nowhere. I have no one," she answered. It sounded hopeless, yet she smiled as she said it. Brandt walked on a step or two, then turned back to her. "If you like it," he said, "I could break you in for my act." This time he walked off quickly. She gazed wide-eyed after his retreating figure.

Brandt, the sharpshooter, was a Swiss. He came of a well-known family, and had joined the circus via his rifle club, because they had offered him more money than he had ever dreamed of earning. He was a lone wolf. The others thought him snooty; they laughed about him and respected him at the same time. He loved children and animals, and he was a good chess player. He was forty-one when he began training Ria for his act.

At first he gave her only the simplest of tasks. She followed him into the ring; he threw her his hat and cloak and she had to learn to catch them in mid-air. She handed him his pistol case, and the rifle he used to shoot the ace of hearts from the card. She had to act a little pantomime of surprise, when he shot *doublettes*. The trouble was that she was afraid of shooting and flinched at every report. It took him three months to get her to the point where she could keep her eyelids from twitching when he fired. The only thing that really seemed important to her was the costume she got for the act—silk tights and a close-fitting blue dress coat. She lingered in front of the mirror, admiring herself, till Brandt shouted at her.

In the circus, children and young animals are sacred. They are never beaten. But Brandt did beat Ria. He beat her three times; afterward he sat in his van and was ashamed of himself. Discipline, control, self-command—these were the most important things in his life. Ria was the one person who had ever made him lose control of himself. He had befriended her through a kind of reluctant compassion. At the end of two months, he couldn't be without her any more. Her slender figure, her flying hair, her lizardlike suppleness in the green dress suit—even her faults—he needed them all if his hands were to be steady.

Steady hands—the be-all and end-all of his art. He never drank; he slept eight hours by the clock; he walked seven miles every day; his food was measured out by scale; his breathing exercises were a ceremonial rite. When Ria made her first appearance with him, he missed a *doublette* fired through a mirror. Pale, teeth clenched, he repeated the shot—this time successfully. Ria stood rigid beside the mirror; her face was like wood with the effort to keep from twitching. He was furious with her, yet he felt sorry for her. "We'll wait two weeks before going ahead," he told her. She sighed in relief.

EVERY morning they worked in the ring. She had to practice holding a candle, whose flame he shot away. This time she didn't scream, but held her breath. She was so terror-stricken that she dared not even tremble. "Good work," said Brandt. He seemed abstracted, but was in reality more agitated than she. He took her to town, and bought her a hat with a cluster of artificial cherries about which she had been babbling for days. The old man's mouth twisted into a crooked smile as she came tripping along in her finery, with the sharpshooter in tow.

"Look out for yourself, Brandt," he remarked a few days later.

"In what way?" inquired Brandt stiffly.

"In every way," answered the director mysteriously. Brandt went to his van and played a game of checkers with himself.

The act was built up. Ria had to hold the card from which he shot the ace of hearts. She had to stand against a wall and he shot red and green bulbs to the left and right of her; they broke into smithereens, with a bang. He bought her a second costume—a glittering evening gown with a long train. That was in Dresden.

A year later he married her just before the circus left for South America. Their picture appeared in the newspapers, and the old man gave them a wonderful Saint Bernard puppy. Ria, who had been sleeping with the other children, moved into Brandt's van. Otherwise, things were much as they had been before.

On the boat they all practiced on the upper deck. The other passengers crowded around and admired them. Ria felt something like pride in her husband. He was better class than the others. He didn't really belong in a circus.

"You don't belong in a circus," she told him that night, as she sat at the mirror in their hot little stateroom, combing her unruly hair.

"Where else?" Brandt asked, smiling.

She shrugged. He always watched her when she dressed and undressed and he never let her out of his sight on deck. She sometimes had the feeling that he even watched her while she slept. "You shouldn't look at me like that all the time," she said impatiently. Brandt turned away and busied himself with his old valise.

"It's been even worse since we are married," he said without looking at her.

"What's been worse?" She asked his reflection in the mirror.

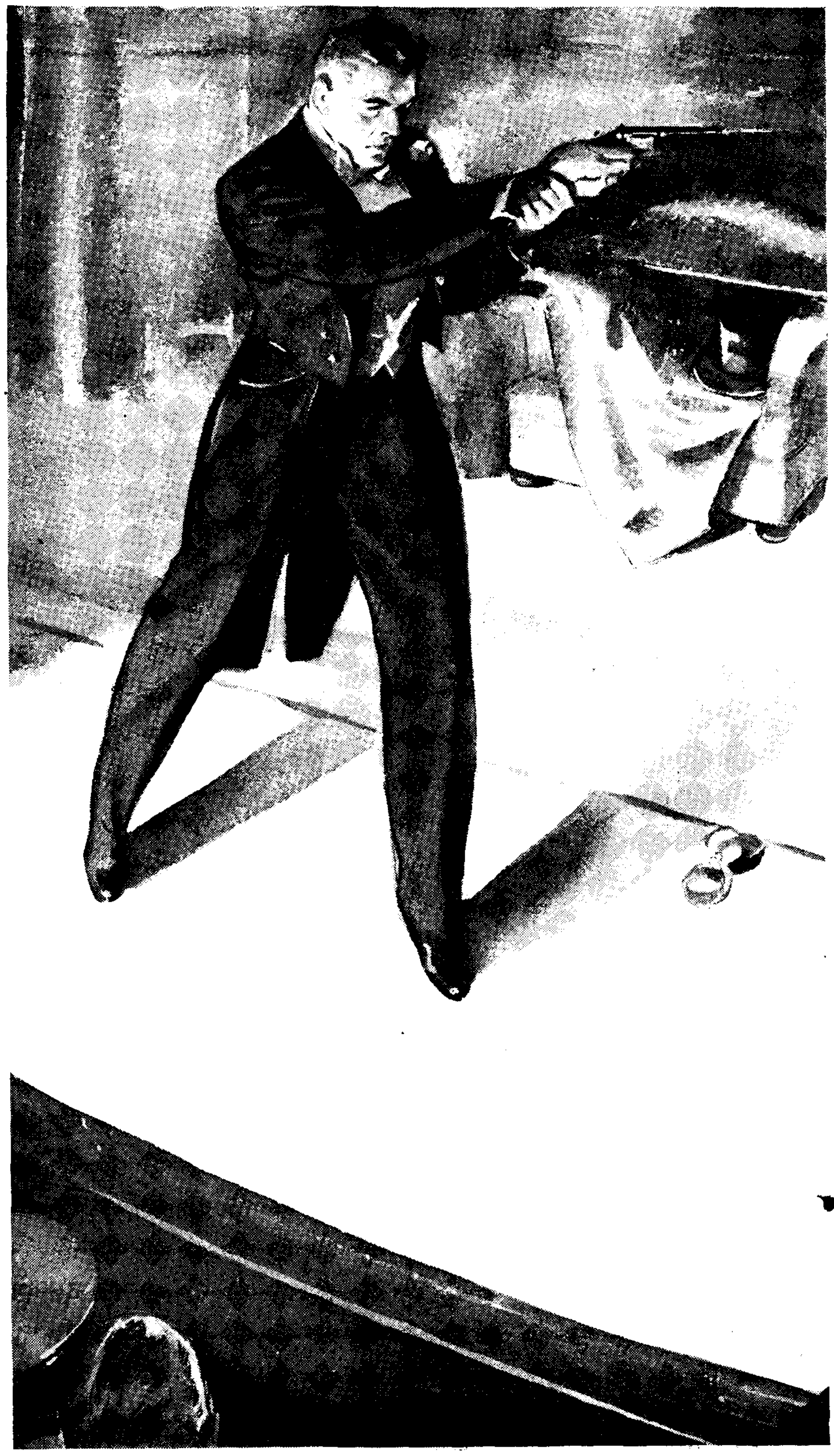
"Nothing—" he ended the conversation.

At night he lay awake, heard the waves lapping against the ship's side and listened to Ria's breathing. His nightly eight hours had long been a thing of the past, and no breathing exercises could still the tumultuous beating of his heart. His love for Ria was reluctant, as his compassion had been. He had married her to calm himself. Now his passion had grown beyond his control. He switched on the light and thrust his hands out before him, fingers outspread. They didn't even look like his own hands any more. He watched them threateningly, daring them to shake. They seemed steady enough. Sighing, he turned the lights off again.

IN MEXICO CITY, where they gave their first performance, he had an attack of stage fright. With Ria standing between the red and green bulbs, smiling at him, his pistol hand dropped to his side. She turned white under the rouge. He took aim three times before he fired. He had missed one of the six bulbs. The act didn't go over very well. Business was bad. Heavy showers had mired the grounds and kept people away. The Mexicans didn't care much for Brandt's cold formality of style.

"This rain's driving me mad," he told the old man. Lenz had worries of his own and was in no amiable mood. He barely listened.

"It comes drumming down on the roof



Brandt raised the revolver again, supported it by his outstretched left arm. A man in the gallery shouted

"all night," complained Brandt. "I can't sleep."

At this the old man looked him over. "You don't seem well," he said. "Anything wrong?"

"I want to move to the hotel—"

"At your own expense," the director answered.

They went to the hotel and Ria discovered to her amazement that he had taken two separate rooms. It was a third-rate hotel and the rooms were tiny, but she was delighted. She spent hours flirting with the mirror, trying on shawls and Mexican combs. It was the first time in her life that she had a room to herself. When she awakened at six next morning, Brandt was standing at the foot of her bed. Pretending to be still asleep, she peered at him from under her lashes. She didn't know what to make of the expression on his face. He looked like a different man. She smiled mockingly. She was still rather afraid of him and his guns and rifles, but by this time she knew her power over him.

She knew what she wanted. To leave the circus. To play in the music halls, in the big cities where men wore dress clothes and women evening wraps, and the program was changed every month.

"You've got to have a different type of act for the music halls," her husband informed her. "You've got to give them more, else you'll just be a filler and never earn any money. You've got to take risks in the music halls—and you're afraid."

"I'm not afraid," said Ria. "I want to get away from this. I can't stand the sight of sawdust any longer, or the smell of wild beasts. You don't belong in a circus. You're a big shot."

"A big shot can't afford to be in love with his wife," he answered gravely. "It's bad for his work." She shrugged and gave him a kiss.

THE Winter Garden in Berlin. First appearance of Brandt, the sharpshooter. Full-dressed society in the boxes. Cheerfully expectant bourgeois in the orchestra. Cigarette smoke rising to the skylights, to the ceiling and its thousand stars made of electrical bulbs. The band playing *L'Heure Bleue*. Across the stage a girl carries a sign, bearing the number 8. Curtain.

The stage is dark, but for the tiny glowing tips of two lighted cigarettes. Brandt turns the switch of a lamp—or rather he pretends to do so, while the electrician high up works the spotlights. Now the audience is able to see the stage. A smartly furnished room. Brandt is a gentleman in dress clothes and evening cloak, slightly gray at the temples. He seems to be returning from a party with his wife, and he is a little tipsy. He goes to his liquor case and pours himself a glass of cognac. His wife—a beautiful young woman in an iridescent evening gown—warns him smilingly. He has had enough. He drinks, and pours himself a second glass. She takes it from him and goes to the other side of the stage. He draws a revolver from his pocket and shoots the glass from her hand. Bang!

Still smiling, the woman goes back to the table and nonchalantly lights a cigarette. He shoots the cigarette from her hand. She takes another—he shoots it from her mouth. She rises with a little show of impatience, picks up her silver handbag from the table and produces out of it lipstick and mirror. A single bullet shoots lipstick and mirror from before her face. He turns to the wall mirror, smooths his grizzled hair and, as she stoops to adjust her stocking, he shoots the rosette from her garter. The audience holds its breath. It looks very dangerous, even more so as the man is drunk. He reels as he shoots, leaning against table edges for support. The woman doesn't stand still for a second; she seems to be on the move constantly. It is a mystery how she emerges unhurt from the hail of bullets. There's something uncanny about it—as if the rifles and revolvers and pistols were going off by themselves—as if those two on the stage were invulnerable and infallible as automatons.

Finally there is no object within sight left unshattered. The audience is in an uproar, women cover their eyes, men rise from their seats as the music comes to an abrupt halt, leaving only the big drum rolling. The woman pauses for a second at the door and throws the man a mocking good-night kiss. A wreath of nine lilies binds her hair—artificial flowers, glittering under the spotlight. Deliberately the sharpshooter takes aim, deliberately shoots away one flower after another. The woman smiles at him in innocent surprise or amusement. As the last flower drops away, the orchestra breaks once more into the tango and the audience into applause. Curtain.

THEY had to take ten curtain calls, hand in hand. Phenomenal success. "I wonder if she's really his wife," said a gentleman in one of the boxes.

"Nonsense!" replied his lady. "You can see she's his daughter."

They had their big success and began traveling from one music hall to another, earning lots of money and from that time on a curious change took place in Brandt. Formerly it was Ria who had been terrified at the prospect of the evening. Now it was he who suffered an attack of nearly unbearable nervousness before each performance.

The secret of their act lay in its timing. Although Ria seemed to be moving carelessly, incessantly, about the stage, the intervals when she stood still to give him time for the shot had been gauged to the hundredth part of a second. But he never felt sure that he could depend on her. He didn't trust her. She walked about as though she didn't realize how dangerous their act was. She reminded him of her father—Rodini, the dead equestrian. He too had moved about in this heedless fashion, had drunk too much, had finished with a broken neck. More and more Brandt came to feel that all the responsibility lay on his shoulders. He knew that the faintest lapse of vigilance on his part might result in his wife's injury or even death. And he loved her. He loved her.

IT WAS in London on the last day of their engagement that Ria and Guy met for the first time. While Brandt went to the office for their final week's check, she was to supervise the loading of their props. Hatless, coat collar turned up, Guy came from the street toward the wide doorway where she stood, her arms laden with bundles. Seeing that she was about to drop the pistol case, he hurried forward to relieve her of it.

"Thank you," she said.

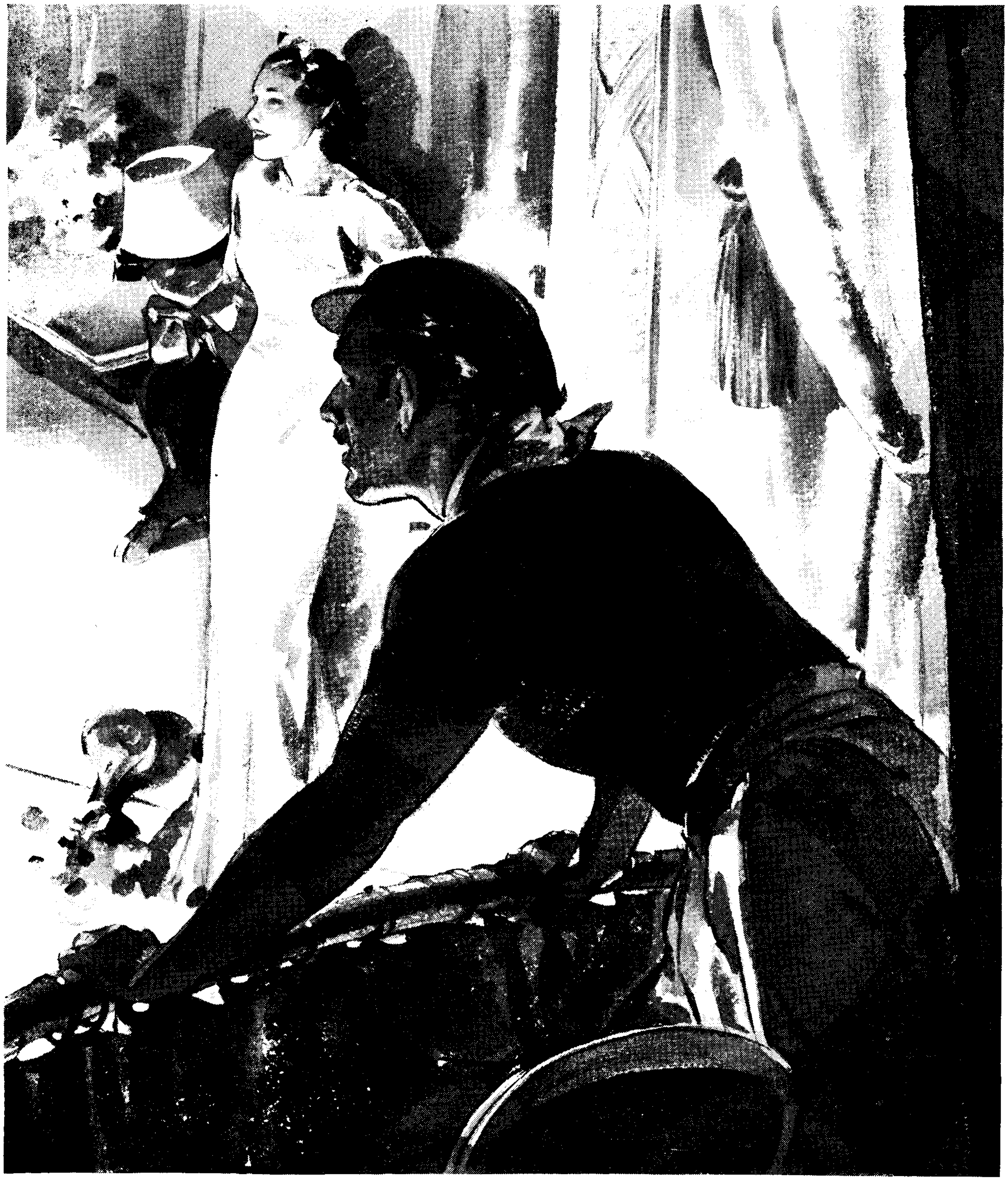
"I'm Guy," said he. "I'm the fellow everyone despises, because I can't do anything but sing."

"I know your name from the billboards," she replied. "You're very famous."

He laughed, obviously flattered. "Don't you believe it," he said. "It's just publicity." He thrust his hand into his pocket and brought it out empty. "Can you let me have a cigarette?"

"I'm sorry—I don't smoke," she said. He looked at her; she added an explanation: "My husband says it's bad for the nerves."

(Continued on page 69)



ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

HARWOOD HULL

A typical Puerto Rican family of the working class. Increased birth rate and lowered infant mortality resulting from advanced American methods of sanitation have created an acute problem for the individual family and for the Island

Hell to Pay in Paradise

Puerto Rico is in a dilemma. It can't live with us and it can't live without us. Many of our gifts have turned out to be curses in disguise. But the prospect of immediate independence appalls its more thoughtful citizens. Take a look at the Island

By W. B. Courtney

NOW, in the summer, you drive to the mountains through living fire. The flamboyant trees of Puerto Rico are in bloom, and the roads over which they arch, mile on mile, glow with fallen petals. Sunlight drips through in tremulous beads, and when the wind blows off the sea each highway becomes a tunnel of pulsing flames. Above, outside these scarlet aisles, the very sky appears to draw away from the holocaust.

Take a warning from these fragrant pyrotechnics, as we begin our tour of America's own Garden of Eden. For nature is only pulling your leg. In the thickest of the blaze it is cool, mellow, with a flow of air that offers a tangible caress. Men and things and words are seldom what they seem—in Paradise. You look on Puerto Rico, and you see a land that is perhaps the loveliest you will ever know; you listen, and you hear a murmur of imprecations that cannot be reconciled with Arcadia; you poke a leaf aside, and you see squalor, wretchedness, lack of hope, and all the other dreadful fruits of exploitation.

You left the malodorous heat of the coast marshlands behind at the town of Yauco. From Kilometer 9, on the cross-island road toward Arecibo, to Kilometer 18, the way ascends more than two thousand feet. At this marker you turn off the main road for a hundred yards, and a hundred years.

Juan, rotund and strong, waits on the step above a puddle of naked peon children and small farm animals and fretful hens. Three brightly inquisitive faces look down from the balcony in the mountain twilight—the women of Juan's family. This is a plantation house notable in the annals of Puerto Rico; we are to be guests here overnight, and we are greeted in the fine old style. Juan leads us into storerooms on the ground floor. You think of tales you read long ago. Massive beams and girders, thick, wide planks burnished by generations of scuffing, form mysterious caves of wood. Herein there is a tidy profusion; everything in place, but not the less alluring for that: cobwebs where they should be, but not a mote of dust in the corners, not a pinhole in wall or floor, nor a board upon which you are afraid to sit or lean with your town clothes. Dim aisles, hung with drying fruits, lined with bottles and jars, banked with sacks of coffee, barrels of rice and corn and brown sugar, casks of banana cider; the abundant and sustaining womb of a true home of the earth. Here, in redolent gloom, the fatigue of your long ride, with the chill of its last stages, is run from your veins by a bit of cordial which Juan presses upon you with a grave flourish. You have never had its like before; it is made from rum that was dosed with anise, cloves, and other spices, then poured into overripe coconuts which were sealed and roasted in a charcoal fire in a hole that was presently covered over with dirt and left undisturbed for months.

The Rise and Fall of Juan

Bursts of anxious laughter, the hurry of feet, remind Juan to lead us to the second, or main living floor, of the commodious house, to meet his wife, kindly and very pale; his daughters, home for the summer from the college of Mayaguez, slender chips of Juan in their dark-eyed keenness. We are in a great dining-room, with lime-washed beams. There are crossed French and United States flags, a portrait of Woodrow Wilson. For the rest—Foch, Poincaré, Clemenceau; and, wherever you turn, Napoleon. Napoleon in all sizes, and many ages. The bookcase is full of his exploits; and wherever you open a drawer, he springs out upon you, in picture or figurette. A water-front view of Bastia settles it—Juan is a Corsican, to whom hospitality and sober good humor are of the blood. Juan came fifty years ago, in that strange historic flow of hundreds of his countrymen, who sought in the cool mountain lands of Puerto Rico escape from the apathy and lack of enterprise that climate lays upon their Mediterranean birthplace. From a penniless boyhood Juan climbed as near to aristocracy as the new world offered. He became rich, landed. His overseer lived in this house; and when Juan and his family visited from San Juan, the peons ran to gape.

Now, for several years, Juan has been his own foreman; and his family are grateful for this sturdy old house of their earlier years, though it lacks telephone and electricity, and its modern conveniences are sketchy compared with those known in town. Juan grows the same things; owns quite as much land as heretofore; the same peon families have been with him through generations. He has not gambled; he was not a victim of the stock market crash, for he does not speculate or invest beyond his own horizons. He has not suffered crop blights, nor more than his share of hurricane loss. Yet once he was affluent and now he is thirty thousand dollars in debt.

Here, on the mountain top, you are remote from the gentlemanly dilettantes of the Fortelaza, the cocktail parties of

HARWOOD HULL

[illegible]

[illegible] Campos, leader of the Nationalist party, re- [illegible] sentenced to prison [illegible] American administra- [illegible] Puerto Ricans [illegible] him the Mahatma [illegible] of the Caribbean

the "American" colony and visiting firemen from Washington. You have put behind you, for a while, unpleasant knowledge of two-faced legislators in San Juan—who give a Latin version of blarney to their shabby followers, but keep both palms opened behind their backs for the convenience of the "grasping" absentee corporations. You cannot hear the demagogues, impractical and otherwise; you are, to be sure, in a country that might just as well be on Jupiter, for all it is known to people of the United States who control and must shape its fate. But it is up here, it is from Juan, the planter, that you can gain a definite picture of the hell that is brewing in paradise.

Juan and his kind are the salt of the earth; unfortunately for the platitude manuals, such good men by their virtues of consistency often sterilize the acres they inhabit. "At least," says Juan, "if we can't sell what we grow, we can eat it!" And we do, bounteously; potato soup, thickened with flour; plantains, boiled, candied, fried—our favorite, some peeled and roasted over charcoal until slightly browned, when they have the firmness of stale loaves and make a flavorable substitute for bread; roast pork, so fresh the squeals have not yet ceased to echo in the dark hills outside; bananas—Juan says, "They are fifteen for a penny to the peasants here; bananas are Puerto Rico's chief protection against revolutions!" — with cream. Dishes heaped with tropical fruits—some familiar, all luscious. Then, homemade goat cheese—with a flavor as elusive as that of mushrooms—and mango paste. Lastly, coffee—picked from a tree within a hundred yards of your chair; the best coffee in the world—the coffee of the Puerto Rico highlands, respected by connoisseurs and fetching in European and American markets the highest retail price.

The Americans Come to Puerto Rico

Juan leads you onto the balcony, where the daughters have placed chairs for us; they bring cognac, precious stuff from the old country, and Juan gives you a cigar that was fashioned and rolled downstairs from tobacco he raised. Day has just ended; hundreds of bats, as silently and darkly as smoke, pour from the eaves just above your head and drift away; in the morning they will stream back, like a reversed motion-picture film. The plantation house rides above a broken mass of summer puffballs, and we have an illusion of floating with those clouds. The trail from the main highway comes to the storeroom, below, along a stone parapet; beyond that, nothing for half a mile sheer down and thirty miles straight out. For we are sitting on the overlord of the visible mountains, which pool their beauties in a flaring gorge as they descend to the ocean. On the distant coast there is an indentation which, from here, appears like an upset wine goblet.

"That is Guanico Bay," says Juan, "where the Americans landed in 1898. It was the 25th of July. The main fleet sailed in there unexpectedly. Almost four thousand troops came ashore. The Spaniards had only a few hundred. In three days the Americans took Ponce, our second largest city, fifteen miles to the eastward, there. I had been here twelve years then; I had made out well and bought this fine place. I stood on this very spot, and watched the Americans come. I thought, like everyone, it would be a good thing; we had just gained autonomy from Spain, but on the whole her treatment of us was medieval. That is why, in Ponce, the people turned out with flags and cheers and gifts for the American soldiers. General Miles, the American commander, at once began to employ natives on the military roads and camps and ports. He issued a proclamation."

Juan goes into the house for a minute. He comes back dusting and unfolding a newspaper, and when he sits down again he reads to us from it:

" 'The people of the United States in the cause of liberty, justice and humanity, come bearing the banner of freedom, inspired by a noble purpose.' " Juan pauses: "That is what General Miles said," he explains: "Listen, there is more." He continues to read: " 'To promote your prosperity, and to bestow upon you the immunities and blessings of the liberal institutions of our government.' "

Juan folds the paper slowly. "I went down to Ponce on horseback, to join in the welcome to the Americans. It was a two-day trip, each way. That was just thirty-eight years ago this month. I saw many signs of welcome, painted on walls, pinned in windows. Last week I drove to Ponce, in a couple of hours. There were letterings on the walls and fences again. They said, "Yankees, get out. Yankees, begone." It's like the old song about love turning to hate. In the first days there was so little opposition, so little fear of revolution, that the Americans immediately recruited a native regiment and entrusted the Island's policing to it. Now the cadets of the Nationalist party wear black shirts and drill under their own flag, and there is wild talk of kicking the Americans into the sea. Then alcaldes of every town met the American troops with speeches of good will, and meant them. Now we have Albizu Campos and his followers sentenced to prison for conspiracy to overthrow the government of the United States.

America's Problem Child

"When Lindbergh came here, eight years ago, Puerto Rico sent back with him a message to the good people of the mainland: 'Grant us the freedom you promised us!' President Coolidge answered, 'The United States has made no promise to Puerto Rico that has not been fulfilled, nor has any of its spokesmen made such a promise.' Well, perhaps we misunderstand General Miles. Perhaps he was not, as commander in chief of the American expedition, a representative of the United States. But this big change in the attitude of Puerto Ricans toward the United States, this unhappiness and misunderstanding, cannot *all* be attributable to defects in the Puerto Rican character. The United States must share the blame."

Juan shrugs. You might well do likewise. For here is no simple problem, to be understood at one reading; to be summarized in glib phrases and solved with patent-medicine diplomacy. Thoughtful experts, men of liberal mind and decent intentions, who are as familiar as it is

(Continued on page 55)

The Money Menace

By Josephine Bentham

The story of a girl who could buy anything she wanted—except a husband

CHRISTINE MERRITT waited patiently for the young man to see his way past the golden haze to an apprehensive young woman.

This patience informed her attitude toward a world which never forgot that she was old Andrew Merritt's granddaughter. She could not have known that Mark Sayres had been more explicit than most people. "Christine Merritt? She's not a human being! She's the railroad from here to Chicago, and she's the timber in Oregon and she's most of the copper in Colorado. She's not a person at all—she's the power of Old Man Merritt, stretched over the land like an octopus. And damned if I'll go and have tea with an octopus!"

All this before he had seen her. And now, of course, he was making an unnecessary fuss over the chair, the cigarettes, the ash tray. But he was certainly not entertaining a young woman—he was entertaining a million-dollar account.

He lit her cigarette. She observed that his dark hair resisted discipline, that his eyes were gray, and that his smile had been largely responsible for her present predicament.

"I wanted," she said, "to explain about that invitation, Mr. Sayres."

He reddened.

"I'm very sorry about that, Miss Merritt. I was so rushed at the time—"

She shook her head, ruefully.

"Let's get it all straight—from the beginning. I feel an awful fool, you know, but I want you to see how it was." She drew a long breath. "It was that C. M. & R. advertisement—"

She broke off. Well, it was difficult to make it clear. However she put it, it was going to sound silly—arrogant and silly. Mark Sayres—she hadn't known he was Mark Sayres—had posed for that C. M. & R. advertisement with a pretty girl and a cinnamon-skinned porter, grinning like a Cheshire cat. The porter had been offering frosted mint juleps on a tray. Nothing unusual about it but Mark Sayres' face—which had seemed at once too sensitive and too intelligent to be the face of a photographer's model.

"I THOUGHT there might be something I could do for you," she confessed. "I told Mr. Ogden to find you for me, and to ask you to come to see me—and then when Mr. Ogden found you in his own organization—"

There was a miserable silence.

"It was darned funny—the whole thing," he said then, hastily. "You see how it was—Horst was going haywire that day with his girl all set and his porter all set—but his handsome young man had sprained his ankle, getting out of bed or something. So Horst simply put me into the layout—being desperate by that time. . . . The whole thing was a joke, of course. . . ."

They both remembered what had happened next. Mr. Ogden of Ogden and Page—it was Ogden and Page which handled, with reverence, the Merritt account—had been forced to report that the intelligent-looking young man was a copy writer in his own organization. He had been forced to report, furthermore, that the young man would have nothing to do with Miss Christine Merritt.

He looked at her uneasily. By this time he was becoming aware, in spite of that golden haze, of the girl's amazing loveliness. His gaze moved reluctantly from the glowing dark eyes to the beautiful mouth, and from the beautiful mouth to the slender hands. But the reluctance in this wordless tribute was all too apparent. Briefly the Merritt temper flared.

"I realize I must have sounded pretty high-handed—but why didn't you come around and explain?" she asked him, abruptly. "Please tell me the truth about it, Mr. Sayres!"

He looked at her doubtfully.

"The truth?"

He repeated the word, she thought, as if it were an abstraction beyond her grasp.

"Yes!"

"It wouldn't sound any too—polite."

Then he ran a hand through his dark hair and smiled, apologetically. He was very much like a little boy whose mother had told him to behave at the party.

"There was something my grandfather used to say," she said, reflectively. "Wait a minute . . . oh, yes! 'The truth always carries its own courtesy.' That's what my grandfather used to say."

PERHAPS he was hardened by this reference to Andrew Merritt, known, in the more lurid biographies, as Smash-the-Market Merritt. But perhaps he was annoyed by the glance she leveled along her lashes.

"Well, then—I resented your invitation," he said, "because I resented the power back of that invitation. That was it, I suppose. You see, I didn't like the idea that I'd most likely lose my job if I refused."

"Go on."

"But that's about all. I'm a good copy writer. I like to think that's why I hold my job. It made me pretty sore to think I could be kicked out if I didn't—"

She nodded.

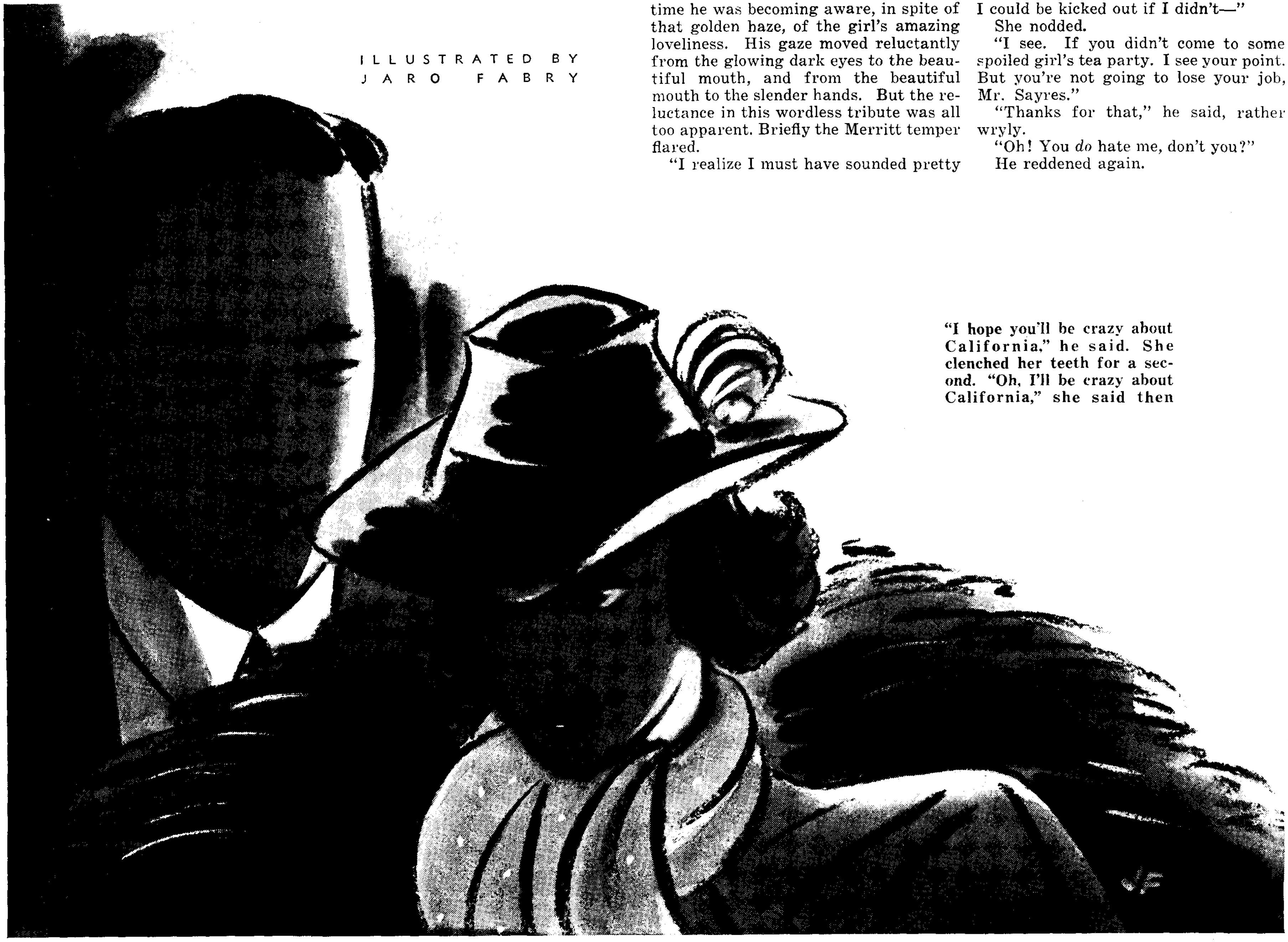
"I see. If you didn't come to some spoiled girl's tea party. I see your point. But you're not going to lose your job, Mr. Sayres."

"Thanks for that," he said, rather wryly.

"Oh! You *do* hate me, don't you?"

He reddened again.

ILLUSTRATED BY JARO FABRY



"I hope you'll be crazy about California," he said. She clenched her teeth for a second. "Oh, I'll be crazy about California," she said then

"Of course not! There's nothing in the least—in the least personal about this." He hesitated for a second, and then plowed on desperately. "It's only that I don't think these vast fortunes are a good thing. So much power in a single person's hands! Coming up against it that way, I suppose I got sort of stubborn. These financial dynasties . . . but I realize I'm making a fool of myself."

Christine shook her head.

"No. You're probably right," she said. "But there aren't many of these fortunes left. That's a good thing, I suppose. And you know it's not all—well, it's not all beer and skittles for the people who have 'em. It was all right for my grandfather—he was a born empire-builder. And it was all right for my father. But he was a born gambler, Mr. Sayres—with so much money behind him that he simply couldn't lose. I think he would have had as much fun in a penny-ante poker game."

"And as far as you're concerned—?"

"And as far as I'm *concerned*—oh, once in a while the whole thing's pretty stuffy!"

She laughed, then, and crushed out her cigarette.

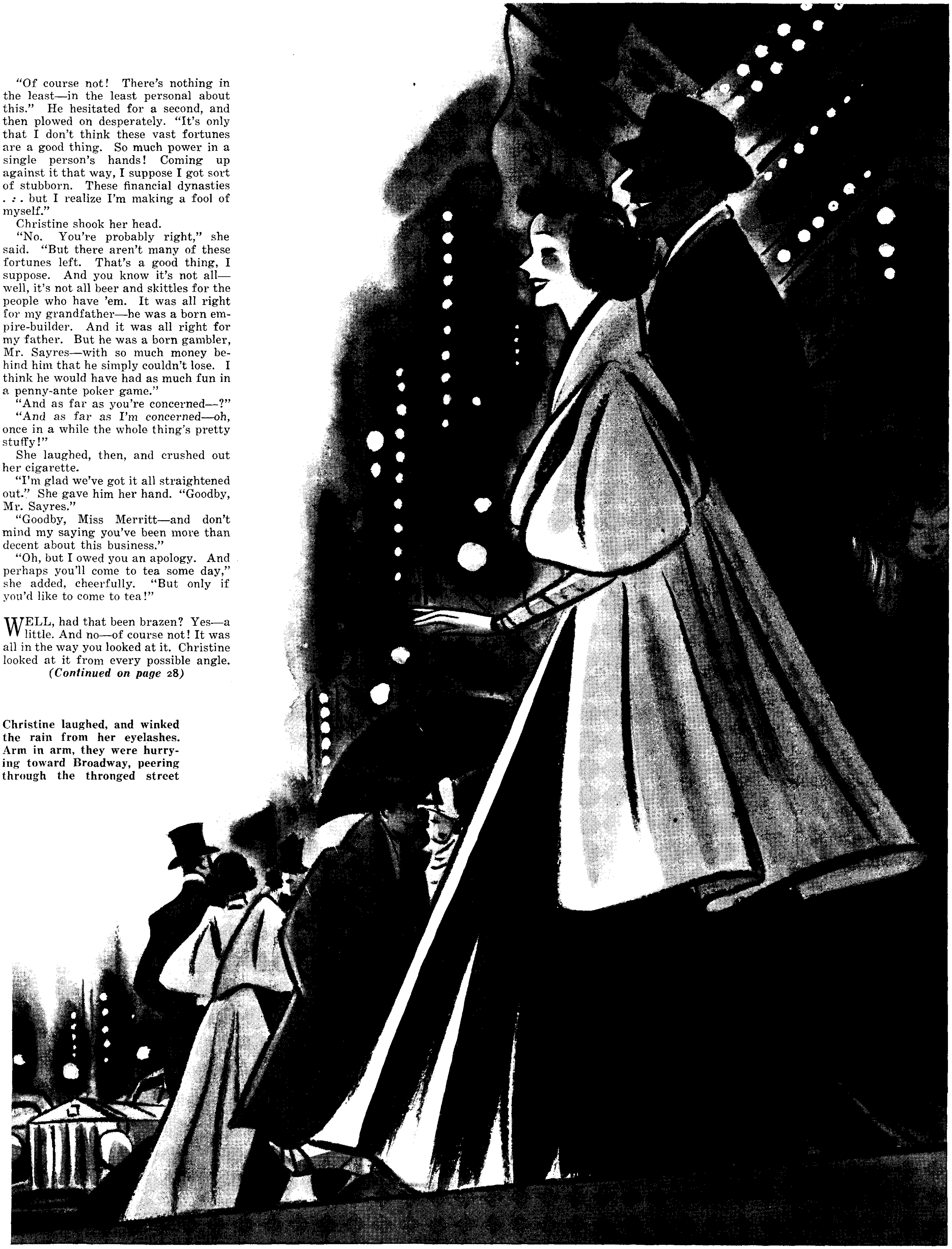
"I'm glad we've got it all straightened out." She gave him her hand. "Goodby, Mr. Sayres."

"Goodby, Miss Merritt—and don't mind my saying you've been more than decent about this business."

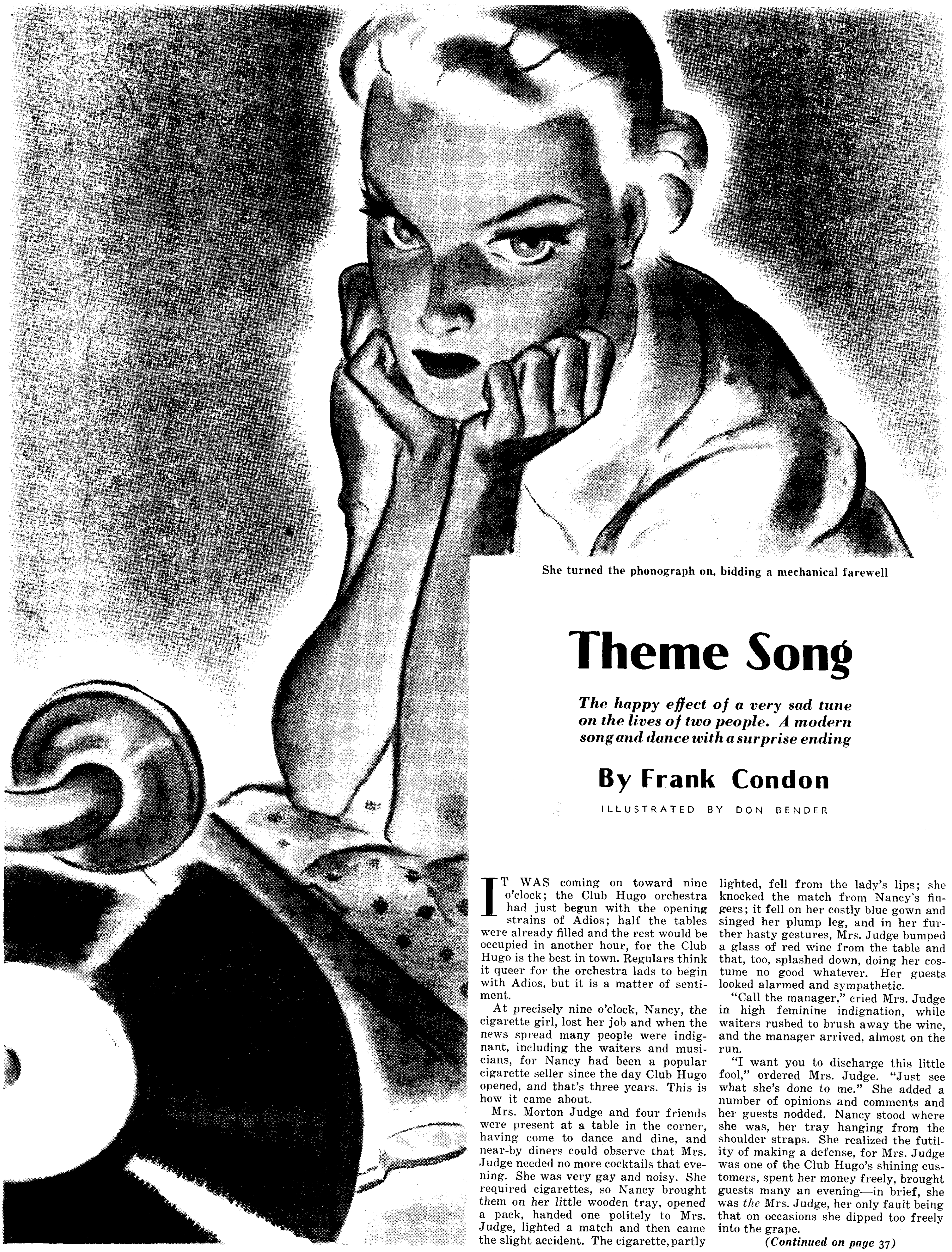
"Oh, but I owed you an apology. And perhaps you'll come to tea some day," she added, cheerfully. "But only if you'd like to come to tea!"

WELL, had that been brazen? Yes—a little. And no—of course not! It was all in the way you looked at it. Christine looked at it from every possible angle.

(*Continued on page* 28)



Christine laughed, and winked the rain from her eyelashes. Arm in arm, they were hurrying toward Broadway, peering through the thronged street



She turned the phonograph on, bidding a mechanical farewell

Theme Song

The happy effect of a very sad tune on the lives of two people. A modern song and dance with a surprise ending

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY DON BENDER

IT WAS coming on toward nine o'clock; the Club Hugo orchestra had just begun with the opening strains of Adios; half the tables were already filled and the rest would be occupied in another hour, for the Club Hugo is the best in town. Regulars think it queer for the orchestra lads to begin with Adios, but it is a matter of sentiment.

At precisely nine o'clock, Nancy, the cigarette girl, lost her job and when the news spread many people were indignant, including the waiters and musicians, for Nancy had been a popular cigarette seller since the day Club Hugo opened, and that's three years. This is how it came about.

Mrs. Morton Judge and four friends were present at a table in the corner, having come to dance and dine, and near-by diners could observe that Mrs. Judge needed no more cocktails that evening. She was very gay and noisy. She required cigarettes, so Nancy brought them on her little wooden tray, opened a pack, handed one politely to Mrs. Judge, lighted a match and then came the slight accident. The cigarette, partly lighted, fell from the lady's lips; she knocked the match from Nancy's fingers; it fell on her costly blue gown and singed her plump leg, and in her further hasty gestures, Mrs. Judge bumped a glass of red wine from the table and that, too, splashed down, doing her costume no good whatever. Her guests looked alarmed and sympathetic.

"Call the manager," cried Mrs. Judge in high feminine indignation, while waiters rushed to brush away the wine, and the manager arrived, almost on the run.

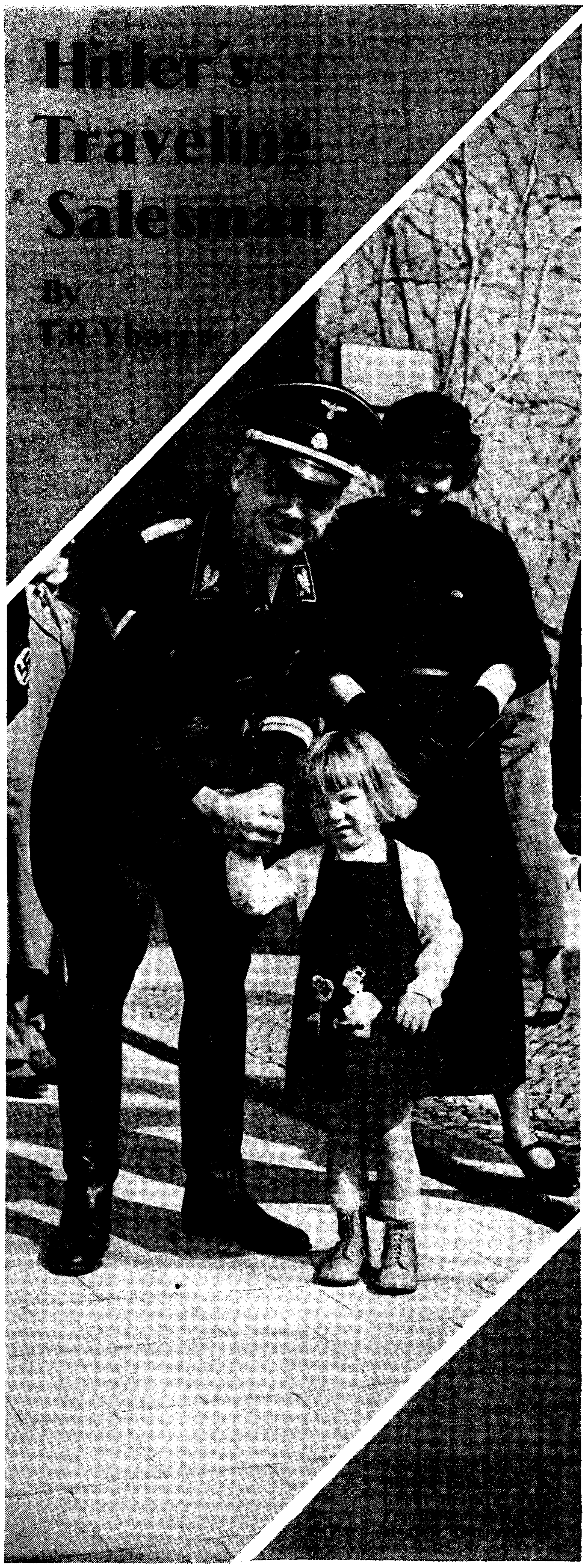
"I want you to discharge this little fool," ordered Mrs. Judge. "Just see what she's done to me." She added a number of opinions and comments and her guests nodded. Nancy stood where she was, her tray hanging from the shoulder straps. She realized the futility of making a defense, for Mrs. Judge was one of the Club Hugo's shining customers, spent her money freely, brought guests many an evening—in brief, she was *the* Mrs. Judge, her only fault being that on occasions she dipped too freely into the grape.

(*Continued on page* 37)

Hitler's Traveling Salesman

By T. R. Ybarra

"Anybody who can get as big a price for German champagne as for French champagne," said Hitler, "must be a born diplomat." So he borrowed Joachim von Ribbentrop from the German wine business and gave him the much more difficult job of selling Nazi doctrines abroad



EUROPEAN PHOTO SERVICE

IN a certain villa out in Dahlem, that Berlin suburb of shaded avenues and attractive homes, the month of January, 1933, was just one midnight conspiracy after another, with the master of the house deep in mysterious talk with mysterious visitors, who arrived mysteriously in motorcars and as mysteriously drove away again. Occasionally one of the visitors was a strange being, with the eyes of a fanatic and the mustache of a Charlie Chaplin, who, whenever he appeared, took the center of the stage, as if by right, in the whispering and plotting—while the charming wife of the host saw to it that everybody had enough to smoke and drink, and the lights burned far into the small hours.

So it went, night after night, until just before the thirtieth of January, 1933.

On that day, old Field Marshal von Hindenburg, President of Germany, having summoned him of the fanatical eyes and comical mustache to the presidential palace, asked him to be German Chancellor. He accepted.

Ever since, that man (Adolf Hitler by name) has been master of Germany. Ever since, he has dictated his will to sixty-seven millions of fellow Germans, from his office on Berlin's historic Wilhelmstrasse, where Bismarck grimly welded together the short-lived German Empire and Stresemann burned himself out in the service of the still shorter-lived German Republic. No longer does he have to go motoring mysteriously through the night, to whisper and plot, out in the suburbs of Berlin.

Favorites of Der Fuehrer

Yet he did not forget that suburban villa or its proprietor.

Sometimes, when the task of running the daily lives of sixty-seven million people got on his nerves, he was whirled out to Dahlem, where he spent a carefree hour or two in that villa, playing with the four little children of its occupant. His affection for them is such that it must cause pangs of jealousy in the breast of Herr Joseph Goebbels, Hitler's world-renowned propaganda minister, whose little ones also hold high rank in Der Fuehrer's favor.

As for the father of that quartet, he has been treated by Hitler with such marked distinction, during the more than three years of Nazi rule in Germany, that some of those high in the councils of Nazidom have now and then grown uneasy about it. They fear that they may wake up some morning to find themselves playing second fiddle to the man from Dahlem.

The latter became one of Hitler's leading advisers. His signature appeared at the foot of a vitally important international agreement. His voice was heard in foreign capitals, in eloquent championship of his chief's violent actions. And now he has become Hitler's Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. His counsel will doubtless be frequently sought in the future, when still more foreign problems pile up in the German dictator's path. His admirers have long been declaring that he will eventually be Germany's Minister of Foreign Affairs. His relationship to Adolf Hitler somewhat resembles that of Colonel House to Woodrow Wilson.

His name is Joachim von Ribbentrop.

Meet von Ribbentrop

I met him in one of the palatial buildings which line the Wilhelmstrasse—after I had climbed a fine entrance stairway, at the head of which two guards, belonging to Hitler's private army, one in the black uniform of the crack "S. S." Corps, the other in the plain brown worn by the bulk of that army, received me with right arms stretched stiffly forward in the Nazi salute.

From the front windows of that building von Ribbentrop could look out at the eighteenth-century palace across the way where old von Hindenburg lived as Germany's President; and at another palace, which now houses Baron von Neurath, Hitler's Foreign Minister; and—if he peered leftward—at still another edifice, partly old palace and partly twentieth-century business building, in which Adolf Hitler himself works and (when unable to get away to his beloved bungalow in Berchtesgaden) eats his meals and snatches a few hours' sleep occasionally, amid the arduous labors of dictatorship.

Von Ribbentrop is a handsome man. When I met him he was wearing the full uniform of the "S. S." Corps, in which he became an officer some years ago—black coat, with the red-white-and-black swastika around one sleeve; black trousers; and high black riding boots. On the left breast of the coat was a ribbon denoting its owner's possession of various military decorations; and, pinned to the lower part of his coat, was the Iron Cross.

Von Ribbentrop looks at you out of blue eyes, in which is an open and lively expression. What struck me most about him was the deepness of his voice. It contrasts surprisingly with his almost dandified elegance and lack of self-assertion. Imagine, if you can, the vocal tones of a Prussian drill sergeant issuing from the lips of a Beau Brummell!

In those deep tones he speaks clearly and rapidly, with a command of English, turns of phrase and quirks of accent so faultless that he could pass anywhere as English born.

He looks like one who takes the daily round of work and play cheerfully, without yielding overmuch either to solemnity or superficiality. And an engaging smile lurks always around the corners

(Continued on page 66)

Bread into Roses

By Kathleen Norris

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

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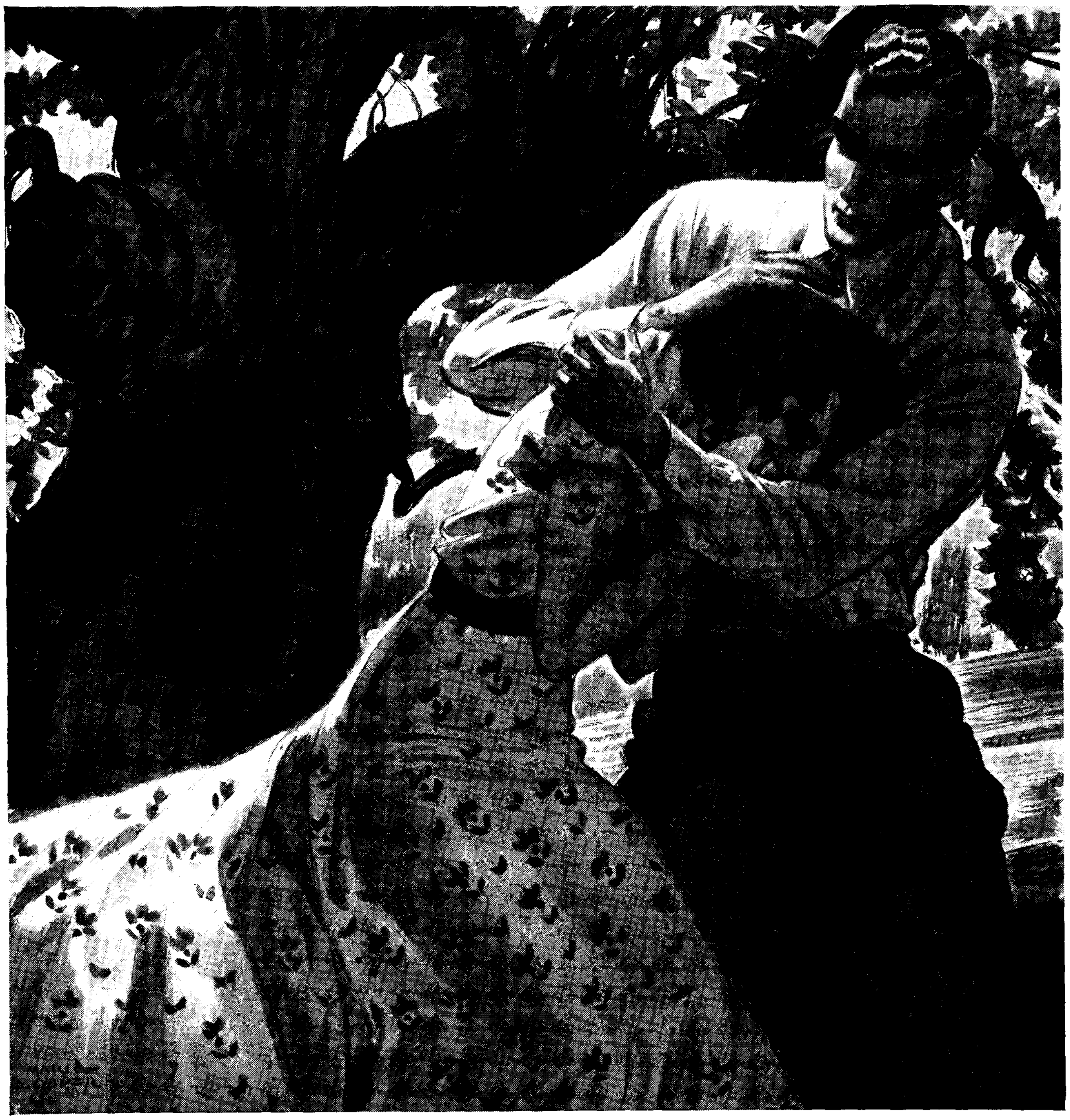


He sat down beside her, and gathered her into his arms, and she did not protest, but buried her head on his shoulder and for a while let the tears have their way

The Story Thus Far:

SUSANNAH FARJEON and Alexander Hazeltyne—who, because of his wealth, his business ability, and his secure social position, is a power in New York City—meet, quite by chance, on a boat bound from China to San Francisco. A few weeks later they are married in New York.

In love with her husband, knowing him to be in love with her, and ecstatically happy, Susannah plunges into a whirl of metropolitan gaieties. And all is well—until her daughter, Evelina, is born. Then, shortly after Evelina's birth, Alec gives her a terrible shock. He informs her that he has fallen in love with Merle Sargent, a nineteen-year-old girl; he implores Susannah to give him his freedom, so that he can marry Merle!

For a time, Susannah resolutely opposes a divorce. She feels sure that what Alec refers to as his "love" for Merle Sargent is merely a temporary infatuation which (as many a man like Alec Hazeltyne can testify) will pass in time. She is certain that her husband still cares for her; that, sooner or later, he will come to her, crave her forgiveness, and continue life with her as though nothing had happened to mar the shining glory of their happiness. But when Alec makes it obvious that he will never return, that he has indeed put her out of his life forever, she weakens, gives her consent to a divorce. Whereupon, Alec takes the Reno way—and marries Merle.

It is in a charming old Connecticut farmhouse, where Susannah has gone to "think things over," that Alec receives his freedom. And it is there, in that spot so different from turbulent New York, that she spends the most miserable days of her life. For she still idolizes Alexander Hazeltyne.

Like many another woman, she is confronted with the problem of how best to emerge from the wreckage of a happily married life and carry on when the secret reservoirs of her courage seem empty. Like many another woman under similar circumstances she feels that the future holds nothing for her save bitterness. . . .

Among Susannah's neighbors are Terry Duquesne and his sister, Anne. In time, they become her closest friends. Terry, a quiet, self-contained man who has worked out a simple philosophy of life which impresses Susannah, amazes her one day by informing her quietly that he loves her. Susannah, startled, gazes at him, murmurs a few words, and walks away. Terry watches her. She is crying.

VIII

ON a certain hot spring afternoon the blow fell without warning, and the world for Susannah went black again.

There had been rains but now the sun was shining warmly. Evelina, businesslike in denim working shorts and shirt, had been all morning long digging rapturously in a small tributary of the creek under the orchard trees, plastering mud against streaming mud, spattering herself from head to foot.

At noon, taking her in for a bath, Susannah found the sweet little muddy girl sleepy, and somewhat surprisedly had seen her settle down for a nap before lunch.

Lunching herself, she commented upon it to Laverne.

"A mite tuckered out," was Laverne's diagnosis, as she set the steaming asparagus and the cold chicken and the fresh cherry tart upon the table. There was no formal service in Susannah's house in these days. "She's goin' to be as hungry as a hunter when she wakes up."

But Evelina, drowsy and sweet and wanting very much to be held in mother's arms, was not hungry at all when her long nap was ended. She said her legs hurt and that her face felt fuzzy. Susannah sent Liza to the telephone, and within twenty minutes Anne was there, and with Anne young Doctor Trine who had recently come to Pemberton to be Doctor Mitchell's assistant.

As one in a dream of terror too fearful to be real Susannah looked from face to face, as Anne, the doctor and Liza examined the fretful baby. Evelina was still in her mother's lap. Liza took the small shirt off gently, mussing the rich bright curls. Anne told Evelina about the bad, bad pussy. George Trine knelt close beside his little patient, stethoscope in hand.

Then there was an interval when Anne stayed with Susannah in the darkened bedroom, and Evelina dozed fitfully, and fretted, and dozed again.

"But what could it be, Anne? At noon today she was shouting in the orchard, digging in the creek."

"I don't know. They go into things like a flash and come out of them again."

"But she's never been ill."

"I know. He said that; Trine said that—that she had a magnificent constitution. That'll help."

"Help! But you don't think she's so sick, Anne?"

"No, I honestly don't."

"HAVE Jerd or Nan ever had anything like this?"

"Oh, of course. That is—yes, they've had everything. Jerd was shivering in pneumonia one day when I was trying to urge him to go out and get warmed up with a snow fight! Oh, yes, they all do it."

"Pneumonia!"

"This isn't pneumonia," Anne said definitely.

"Well, what can it be then?" Susannah said.

"He's gone to Torreytown as fast as he could go. We'll know as soon as he gets back. It's four o'clock. He'll be here by seven."

"She may be completely normal by six," Susannah said, looking down at the flushed little face against her arm.

"You have these scares. They're nothing to the children, but Lord, what we go through!" Anne murmured. "Want a pillow there, Sue?"

Time went by. The women talked abstractedly. Evelina awakened and demanded water. Laverne brought up a bowl of finely chipped ice.

"I thought you were going to George's, Laverne."

"I thought I'd stay 'round an' see what

the doc said. Not that that young feller seems to know much," Laverne said in her disconsolate tone.

It was half past five when Terry came upstairs and into the sickroom unannounced. Somehow the grave smile on his face frightened Susannah even before he spoke.

"Well, how's the sick girl?"

"She's been asleep. She seems quieter now." Susannah spoke in burning anxiety. Evelina had opened her eyes; they looked heavily, without interest at Terry, sank shut again.

"Trine just telephoned from Torreytown; he's at the hospital, Sue. He thinks we'd better get this young lady over there tonight. He's going to wait there."

The shadow of coming agony blackened the room for Susannah. Somehow she got to her feet, put the child gently on the bed, turned to Terry a colorless face. She spoke quietly.

"Right away, Terry. Liza, pack me a nightgown and slippers—whatever I'll need. Should we have an ambulance, Terry?"

"Nope. Just roll her up snugly, and take her crib mattress on the back seat. He suggested that. Do you want Liza to go?"

"I don't know." Susannah stood in the middle of the room, looking vaguely about. "I can't think. What did he say—what did he think—" she muttered, staring with suddenly haggard eyes into Terry's face.

"I don't think they know anything about it, Sue. He simply said that the child might be sicker than we had thought and that, since there are no hospital conveniences here—"

"They depend so on that hospital stuff," Anne said, as Terry paused. Susannah had put her hands on his shoulders.

"He didn't say anything more? He didn't say—he didn't say—"

"On my honor, no! That was all he said. That time was important, and did we have a comfortable car, and to be sure to bundle her up well, and that he would wait."

Susannah turned drearily away.

"THEN that's what we must do," she said in a broken whisper. "My little girl—Uncle Terry's going to carry you downstairs for Mother. Mother's right here. Thank you, Liza. Mr. Duquesne will bring you over tomorrow, if we need you. Thanks, Laverne."

"We may all be home tomorrow," Anne said cheerfully. Her brother, accepting from Susannah the rolled blanket that was Evelina, touched her foot with his foot.

The nightmare journey began. Susannah sat on the edge of the rear seat, close to the mattress where Evelina was bundled. Anne, in front, was turned about with her arm hooked over the leather upholstered back, so that she could see and talk with Susannah. Terry drove swiftly and steadily, without speaking.

All about them was spread the glory of the slow-moving spring dusk. The untimely warmth of the day still lingered on the old farms and on the fields through which they went; orchard bloom was pearly in twilight. Children and dogs and gossiping women were astir in the villages. The snow was gone; the winter was gone; there was greenness and life in the world again.

But ice was pressing against Susannah's heart. She seemed to herself never to have lived, never to have felt anything in life before, never before to have gotten the true values of April and the new green of trees, the significance of homes, with smoke rising from their chimneys, the village lanes with children straggling home reluctantly to supper. It was all set now in blinding and piercing light. It seemed to have new dimensions, new meaning. Her frightened spirit was sick to get back to the old simpler values again, to life that was safe and comfortable, and lived on other terms than those of shaken terror.

Only yesterday, only today she had been able to say carelessly: "Put on her pink dress—what wakened my bad baby—I'll bring Evelina—"

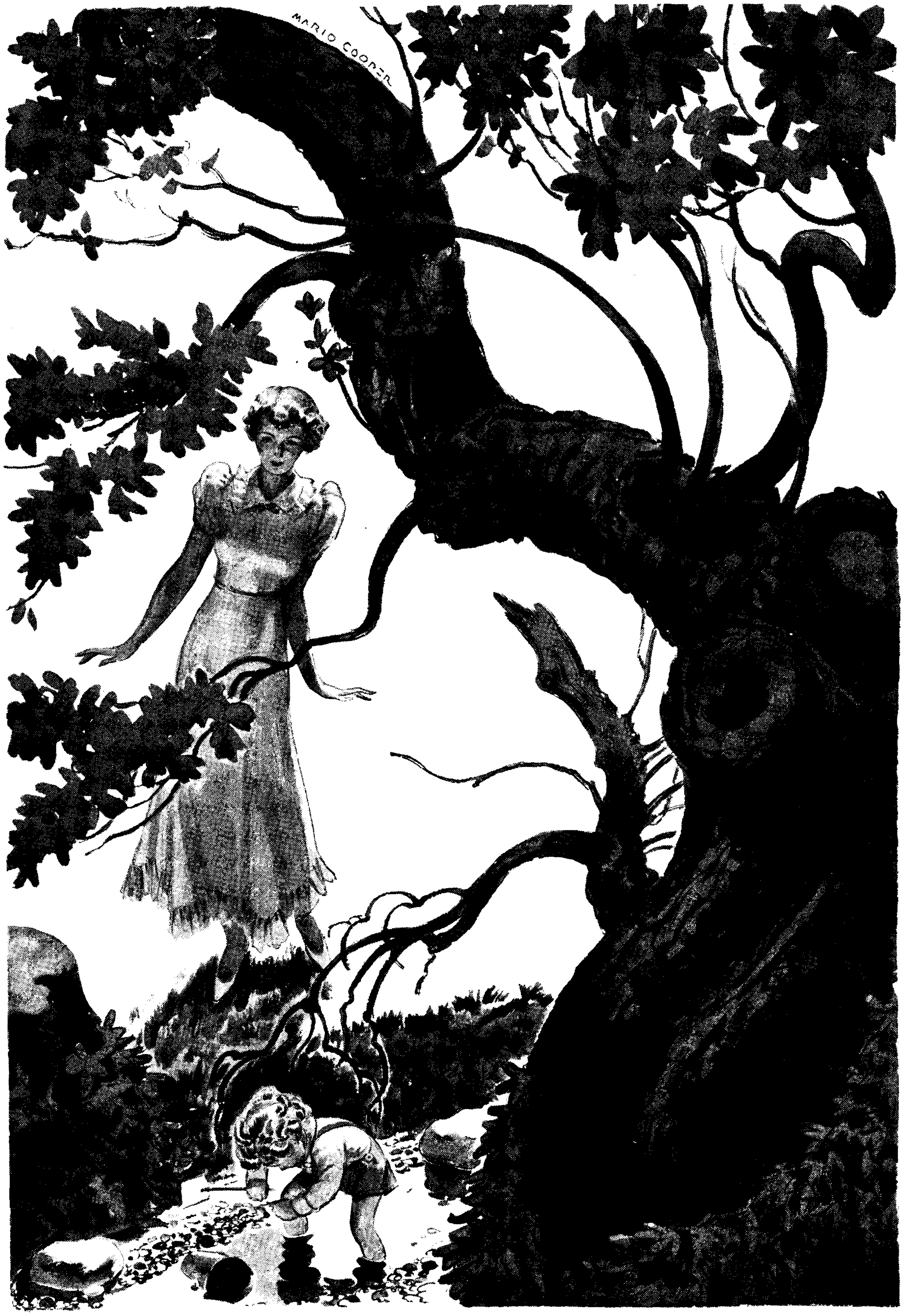
Now everything that concerned the child had moved into another zone. The little name hurt Susannah when she thought of it; the shadow that lay over the child had engulfed the past and the future with the dreadful present. Desperately she looked at the moving scene about her, determined not to think—just not to think.

The new strange crystal light was penetrating the hospital, too. A keenness of perception almost deafening made the voices of doctors and nurses sound loud and harsh. The tragedy of glimpses of the children's ward with small forms restless in narrow high beds was almost more than Susannah could bear.

She steadied herself determinedly. No use breaking down. Mothers were always breaking down in hospitals, and nobody liked them any the better for it. It would not help Evelina to break down. Everything was being done; they were doing all they could.

They had a room and nurses in readiness. Doctor Trine, his young homely face serious, said that he had taken the liberty of telephoning New York to ask Doctor Richard Richards to come up. "We've often had Doctor Richards here," the chief nurse remarked at this point pleasantly. Susannah seized upon the words eagerly.

(Continued on page 41)



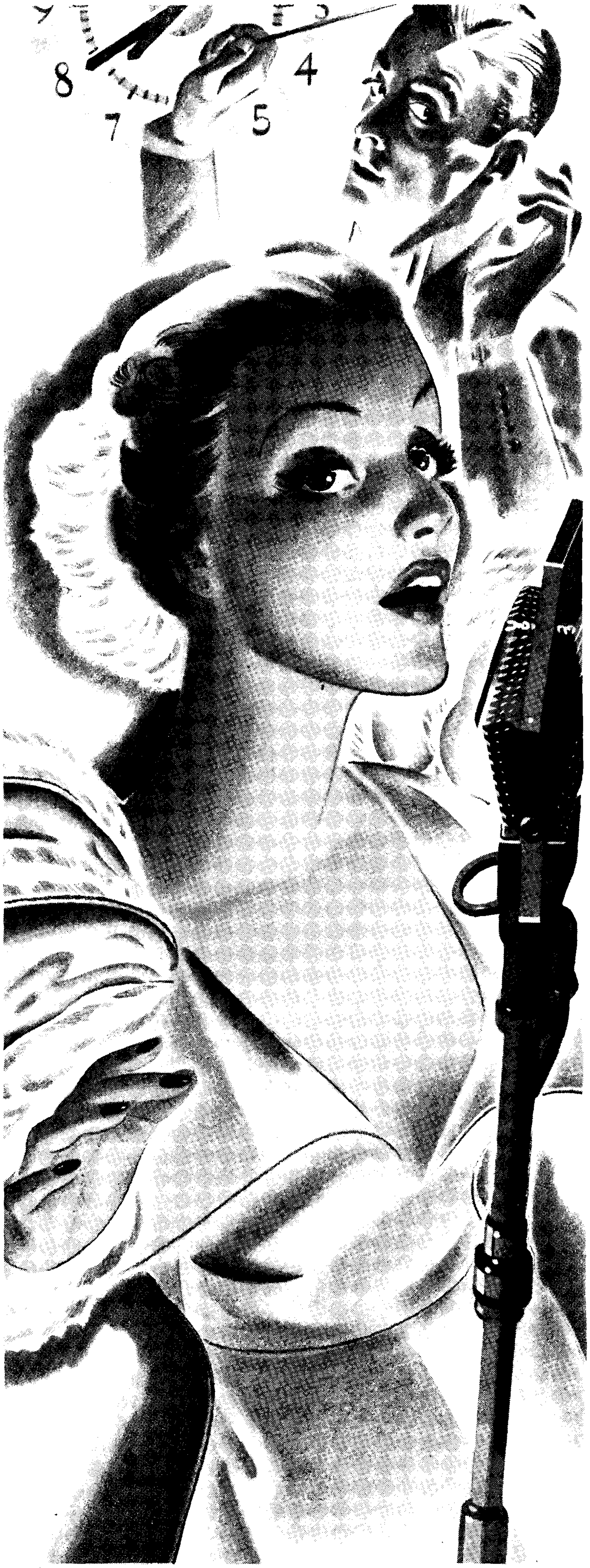
Evelina had been all morning long digging rapturously in a small tributary of the creek

Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?

Martha Duane's story—a girl who couldn't keep a straight face even when success stared her in the eye

By William L. Stuart

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



She sang for twelve minutes. No titles—no plugs—just the sleek voice

"HELLO." Jakie Field, the fattest artists' agent ever to wangle a radio audition for an unknown singer, stuck his round, beaming face in Carr's door.

Carr was one of the American Broadcasting System's ace production men, and in that capacity had created and produced some of the most popular programs on the network. He could look a new idea in the face without a tremor, nurse it, develop it, and bring it to a million ears so deftly that their owners would ask each other why someone in radio had not thought of it before. He was responsible for the first vaudeville hour of the air; he directed the first radio fantasy, and discovered symphony music for sponsors who thought America would listen only to jazz. Now he lifted his head and grunted.

Jakie waddled in across the deep rug. "What's biting you?" he demanded.

Carr settled back in his swivel chair and shrugged. "The usual thing. Aimee Lanier has the grippe and I'll have to find a substitute for the Old Home Hour tonight."

Jakie shook his head with a fine show of sympathy and lowered himself into a chair. "Tough," he said.

"You're damn' right it's tough!" Carr wadded up a sheet of paper and snapped it into the wastebasket. "These prima donnas—they get me down. The gal was probably out on a bender and lost her voice."

"Absolutely, Mr. Carr," agreed Jakie amiably.

Carr stared at him. "All right," he sighed. "Let's have it. What has the biggest liar in the talent-peddling business got to sell today? A quartet of lady hillbillies?"

JAKIE tried to appear hurt, but gave it up. He pulled a newspaper from his pocket, smoothed it out on Carr's desk. Carr leaned forward and scowled down at the four-column picture under Jakie's right forefinger. The caption read:

CYRUS POWERS III AND (SH-H-H) HIS NEWEST FLAME

"Well?"

"New client," announced the little fat man complacently. "Name of Martha Duane. I saw on the studio production sheet that you're going to build her program. Thought you'd want to see what she looks like. Ain't she a beaut?"

Carr grunted. "Can she sing?"

Jakie chuckled. "Tear the parka right off an Eskimo."

Carr continued to look at the picture. The girl really was pretty and for some reason the camera had not found that tired look usually caught in the eyes of women who got themselves photographed in night clubs with Cyrus Powers III. She appeared a little thrilled there against the faintly discernible background of Dick and Harry's: the white ties, the gleaming shoulders, and the pale *chanteuse* singing indolently in the glare of a baby spot.

"She's got that ingénue look," he admitted finally. "But what's she doing with Powers? Seems to me I read something from the publicity department about you discovering her only a couple of days ago at an ice cream social in Brooklyn."

"It's the God's truth," Jakie said solemnly. "Couldn't be a better story if I'd written it myself."

THE man who did his publicity photographs had found her, according to Jakie. She sang in a church where the guy was a deacon, and for two months he had been pestering Jakie to come over and listen to her. Jakie had laughed and said he'd try to get over; he'd heard too many turkeys. Then one night the man asked him out for dinner—and he wound up at a church social and had to listen.

"Cripes!" Jakie's eyes grew round as marbles. "You could've knocked me over with a steam roller. She was that good! And to make it absolutely a whamdoodle, she has to support her old lady and kid brother." Jakie was obviously hurt by the wry look on Carr's face. "It's the truth," he insisted. "The God's truth."

"What—no mortgage?" Carr shook his head. "Give me the dope. Is Powers going to angel another show?"

Jakie laughed politely. "You've got her wrong, Mr. Carr. Getting her snapped with Powers was a piece of luck. We just happened to run into him at Dick and Harry's. Besides, with radio commitments coming up, we ain't interested in Broadway."

"I get it," said Carr. "And that elderly lady hiding behind the champagne bucket would be her mother."

"Aw, Mr. Carr. You know that ain't her mother," Jakie objected reproachfully. "This is just part of the old build. If every morning for a week I could get them to print a picture of her with some guy like Powers holding her hand—why, think of it!"

"I hate to," said Carr.

Jakie laughed politely again. "In a week," he went on, "everyone will know who you mean when you say Martha Duane has been signed by ABS for the United Foods Ginger Ale program." He struggled out of the chair and pulled down his vest. "Maybe, Mr. Carr," he added, "she don't even need a manager like me. For a newcomer, she's that good. Beautiful, smart, and a voice that'll be putting kinks in your backbone."

"Your backbone," Carr said. "Not mine."

When Jakie went out, Carr glanced over the production sheet, found his name opposite Martha Duane's for Studio 3 at four o'clock, and took another look at her picture. She had nice eyes and a mouth she could probably open wide enough to get a note out of. He had to give Jakie that. But even if she could sing—well, Jakie's finds usually ended up on Park Avenue or in a chorus.

CARR was late getting to the studio. He came in at 4:10, expecting to find Martha impressing people, but she was leaning against the piano, laughing over her shoulder at the pianist.

She was just like her picture, except that she was tall. That wouldn't have shown. And she didn't look like a night-clubber. There was a warmth in her face a camera couldn't catch and her mouth was resolute and full. She stopped laughing when Jakie introduced Carr and got right down to business.

When Carr got everything set and took Jakie into the control room, he said, "If she's half as good as you say she is, Jakie, she ought to do."

Jakie wagged his head. "She's so good, I tell you, I can't believe it myself."

Her voice was warm. It was soft, too, with an uncommonly good declaration of rhythm. And very suave over the tinkling accompaniment.

"Jakie," Carr said, "this is beginning to look like something."

Jakie took it big. "Terrific, eh?" he chuckled. "And from an ice cream social, too." He beamed through the glass at Martha, who looked pleased. "When do we start making the program, Mr. Carr?" he asked.

"Right away," Carr said. "She needs some coaching on her diction and I'll have to line up a band to suit her voice. I think we'd better start tomorrow. Have her here at three." He looked out into the studio and was quiet.

"Pretty gal, ain't she?" Jakie said fondly. "Nice lines."

"Yeah," grunted Carr. He looked at Jakie and his face set suddenly. "Call her in here."

When she came through the door, Carr nodded at the engineer, who got up and went out.

"Sit down," he said.

She sat down and smiled. Her eyes were gay.

CARR began, "Do you know what you're getting into?"

He said it coldly, as if he actually felt that she didn't.

She picked up one of the plugs on the instrument board and turned it over. "I think so," she said.

"Put that down and listen," said Carr. "You're a long way from being as good as you'll have to be for radio. You're new. A kid. For one thing, you sometimes hiss your esses."

Martha's eyes lost their gaiety. "I'll learn, Mr. Carr," she said seriously.

Carr glanced into the studio again. "No," he said a little more doggedly. "Get this. You're working on spec. Tomorrow when you start, you don't know whether Muller is going to hire you or not. You don't even know that two hours before we audition you he won't decide against having a program. He's a tough nut. He thinks he knows what he wants, so even if you do get the job, there are easier ways of making a hundred a week."

"That's an awful lot," said Martha.

"Maybe in a month it won't look so big," said Carr. "If you walk out on us then, we'll have wasted time and money."

Martha Duane bit her lip. She said in uncertain voice, "I don't follow you, Mr. Carr."

"I can't make it any clearer," Carr said.

She got out of the chair and looked at him. For just a moment she remained motionless; then she nodded her dark, shining head. As she went out she smiled faintly at Jakie.

Jakie bit the end off a cigar and frowned at it. "Mr. Carr," he protested mildly, "why did you want to ride her?" He raised his head. "She's no floozie out of the burlesque."

Carr watched Martha as she walked around a piano in the studio. He said somberly, "Look in clients' observation."

Jakie leaned forward. There was a man in the glass-fronted room in the wall of the studio outside, a brown-faced man with an incredibly fine profile and white teeth and narrow, wise eyes.

"Cripes," Jakie breathed. "Cyrus Powers III."

"Yeah," said Carr. "Did you ask him up?"

Jakie shook his head and stared. "Oh, what a break," he said softly. "Her publicity is in the bag if he goes for her. To the newspapers, he's worth a line everytime he blows his nose."

Martha entered the room in the wall then, and Carr saw Cyrus Powers III stand up and smile. His teeth flashed and his eyes crinkled at the corners as he took her hand.

"How much did his last two shows take him for?" Carr asked thoughtfully.

Jakie shrugged. "A hundred thousand on the shows—and then that dancer got a bundle of cash out of court."

Carr watched moodily as Martha and Powers moved side by side out of clients' observation.

FOR the next few days, while Carr worked up Martha's program, he kept things impersonal. If he and Martha talked for hours, it was because they had to talk for hours.

They fixed her diction, decided on her band and talked about Jakie's publicity—at least, Jakie did. He talked about it incessantly, pointing to the news clips and photos of Martha and Cyrus Powers III walking or talking or dining together.

Carr listened and looked and smiled occasionally, but only twice did he have anything to say. Each time he had glanced up and found Powers in clients' observation. The first time, he said, "I see the mint is here."

Martha only nodded.

The second time, he said, "I see by the columns that you and the treasury were holding hands last night in the Silver Room."

Martha had been reading a sheet of music. She narrowed her eyes at it and said slowly, "You don't like Mr. Powers, do you, Mr. Carr."

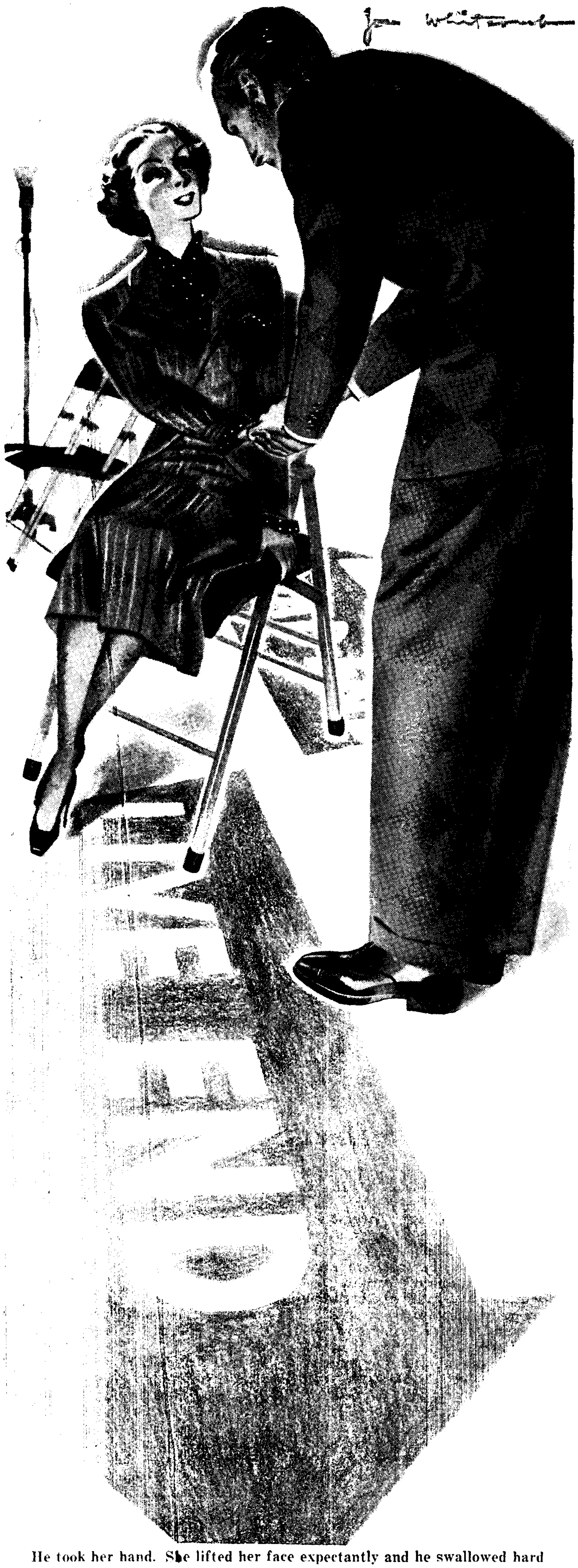
Carr shrugged one shoulder slightly. "He's probably very pleasant. And he can certainly do a lot for a girl."

She lifted her head. "I may even marry him. He's asked me to."

On that Carr moved away, and found Jakie and the musicians ostentatiously minding their own business. Half a dozen times he found himself thinking she was probably right, but that didn't seem to help much. And the next morning, when one of the columnists came out with the name of the play Powers was putting cash into, Carr felt bitter and strangely exasperated.

Setting the show took eight days, what with the arguing back and forth. Carr came into Studio 3 on the final evening with Jakie, whom he had met downstairs. His shoulders were broader in a dinner jacket; his rusty hair was rustier. Jakie looked squat and round, like a shiny black barrel. Martha came in a

(Continued on page 32)



He took her hand. She lifted her face expectantly and he swallowed hard

[illegible] Toes

Tamara Geva started dancing in Russia and is [illegible] to Broadway [illegible] Follies and [illegible] Now she is headed for Hollywood—still dancing

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff
Photographer

"PLACE your bets," Demidoff repeated wearily and then he spun the wheel and tossed in the little ball. He was tired of this life as croupier even though he was the No. 1 croupier in one of Russia's largest and most exclusive gambling houses, a pretentious place outside Leningrad. He wanted to leave Russia, wanted to travel, but Russia was a difficult place to leave. You had to have a legitimate excuse or else you couldn't obtain a passport.

You could leave for business reasons or if you were, for instance, the manager of a troupe of actors or dancers. "Place your bets," Demidoff said thoughtfully. If you were the manager of a troupe of dancers? The agile mind of the croupier began to concoct a plan. Two days later he acted.

He went to the Academy School of Dancing—it had formerly been the Imperial School—and talked to four youngsters who were students at the school. Would they like to tour Europe? Would they? They hailed his suggestion with cries of delight. Tamara Geva, daughter of Levky Gevergev, director of a museum and a famed art connoisseur, was one of the four, and George Balanchine was another.

When I asked Tamara how to spell her father's first name she said: "It is Levky, just like in the play Waiting for Levky." In a few short years this Russian girl has learned not only the language but the idiom of Broadway.

The names of the other two don't matter. They are still dancing in the anonymity of Diaghlieff's Ballet in London and Paris.

Demidoff put his four charges on a small boat and they sailed one day from Vassily Island to Stettin. Of the four only Balanchine had appeared professionally. Four years older than the others, he assumed the direction of them.

Demidoff did his best to get them engagements. They appeared in theaters in Wiesbaden and Mainz and other provincial German cities, and then finally they appeared in Berlin.

"We were not very sensational," Tamara says now in the throaty, alluring voice which seems to be the vocal heritage of all Russians.

Then these four children of the revolution decided to storm Paris.

"Paris was not much excited about us," Tamara Geva says. "We all lived in a very small pension and we didn't have much money. Just enough to eat with. Then one day while we were having dinner the landlady said that there was a phone call for Balanchine."

Balanchine looked puzzled. They knew no one in Paris, and certainly no one knew them. He came back from the phone with a dazed look on his face.

"That," he announced solemnly, "was Diaghlieff phoning from London. He wants us for his ballet."

Diaghlieff? The great mentor of Nijinsky. The master of the Russian Ballet in Europe. They couldn't believe it until they actually found themselves dancing on a stage in London. Now

(Continued on page 51)

Eye in the Sky

By Robert Harron

The hoof is quicker than the eye. In a close finish no judge can tell what horse has won. But a camera can—if it's properly placed. Here's the latest gadget, a mechanical eye that records 165 pictures a second and identifies a winner by a whisker

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY I. DAY

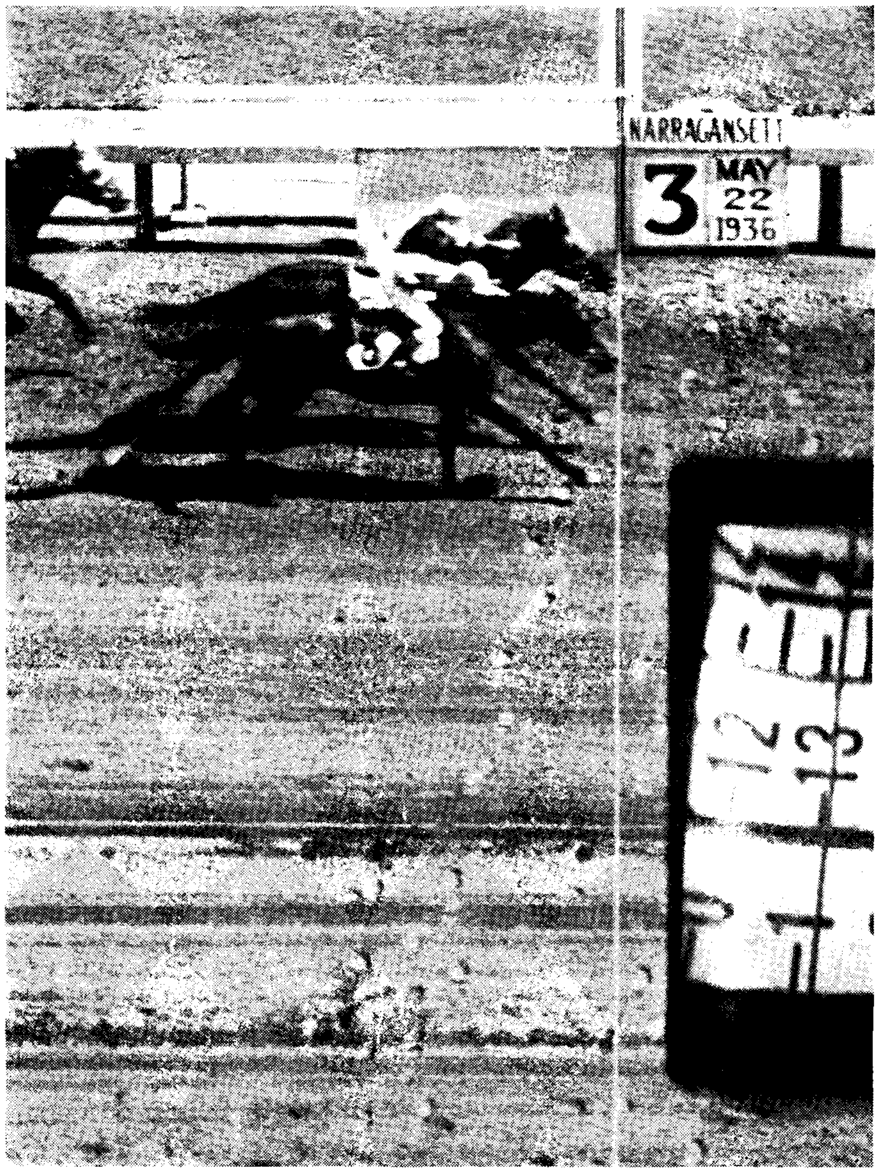
I SUPPOSE you go out to see the horses run once in a while. And even if you don't, there are some twelve or fifteen millions of us in this country who do. Perhaps you are one of us who occasionally invest a bob, or two, or five on the nose of a nice-looking colt that catches the eye in the paddock. At any rate, you like to choose your favorite and to root him home in the stretch. It's a thrill.

And how do you feel when that four-footed baby comes down the last furlong with a closing rush into a blanket finish with two or three others and sticks that nose carrying your five-spot or your sentimental backing a few big inches ahead? How do you feel, I mean, when the numbers are posted and you find that the judges didn't see it as you saw it at all; and your horse has been knocked down to the show position with two other steeds collecting the honors—and the accompanying financial aggrandizement.

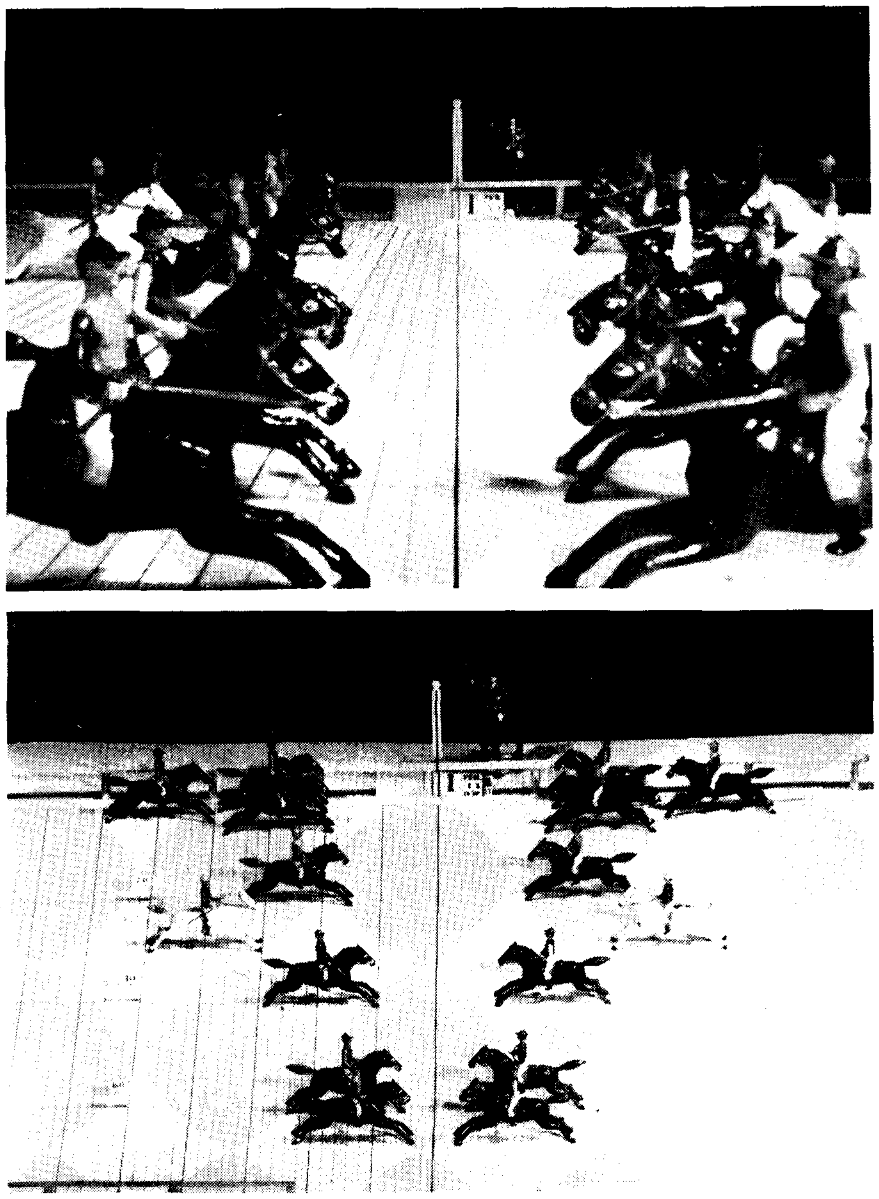
Makes you wonder what's wrong with the astigmatic eyesight of those rotund individuals up there in the judges' stand, doesn't it? I know. I have felt that way too, too often.

But wait a minute. Don't be too tough. There are extenuating circumstances. Let me tell you about a race staged in the bright sunlight of a New England morning at Rhode Island's Narragansett Park not long ago.

There wasn't a good horse in the race.



Right: A dead-heat finish at Narragansett Park, as recorded by the Eye in the Sky. Note, at the lower right, the automatic time record which eliminates the errors of stop-watch timing



Left: A finish with the near horse leading the field, as shown clearly by the lower photograph, taken with the Eye in the Sky. The upper picture, the spectator's view from the side line, shows a very close finish

As a matter of fact, it was not strictly a race. The field was made up of nine stable ponies. They were started off the last turn for the dash down the stretch. The huge stands were empty. The big mutuel board was idle. Not a dollar had been or would be bet. The only spectators were a little group of newspapermen and track officials. Down on the turn, the stableboys were getting their instructions.

"We want you to bring your mounts across the line in a blanket finish," they were told. "Make it as close as possible."

How Judges Can Err

The boys did their jobs well. As the nine-horse field swept under the wire, three of the mounts were separated by inches. Billy Ames, the track's press agent, genial confidant of newspapermen, had his moment now. He can be a bit of a ribber at times.

"What horse won that race?" he called in the judges' stand. "You newspaper guys are the judges now. What do you say? I've always heard that you writing fellows were trained observers. This time you were right on the line. What's your answer?"

Sports writers as a rule are not diffident. These Boston and Providence experts were no exceptions. Confidently and unanimously the vote was cast for the second horse from the rail. "By a nose," most of them said. Two or three were more emphatic. "By a neck," was their verdict.

"Let's have the pictures," called Billy Ames to a gentleman leaning from the window of a big booth high on the roof of the stands directly opposite the finish and 110 feet above the turf.

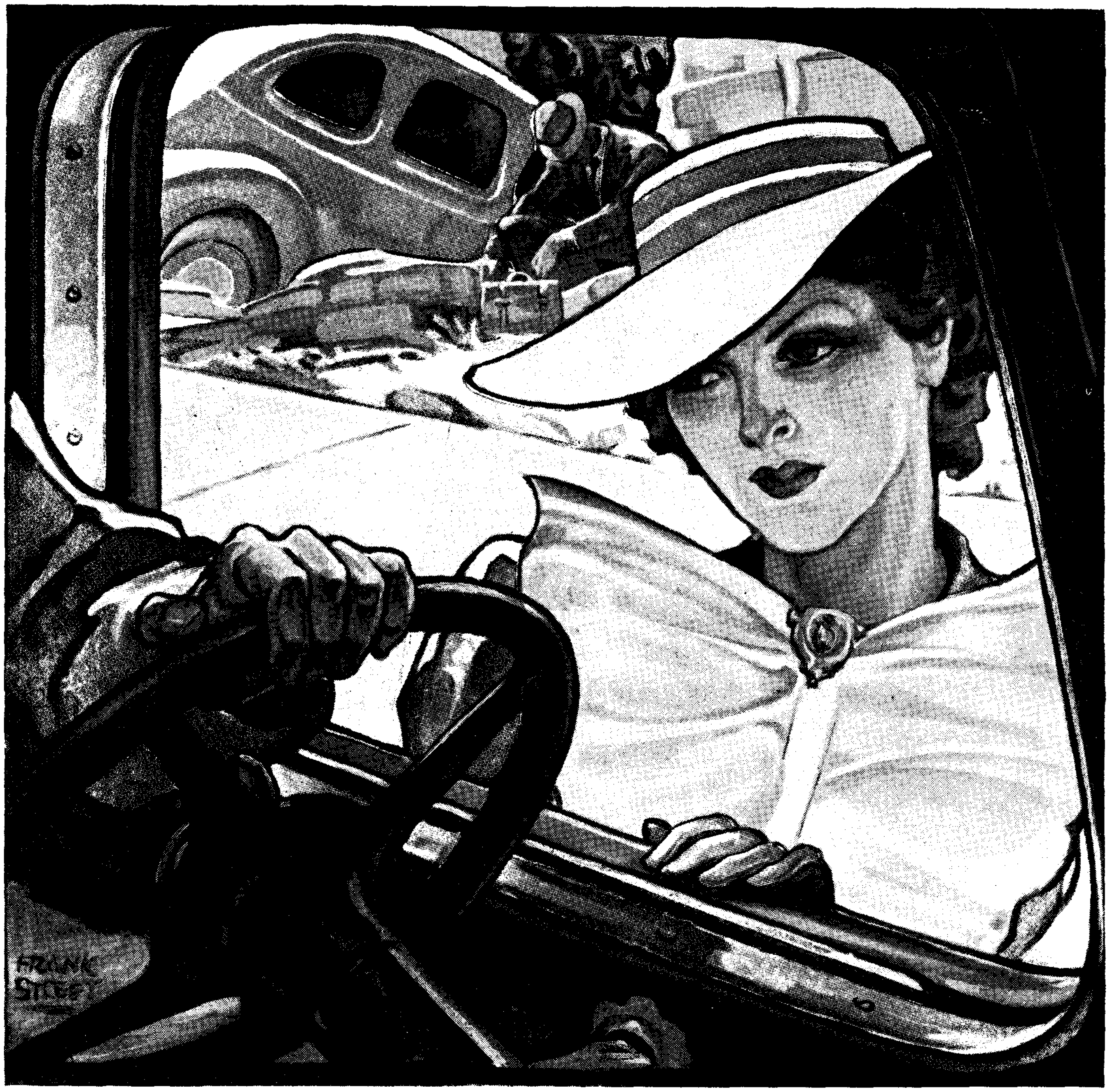
In less than two minutes, pictures of the finish were in the hands of the writers. They were enlargements, clear and clean-cut as any action photograph you ever saw, of motion-picture frames taken 165 times a second as the horses had covered the last thirty feet of the distance and surged under the wire. The ordinary 16mm. motion-picture camera used in amusement and industrial work and which you, perhaps, took on that summer vacation trip, takes 16 frames a second. Quite a difference.

With mathematical exactness, with every angle of perspective and velocity accounted for, the enlargement of the frame which showed the winner's nose on the wire demonstrated that the winner was the third horse from the rail—by a matter of four inches or less.

Come with me, several weeks later, out to Chicago's beautiful Arlington Park, where the turf writers think they are pretty good, too, and are. The boys were sitting around one afternoon in a cool corner of the clubhouse taproom. It was a fanning bee and the subject was the fallibility of the human eyes. It was agreed that horse-race judges are human but that was about the only concession the writers were willing to make. Unanimously—the group included French Lane of the Tribune, Paul Hirtenstein of the News, Henry Simmons of the Herald-Examiner and Dee Sparr of the American—they seemed to think they could do a better job.

A track official sat in and picked up

(Continued on page 59)



"I ran the car in the ditch," she explained. "Could you—"

Caravan

By
Will F. Jenkins

A study in singleness of purpose, as shown by a boy with a mind of his own

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

BEING sixteen, the kid could only really think of one thing at a time. He thought of it now, while the drive-away fleet trundled sedately on ahead. There were thirty new city-delivery trucks in a single, glittering line. There was a background of green foliage and brown tree trunks, with rocks here and there. Hilly country. The cars ahead were new ones, identical to the last drop of paint. They glittered in precisely the same fashion in the same spots when the sunlight struck on them. The spokes in their wheels twinkled the same way. They even made puffs of thicker smoke from their exhausts at the same point on each curve. But the kid only half noticed.

He loafed at the wheel of the last car, absorbed in his own thoughts. He was sixteen, but anybody'd take him for eighteen, easy, and he had a driver's license. He drove with the abstracted ease of a master, having handled a car—illegally—since he was ten. He wore a sweater which had once been a lurid shade of blue but which was now subdued by many wettings. Canvas pants. Sneakers. He lolled back at the conservative thirty-mile limit all drive-away fleets are supposed to observe, and which some actually keep to.

And, driving, he thought absorbedly about the one thing which at the time—being sixteen—he could really think of. Short-wave radio. Other matters fitted into it, of course. Mom and Mr. Halstead. Mr. Halstead wanted to marry Mom, and the acquaintance thereby ripened had emboldened the kid to make Mr. Halstead a business proposition connected with short-wave radio. And Al Carpi. He'd been seen and shot at only a hundred and fifty miles away, last night, and the short-wave channels had spread the news with an infinite speed and precision. The kid would like to be a radio engineer and design short-wave installations. Police setups, like the one that'd covered three states with an alarm for Al Carpi in ten minutes after he'd been seen and shot at. Short-wave radio.

The drive-away fleet turned a curve. A shining, a truly magnificent filling station appeared. It had a long array of pumps, painted all the prismatic colors. It had a greasing-rack and tourist-camp shacks. It was impressive. The lead car—the truck in which everybody'd traveled to the plant—turned in the driveway. The others followed. They slowed and came to reasonably expert stops. Mr. Halstead popped out of the truck and said for everybody to get something to eat and check oil and water and gas. They'd start off again in twenty minutes.

THE kid strolled toward the station. He got ham on rye with mustard and sauerkraut and a bottle of orange pop. Eating, he investigated certain partially musical sounds from the station. Later, the guy who ran the filling station looked in suspiciously. The kid nodded abstractedly.

"Your aerial's wrong for short waves," he observed. "Cars make interference anyhow, but with the right kind of aerial—"

The guy who ran the filling station went away. Presently he came back. The kid was fishing for police broadcasts. He got one.

"Al Carpi stuck up a filling station at Batesville thirty minutes ago. He stayed in his own car and the woman with him tied up the filling-station owner and a customer, while Al Carpi kept a gun on them. They went off in the customer's car. License Z38-557. Blue Breeze sedan. He's wounded but still able to hold a gun and use it."

"Gosh," said the guy who ran the filling station. "That ain't but forty miles away! Some guy, that Carpi!" Then he said, "I never fool with short waves. Never could get a thing."

The kid tuned further. He said, pleased, "Montreal." Then more police stuff. But suddenly a rhythmic sort of static came in and the kid shook his head. It blurred reception.

"Somebody started a car. Your aerial's wrong for short waves. I could fix you up one that works swell."

The guy who ran the filling station asked questions. The kid explained in the terse and wholly explicit fashion of somebody who knows exactly what he is talking about. He did know short waves, and anybody would take him for eighteen, easy. The filling-station guy said:

"Say, how long'd it take you—" He stopped. More stuff on Carpi. He was hurt, and hurt bad. He'd made a doctor fix him up, and then carried him off and dumped him where he'd had to walk ten miles to get to a phone. That'd been last night. Just reported. And he'd turned up in Batesville just now. License Z38-557. Blue Breeze sedan. With a woman. Hurt bad. Watch for him. Get him. Kill him if necessary, but get him!

"How long'd it take you to fix up my aerial?" asked the guy who ran the filling station.

"Thirty minutes, maybe. But I'm with the drive-away gang."

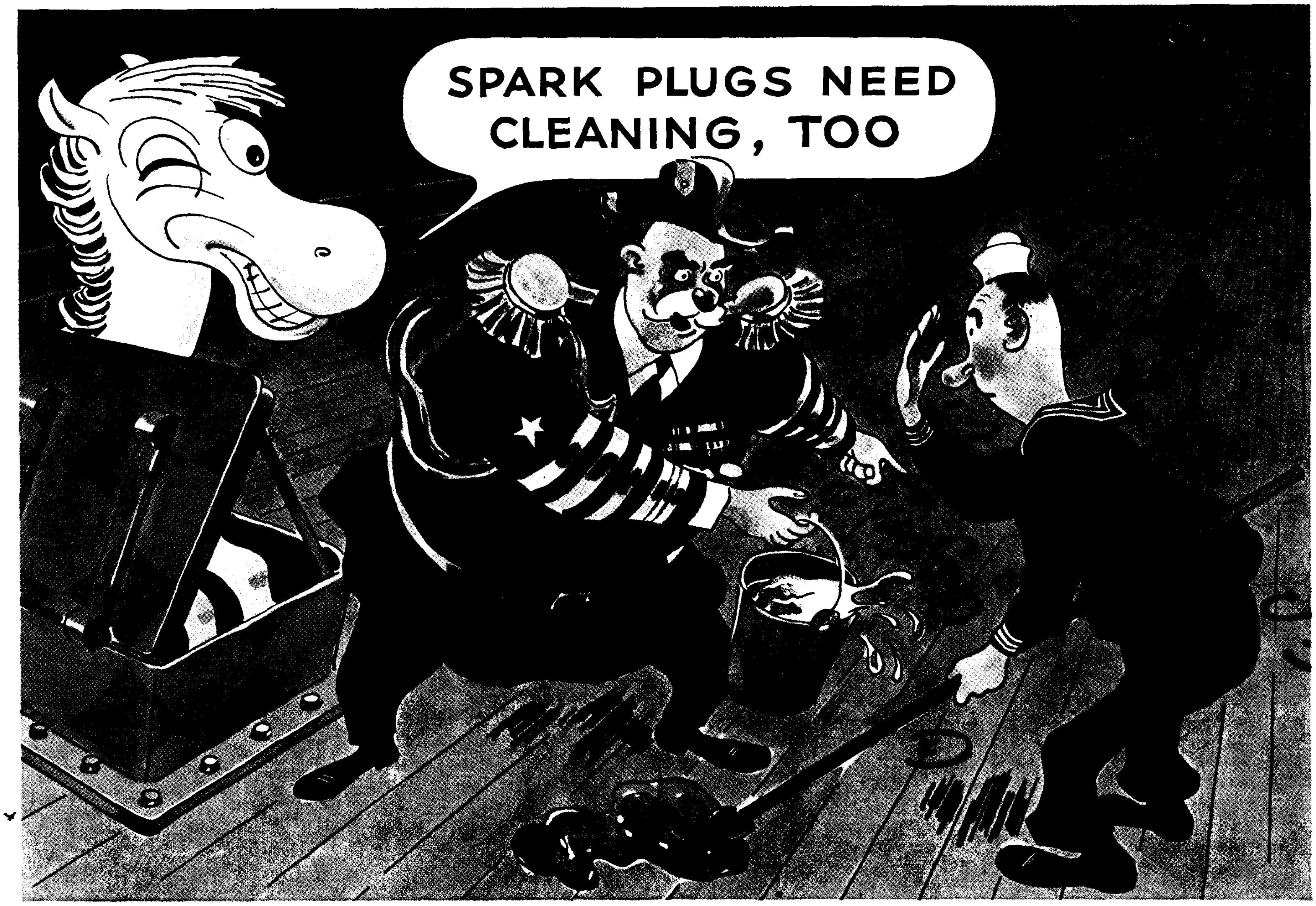
"I'll risk a couple of bucks," said the guy, "if you can do it."

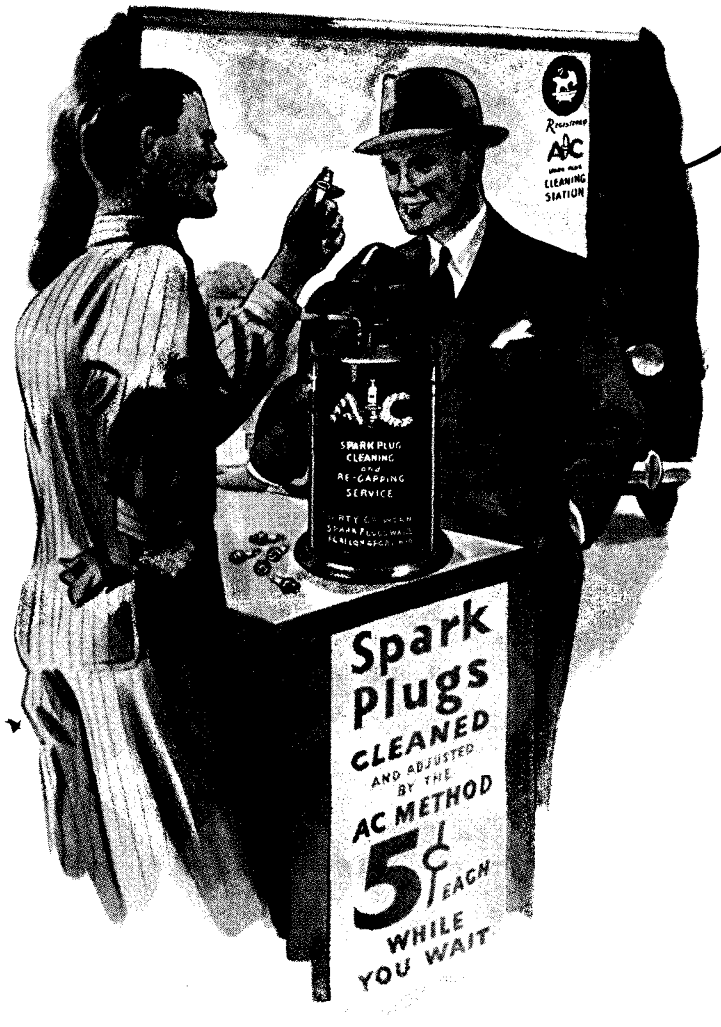
"I'll ask Mr. Halstead," said the kid. "Maybe I can."

TWO bucks was two bucks. Also, fixing somebody's aerial for short waves might make Mr. Halstead think about the kid's business proposition. He was hanging around Mom and wanted to marry her, and Mom was all thrilled, but she was scared he might not be decent to the kid. So he was doing all sorts of things to convince her he would. This job with the drive-away gang. Ten bucks for a two-day trip. A good graft. But it wouldn't do any harm to remind him about short waves.

The kid went and talked to Mr. Halstead. He could earn two bucks in thirty minutes, fixing this guy's aerial, but it might make him start off later than the rest. And Mr. Halstead beamed at him and said it was all right, my boy, and the kid wondered detachedly what Mom could see in Mr. Halstead to be thrilled

(Continued on page 72)


SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING, TOO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Millions of car owners have gotten more miles per gallon of gasoline by having their plugs cleaned and worn ones replaced regularly at a Registered AC Spark Plug Cleaning Station. The Oxide Coating, soot, and carbon which steal as much as 1 gallon of gas in 10 can be removed from *your* plugs, too—while you wait, by the AC method. Cleaning and adjusting your plugs will also restore your car's pep, power and performance. This nation-wide plug cleaning service gives you a *big* nickel's worth. So, be thrifty—get your plugs cleaned today!

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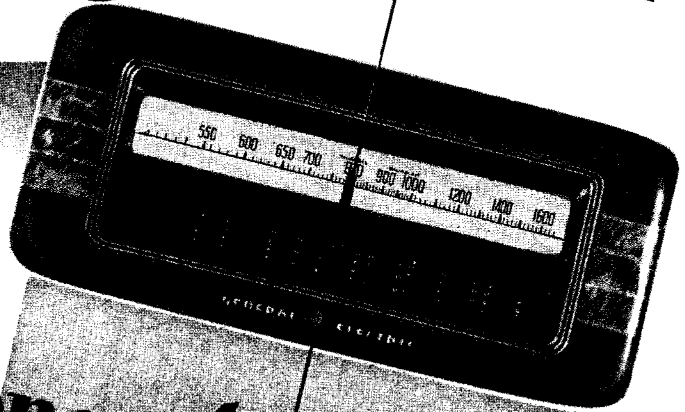
THE QUALITY SPARK PLUG

*Slightly higher in Canada

AT LAST, A RADIO YOU CAN'T TUNE WRONG

Focused Tone



Perfect Tuning..Perfect Tone..*Automatically!*

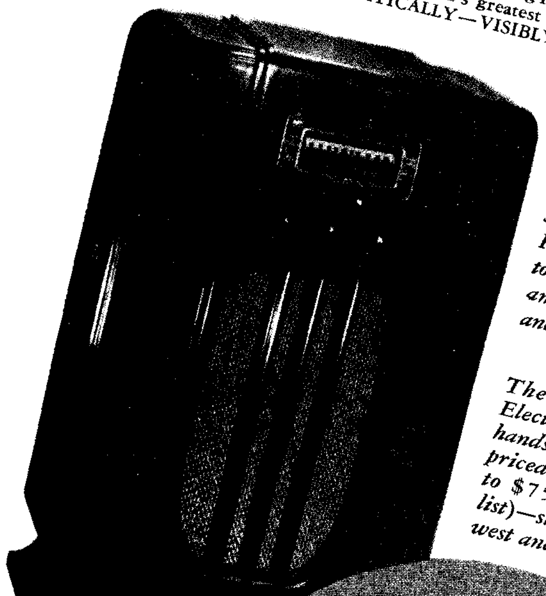
SET THE dial of the new G-E Radio off-tune—*and nine out of ten people do without knowing it*—and you'll get the surprise of your life. Instantly the new G-E automatically shifts itself into hair-line tuning. Simultaneously the amazing new G-E Colorama Dial changes from red to green to tell you "there's your station perfectly tuned — every note true and clear."

Everything about the new G-E is thrilling and amazing. It's a Personalized Radio—with a Custom Tailored Dial. Your local station letters flash on when you tune in. No more hunting up kilocycle numbers—because stations are marked by *letters and kilocycles.* And the new G-E gives you silent tuning—you can switch from one program to another without a single *squeal, squawk,* or *screech.* But the biggest thrill of all is the life-like, flawless tone of the new G-E.

See—and hear—for yourself radio's newest marvel. Stop in soon at the G-E Radio Dealer nearest you. Let your ears decide whether *any* other radio *at any price* can equal the tone and performance of the greatest radio G-E has ever built.

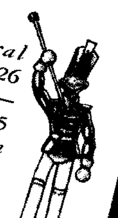
WHAT IS FOCUSED TONE?

Focused Tone combines all the revolutionary new features described above, plus these new G-E Radio inventions and developments—G-E Metal Tubes; the G-E Sentry Box; G-E Stabilized Dynamic Speakers; G-E Sliding Rule Tuning Scale; G-E "V-doublet" All-wave Antenna. Focused Tone is G-E's greatest radio achievement. Only the new G-E gives it to you—AUTOMATICALLY—VISIBLY—INSTANTLY.



The new G-E brings you every radio service on the air—Foreign Broadcasts over ALL Short-wave bands; Domestic Short-wave stations; Domestic Programs—heard with new tone-perfection; Police Calls; and Amateur Stations—day and night.

• • •



The new General Electric comes in 26 handsome models—priced from $29.95 to $750 (Eastern list)—slightly higher west and south.

Off-Focus Tone
G-E Focused-Tone
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HELEN JEPSON—Lovely star of the Opera and Radio

—harsh, blurred, discordant tone. Nine out of ten people unknowingly tune in their radios off-focus.

The new G-E Radio *automatically* shifts itself into hair-line tuning every time. And at the same instant the Colorama Dial changes from red to green to tell you your program is in perfect Focused Tone.

—harsh, blurred, discordant tone. Nine out of ten people unknowingly tune in their radios off-focus.

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You'll always be glad you bought a G-E

RESEARCH KEEPS GENERAL ELECTRIC YEARS AHEAD!

The Dumb Gods Speak

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

MARK HUMBERSTONE, wealthy American inventor, perfects a remarkable device which, operated as only he and his son, Mark Humberstone, Jr., know how to operate it, is capable of destroying all the navies in the world. When he dies, he bequeaths it to a group of American leaders.

Years pass. In 1947, a mysterious organization is working silently in Nice, France. At its head is a distinguished Chinese, Prince Cheng. Assisting Cheng is Mark Humberstone, Jr. Around them, at their headquarters, flit scores of spies and emissaries from every nation on earth. Even Catherine Oronoff, Humberstone's charming secretary, is kept in the dark as to what Cheng and Humberstone are plotting. But it is obvious that they are planning an astounding coup of some sort which the world will never forget.

Among the most mysterious figures at headquarters is a man known as "Mr. Jonson." Possessed of some seemingly supernatural power, he laughs at knives and bullets—it is, he boasts, impossible to kill him! Humberstone has hired him, knowing little about his past, as a master bodyguard for himself and Cheng. Acting without orders, he is here, there and everywhere. Once, when three men have tried, unsuccessfully, to assassinate Prince Cheng, he informs the prince, casually, that he, *Mr. Jonson*, was one of the trio! But he refuses to discuss the matter further; and both Cheng and Humberstone regard him as a man to be trusted.

A Turkish cruiser casts anchor in the harbor at Nice. Humberstone summons a girl known as Suzanne, one of his spies, and orders her to find, and steal or copy, a valuable document—a secret map of the Dardanelles—which the vessel is supposed to carry.

Suzanne is radiantly beautiful. She is resourceful. She is without conscience. And men are easy victims for her.

She succeeds in interesting the Admiral. And presently they are seated in his quarters on the cruiser. Suzanne pretends to be nervous. "Where," she asks timidly, "is your Commander?" The Admiral smiles. "He is away," he replies, "for twenty-four hours." Suzanne gazes at him. "I am content," she murmurs.

IV

NEVERTHELESS, although her countenance had cleared and her step was more sprightly when, an hour or so later, she was received once more by Catherine Oronoff, Suzanne was not altogether herself.

"You have a report to make?" Catherine asked in her usual precise tone.

"A report—yes. I have learned something but oh—"

There was no coherent ending to the sentence. Suzanne had closed her eyes in an orgy of self-pity. Catherine took up the treasure of her life—a little white ivory private telephone instrument.

"If you have a report to make," she said, "I am going to send for Mr. Humberstone. It is he who is interested in this business. It is perhaps as well for you that you have something to tell him."

She spoke for a moment or two and put the receiver back on its pedestal.

"Mr. Humberstone is coming," she announced. "Excuse me, please."

She went on with her task of filing reports. Presently Mark appeared.

"So last night, which appeared so promising, came to nothing," he said, as he seated himself at the desk.

"It came to nothing," she admitted. "Never have I come across a man so immovable. I wore myself out to no purpose. His sole reply was that a Turkish officer in the army or the navy answers no questions concerning his profession."

"H'm—a lesson to some of the others," Mark observed. "And then?"

"I made my report this morning. Mademoiselle here seemed to think that you attached great weight to the affair so I studied the position to think of other ways. This evening I strolled down upon the quay."

"Ah, that showed enterprise."

"I FOUND the ship. There was a gangway. The sentry stopped me. A junior officer came. He too refused to allow me on deck. Before they could absolutely turn me away, however, the Admiral himself had arrived."

"And with him you had more success?"

"When I think it over," Suzanne replied with a shiver, "I fancy that it was he who had the success. However, my visit was not altogether barren. I made myself sick at the stomach with sweetmeats and sick at the throat with scented cigarettes and I feel that my lips will never be clean again after that old man's kisses. He too would tell me nothing, or little, but he was not very careful. I saw stretched upon his table a chart upon which he had been working with a marine atlas on either side."

"Well, that sounds better. Continue."

"It was a map of the Dardanelles."

There was a brief silence. Catherine Oronoff glanced quickly at Mark as though to see the effect of the disclosures. He gave no sign.

"The Dardanelles," he repeated thoughtfully. "A chart of the Dardanelles. Any marks upon it?"

"A lot of little black specks. I could not make out what they were for. I was afraid to seem curious. I do not think that he suspected me in any way but I noticed that when we went up on deck he locked the door of his cabin and took the key with him."

THERE was again a somewhat tense silence.

"You have seen apparently by accident," Mark confided, "something that interests me. Now tell me. Did the Admiral give you any idea as to what he was doing in Nice harbor?"

"Waiting for some sort of supplies."

"Any idea about those supplies?"

She shook her head.

"I do not even know whether they were food or drink or what," she confessed.

"Are you going to see your friend again?"

"I could if you think there is anything else I should get out of him," she replied without enthusiasm.

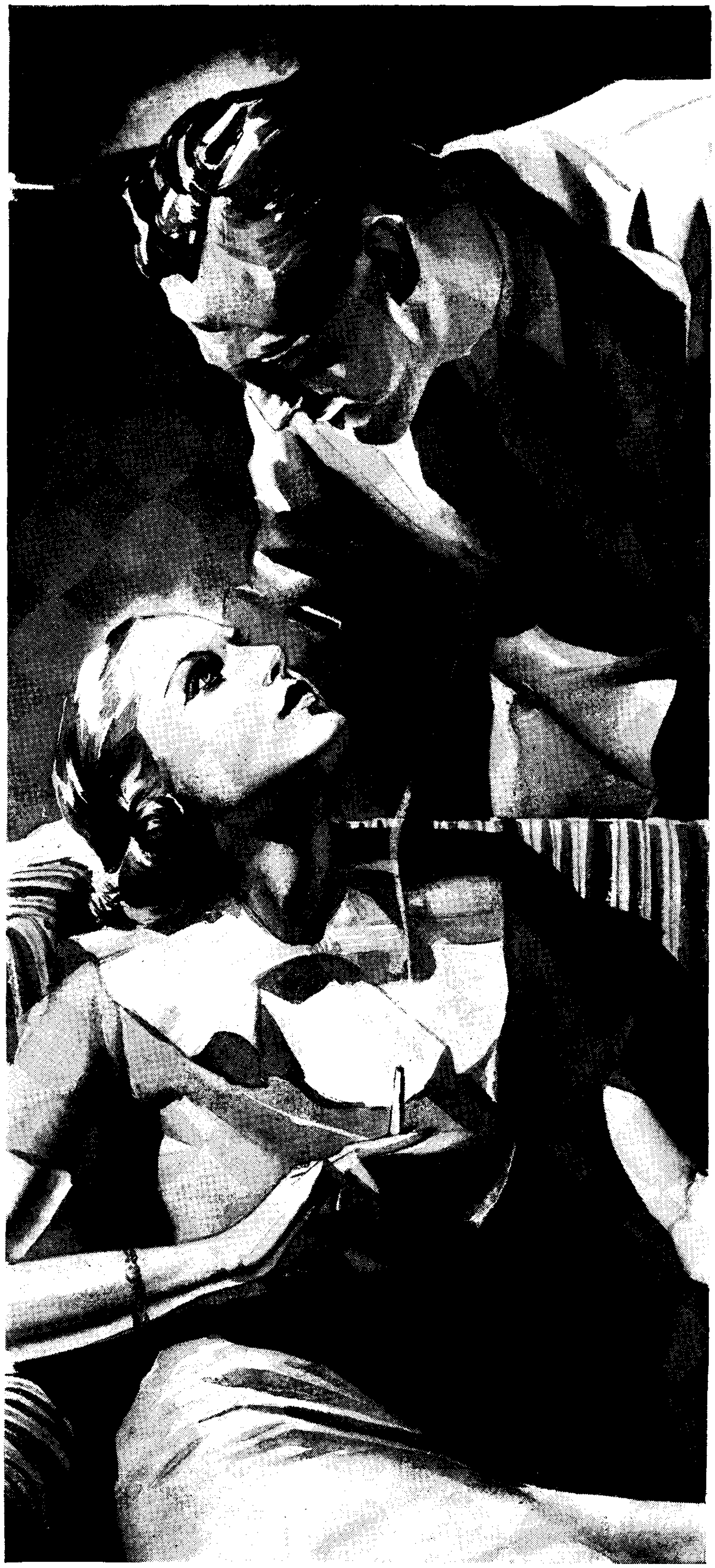
"What sort of dots were they on the chart?" he asked abruptly. "Had they little points attached as though to make a star?"

"Plain dots," she repeated. "Some seemed to have a faint circle round them and by the side of others there were some figures. I dared not look."

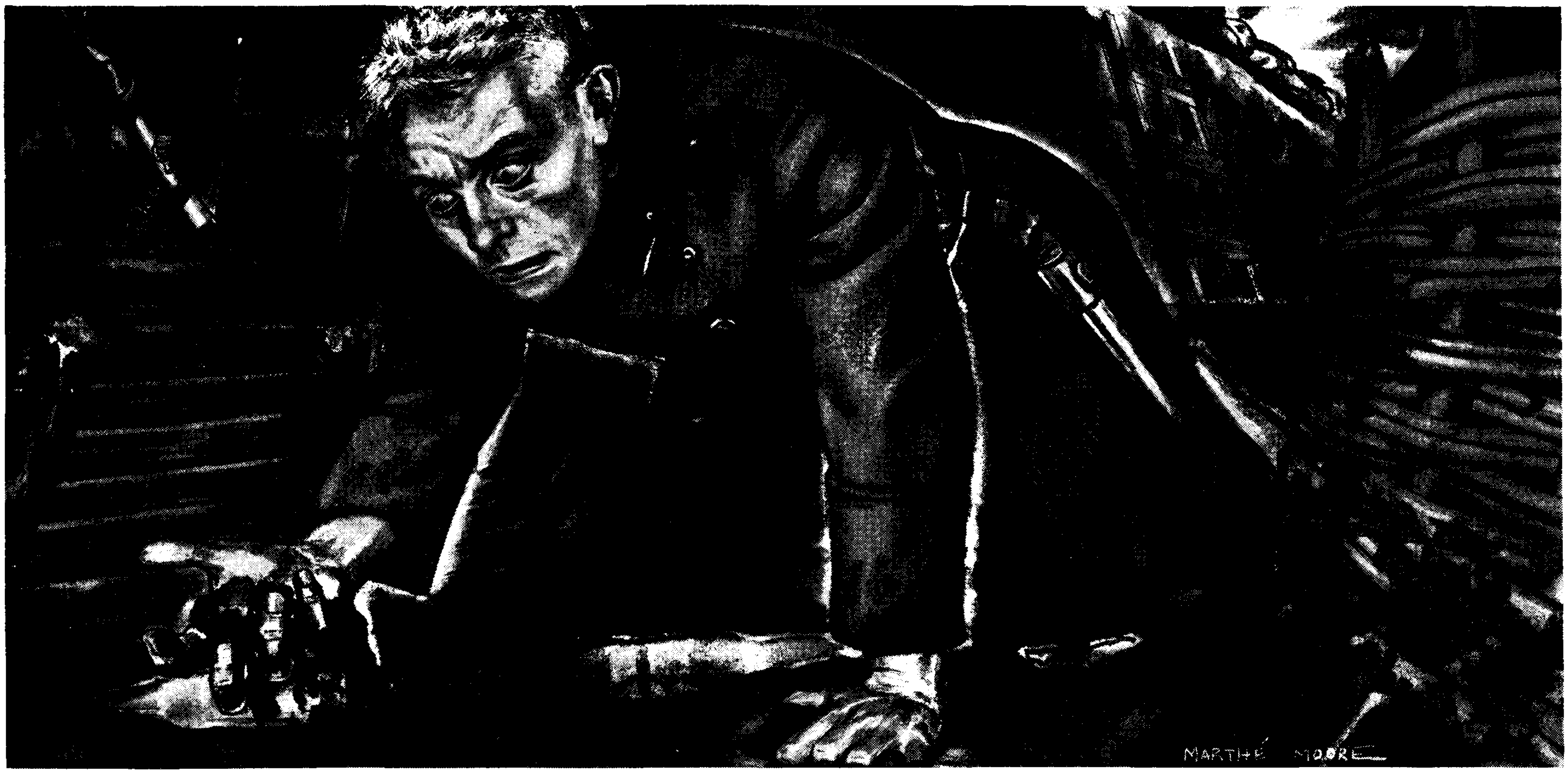
Mark leaned toward her.

"For that chart, Suzanne," he said

(Continued on page 75)



Mark leaned a little toward her. "Catherine—" he began



He cursed his shaking fingers as he sifted the ooze—and found nothing

The Cap

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Walter D. Shackleton

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHÉ MOORE

A STAR shell burst high overhead, its bluish-green light throwing into distorted relief the shell-churned and pitted bleakness of no man's land. Private Anton "Lucky" Druckner in his peaked cap, ankle-length overcoat and knee boots of the Austrian infantry ducked below the sandbagged top of the trench so that his face, chalk-white in the eerie light, would not provide an easy target for a sniper in the enemy front lines less than a hundred yards away. Just in case he had been seen, he moved a few feet farther along the firing step—his heavy boots making a sucking sound as he lifted his feet out of the mud—before peering cautiously over the parapet again. Scarcely had he shifted his position when a bullet ripped the tight canvas of a sandbag where his head had been and sand stung the side of his neck.

Close, he told himself. Lucky Druckner. He wondered if the new steel helmets which some of the troops already had would stop a bullet. Not that it mattered, much. Eighteen months of this had accustomed him to the imminence of death at all times. But he'd been fortunate. He'd never been wounded. That was why his companions nicknamed him "Lucky."

Lucky yawned as the flare sank and went out. He looked at his watch—3:30. About an hour to dawn, he guessed. He looked up at the sky, but clouds blanketed the stars. One hour to dawn, one hour to his first leave home. His last sentry go for two whole weeks. He yawned again. How he would sleep when he reached home! But sleep now— Imagine falling asleep on post, and, of all nights, the night before leave! To be caught, like Hans Mueller; no questions, just a squad of eight rifles, topped by pale, expressionless faces, narrowed eyes staring at him over the rifle sights, the raised arm of an officer—

He stirred uneasily. He wondered if Hans Mueller had heard the crack of the rifles before— Faugh! It left a bad taste. He spat into the darkness.

He put an arm on the parapet, sank his chin into his sleeve and stared fixedly into the darkness. He yawned again. Tomorrow, home—and Olga. His eyes closed. His head sank sideways onto his arm. He slept.

He awoke because his head was cold. Still groggy, he reached up to adjust his cap. A sudden paralyzing fear swept him. The cap was gone! He had fallen asleep on post! An officer must have passed, taken his cap. If he could take your cap without awakening you, that's all the evidence he needed. That's what had happened to Hans Mueller. He listened, but he could hear no footsteps. He looked at his watch—3:45. He couldn't have slept long. The officer must now be awakening the staff sergeant in his dugout three minutes along the trench. They would be back with a relief to put him under arrest. Sweat beaded his forehead. Firing squad at dawn! He knew the exact spot—the churchyard wall, just a kilometer back of the lines. And they called him "Lucky"!

A SUDDEN hope eased his panic. Perhaps his cap had fallen off as he slept, was even now in the mud at his feet! He thrust his rifle in the corner, dropped to his knees. He cursed his shaking fingers as he sifted the ooze—and found nothing. An officer must have taken it. He, Lucky Druckner, would die.

But he couldn't! Now, at his first leave? He'd beaten death for a year and a half. He'd not die! He'd desert first! Desert. . . .

He scrambled erect.

He knew what to do. He'd slide over the parapet, worm through the wire, crawl across no man's land to the enemy lines and give himself up. It was a desperate chance, but if he had to die, he'd die fighting to live. But he wouldn't die. He was Lucky Druckner.

He felt around for one of the short ladders used in going over the top. Cautiously he mounted it, flattened onto his belly at the lip of the trench. Hugging the evil-smelling earth, he slid over the top, and paused. He was breathing hard. He felt the perspiration run from under his hair, down the back of his ears, making his skin itch. Suddenly, almost as if a cooling hand had smoothed his frenzied mind, reason returned. This thing he was doing, what would they think of it at home? Olga would be more dishonored by his deserting than if he braved a firing squad. He thought of his section, sleeping, defenseless without him on guard. He looked at his watch—only two minutes had gone. He could just get back before the sergeant—

He pulled himself back onto the parapet, located the ladder. As he swung his legs around, he slipped, clutched wildly at the sandbagged parapet and pitched to the muddy bottom of the trench. Shaken, he lay there, listening. There was no sound. Slowly he rolled over, put out a hand to raise himself. Convulsively, his fingers closed on an object. It was his cap.

The quick surge of exultation was suddenly halted by a sound along the trench, the crunch of boots, coming toward him. The sergeant on a tour of inspection. Grabbing his cap, he hastily jammed it onto his head, mounted the firing step and fumbled for his rifle. He was stiffly erect, quick to challenge as the sergeant came into the section.

It wasn't until the sound of the sergeant's boots faded out that he became conscious of his legs quivering, and of the dryness of his mouth, and his body wet with sweat. But he grinned and patted the top of his cap gently. It was a caress. He would keep this cap—forever.

Behind him he could hear a stir, the men coming into the trenches from the dugouts for dawn stand-to. He looked across at a distant line of hills to the east, silhouetted against a widening band of gray—daylight. Soon his section mates were ranged alongside him, yawning, grumbling and shrugging themselves awake in the cold air.

THEN the sergeant and company officer were in his section of trench and Lucky and his companions were facing their critical eyes. The officer went quickly along the line of men, his eyes mainly for the rifles, with a hasty glance up and down each man. Lucky almost jumped as the officer's glance stopped, fixed itself on his cap. He involuntarily shivered. This was the officer who had caught Hans Mueller asleep!

"Your cap. Let me have it," he snapped.

Lucky pulled off his cap, and as he extended it he saw with widening eyes that the metal ornament on the front had been drilled neatly by a bullet which had passed through the high crown. That was how he had lost his cap. The force of the bullet must have flung the cap some feet along the trench to where he had fallen on it. In his haste and exultation, he had never given a thought as to how the cap had landed where it had!

He watched the officer's lips purse as he took the cap and inspected the bullet hole, front and rear. He looked keenly at Druckner.

"Lucky," he said, tossing the cap back and moving along the trench.

Here's why More People buy Dodge Cars than any Other Make!

...EXCEPTING THE 3 LOWEST-PRICED CARS

"Russ" Oakes, nationally-known Baltimore Sports Writer

FROM cities, towns and villages all over America come the enthusiastic reports of Dodge owners freely and frankly stating their amazing experiences with Dodge. If you could but read all these letters it would no longer seem so astounding that more people buy Dodge cars than any other make with the exception of the three lowest-priced cars... Summarizing, here are the four big reasons these owners give for being Dodge fans... dependability... economy... precision manufacture... and service... and they say Dodge leads in all four! Just read what some of these owners say about their Dodge cars

"A record-smasher for dependability"

"Dodge dependability scores with me," says "Russ" Oakes, nationally-known Baltimore Sports Writer. "I have read that there are many Dodge cars that have been driven anywhere from 9 to 16 years—that owners have piled up 100,000 miles, 200,000 miles and even more miles on a Dodge—certainly that makes it a record-smasher for dependability. I can certainly believe that, because I have driven my new 1936 Dodge over 18,000 miles in a little over five months and I haven't had to spend a penny for repairs or upkeep."

"What economy!"

"After seeing the way my Dodge performs," says Richard H. Cook, Houston, Texas, "it isn't hard to understand why more people buy Dodge cars than any other, with the exception of the three low-priced cars. This car has everything anyone could want—looks—power—dependability—comfort—and on top of all that, what economy! Why, I'm getting 20 miles per gallon of gas!"

"I hand it to Dodge for honest manufacture"

"You can talk all you want about Dodge dependability and Dodge economy and I am a Dodge fan if there ever was one," says Ellis T. Gash, of Cary, Ill. "But the remarkable dependability and amazing economy of Dodge cars go right back to manufacturing. I hand it to Dodge for honest manufacture. I know they work to the highest standards... and that for 22 years their skilled engineers and craftsmen have been constantly striving to further improve the quality of the product. Otherwise, it would be impossible to find so many Dodge cars year after year uniformly dependable and economical. That takes real manufacturing genius."

"Freedom from repair!"

"I am getting excellent gas mileage with my Dodge," says Hilda Watson, New Rochelle, N. Y. "I am averaging 23 miles to the gallon to be exact—and I rarely have to add any oil between changes, but there is one point that strikes me as one of the biggest money-saving features of Dodge. That is its freedom from repair. I know I am saving a lot by having to spend so little for repairs, because after all—in my experience with other cars—that was their major expense. For low-cost upkeep, give me a Dodge every time."

"Such service!"

"I think Dodge is the greatest value on the market. But there's one point I would like to register and that is the wonderful service I have had from Dodge dealers," says Samuel Allen, Chicago. "I have had uniformly courteous, quick and efficient service whether I have gone to my own Dodge dealer or to some other Dodge dealer and I don't mind telling you that the way I have been treated makes me a friend of Dodge for life."

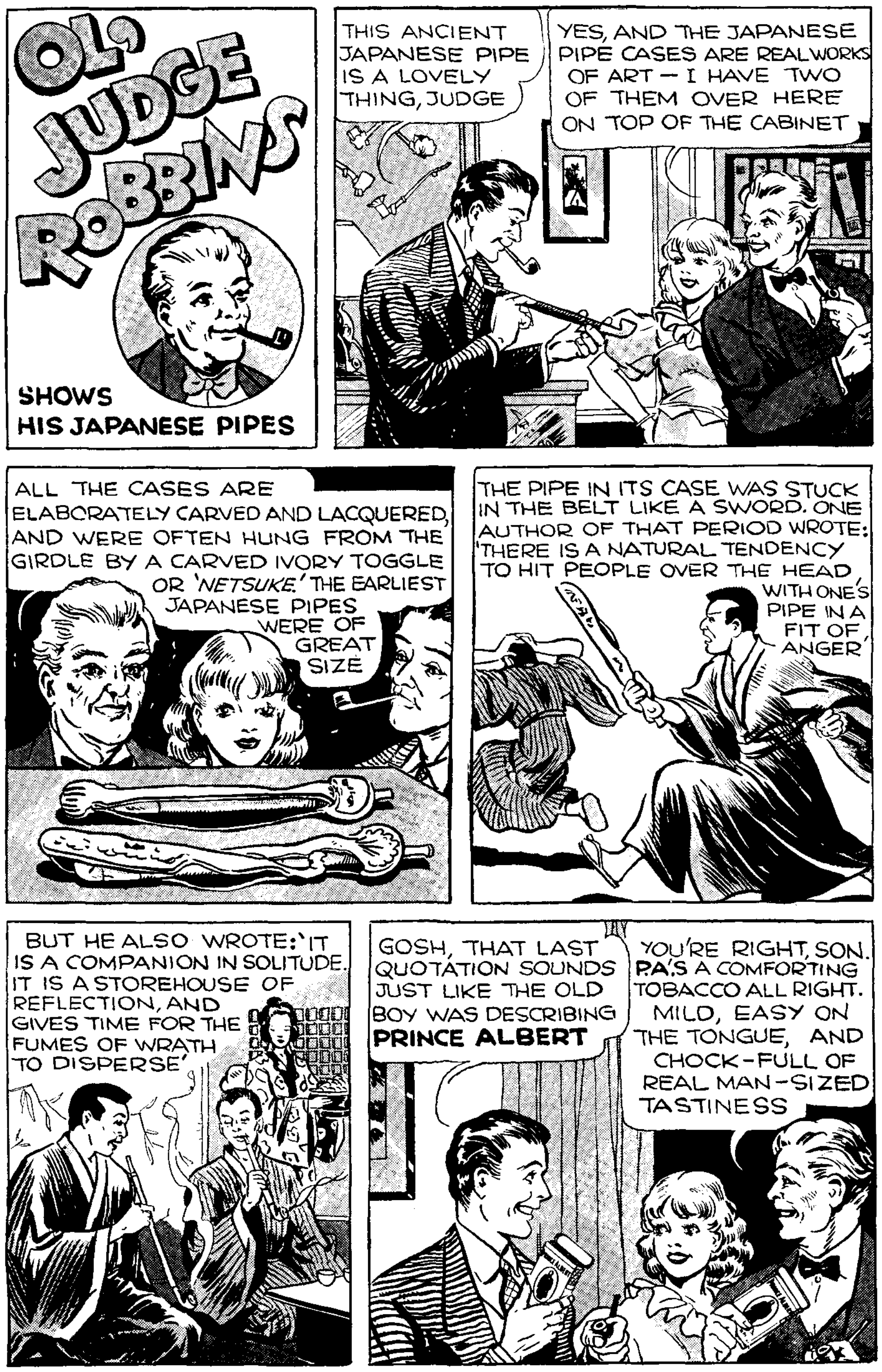
*Money-Saving Dodge Touring Sedan (with built-in trunk) $760**

*BIG, NEW, MONEY-SAVING DODGE: Coupe $640, Rumble Seat Coupe $695, 2-door Sedan $695, Touring Sedan (2-door with built-in trunk) $720, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door with built-in trunk) $760, Convertible Coupe $795, Convertible Sedan (with built-in trunk) $995, Dodge trucks $370 and up. *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra.*

Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget, at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company.

Big MONEY SAVING DODGE at new low prices—only $640*

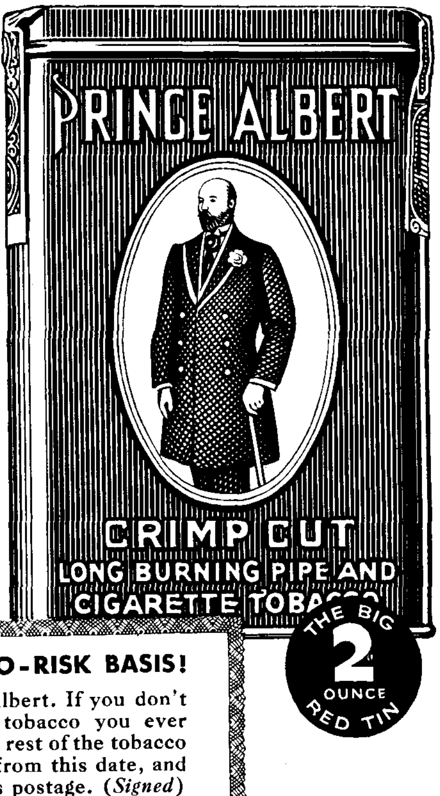
DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
SHOWS HIS JAPANESE PIPES
THIS ANCIENT JAPANESE PIPE IS A LOVELY THING, JUDGE
YES, AND THE JAPANESE PIPE CASES ARE REAL WORKS OF ART — I HAVE TWO OF THEM OVER HERE ON TOP OF THE CABINET
ALL THE CASES ARE ELABORATELY CARVED AND LACQUERED, AND WERE OFTEN HUNG FROM THE GIRDLE BY A CARVED IVORY TOGGLE OR 'NETSUKE.' THE EARLIEST JAPANESE PIPES WERE OF GREAT SIZE
THE PIPE IN ITS CASE WAS STUCK IN THE BELT LIKE A SWORD. ONE AUTHOR OF THAT PERIOD WROTE: 'THERE IS A NATURAL TENDENCY TO HIT PEOPLE OVER THE HEAD WITH ONE'S PIPE IN A FIT OF ANGER'
BUT HE ALSO WROTE: 'IT IS A COMPANION IN SOLITUDE. IT IS A STOREHOUSE OF REFLECTION, AND GIVES TIME FOR THE FUMES OF WRATH TO DISPERSE'
GOSH, THAT LAST QUOTATION SOUNDS JUST LIKE THE OLD BOY WAS DESCRIBING PRINCE ALBERT
YOU'RE RIGHT, SON. P.A.'S A COMFORTING TOBACCO ALL RIGHT. MILD, EASY ON THE TONGUE, AND CHOCK-FULL OF REAL MAN-SIZED TASTINESS

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

THE BIG TIN FULL OF SMOKING JOY!

● Prince Albert comes in a tin of generous proportions, giving you a handsome *quantity* of tobacco. And the first pipeful tells the mellow, fragrant story of Prince Albert *quality*. Smoke P. A. and see for yourself how its "crimp cut," "no-bite" tobacco means extra mildness, mouth comfort, and tastiness. There is no other tobacco like Prince Albert! So get a big red tin yourself... and enjoy real *princely* smoking. Note for "makin's" smokers: P. A. shapes up into a trim, tasty roll-your-own cigarette.


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

TRY PRINCE ALBERT ON A NO-RISK BASIS!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

The Money Menace

Continued from page 13

She considered the way she'd tossed that olive branch—or whatever it was—at the moment of leaving his office. She had not made her invitation definite—she'd left that to him. He would make it definite—certainly he would. Oh, but he wouldn't make it definite—certainly he wouldn't!

"Well, this is it," she informed the reflection in her bedroom mirror. "This is that old, well-advertised emotion—this is it!"

And even her uncle—that distinguished chemist who seldom noticed anything that wasn't in a test tube—noticed that something was the matter with her.

"If it were the spring," he said thoughtfully, "I'd say it was the spring."

That wasn't bad—for a chemist.

And then Mark telephoned. And she felt as if all her bones were made of satin ribbon.

"Miss Randall!" she said. "A man I know is going to take me to an Italian restaurant for dinner tonight—so phone anybody who's down in the book and tell him I've got the measles."

Miss Randall's capable-looking, large-knuckled hand was resting flat on an annotated page.

"You were going to the Talbots'," she said severely.

"Just to think," murmured Christine. "I *was* going to the Talbots'."

Her secretary sighed. She did hate lying to people as important as the Talbots. But again Christine was holding the telephone in a crescent of ebony across one cheek.

"Yes, Peter," she was saying. "Why, no . . . why, yes, Peter, that will be very nice . . . oh, no, not tonight . . . oh, no, tonight wouldn't be *possible!*"

She put down the telephone and smiled at Miss Randall.

"Peter Gorham for the evening of Thursday the tenth—something about dancing and his cousin from California."

Miss Randall made the entry in her morocco-bound notebook, and her young employer flung herself into a chair.

"What'll I wear?" she was muttering. "What'll I *wear?*"

SHE had decided, after hours of indecision, on a very simple frock of sheer black chiffon, with long tight sleeves which the couturier had said were "dramatic."

The evening was, from the very beginning, different from other evenings. It was like an evening in a dream—there was an enchantment upon it.

"Prosit!" cried Christine, over the Chianti in the restaurant.

"Oh, that's all wrong—you mean *Salute!*"

They laughed over the rims of their wine glasses. It was easy to laugh tonight.

But, over their coffee, Mark suddenly became serious.

"Do you know, I ought to be kicked," he said, "for the way I talked to you the other day. Holding forth on my little soapbox. Snarling at the hand that fed me—because, when you come right down to it, working for Ogden and Page is working for the C. M. & R."

"Oh—rot! I'm not the only stockholder in the C. M. & R.—if it's a complex about me that's bothering you."

"I wouldn't call it a complex," he said.

"Well, then—"

"And if I lose my job it won't be your fault," he concluded, moodily. "The fact is I haven't written a decent line for weeks."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm stale, that's all. My brain feels like an old bun. . . . Why am I bothering you with all this?"

"Well," she said, thoughtfully, "my grandfather used to say?"

Her grandfather had been old Andrew Merritt. He was brought back to that fact with a slight sense of shock.

"Yes," he said. "What did your grandfather used to say?"

"He told me that when he was discouraged about anything he was doing, he'd go ask advice from the cook—the cook or the mailman or anybody who happened to be around at the time. He said it was false pride to think that other people couldn't help you." She smiled at Mark, in apology. "I suppose I quote my grandfather all the time because I admired him so much—I suppose I remembered everything he ever said to me."

"I can understand that. I'm beginning to admire him myself. And he'd have been right about me," Mark added, thoughtfully. "I believe I've had a sort of cockeyed idea that nobody could tell me anything. Look here! You brought this on yourself—what do you think I should say about your railroad, Christine?"

"The angle?"

"Yes."

SHE turned the question over in her mind.

"I'd talk about thrift," she said.

He looked at her in astonishment.

"Thrift?"

"Yes. My grandfather used to say that waste was the saddest thing in the world."

"Waste of millions?"

"Waste of pennies," she amended. "And, more especially, waste of time. He hated shiftlessness. He said that if people would only take care of their minutes, the years would take care of themselves."

"And he lived by his own rules?"

Christine laughed.

"Oh, yes. He wouldn't even waste a rule!"

They became less serious, drifting away from her grandfather's maxims.

"Listen!" he said, suddenly. "There's a new revue in town—Night Out for Natalie. If you'd like to see it, and if we tear out of here—"

"Of course!"

He was so different from Peter Gorham, she thought. Peter never did anything on the impulse of the moment. Peter never went to the theater until all the critics and most of his friends had brought in their verdicts. And even after that he'd fuss about tickets and the center aisle for days in advance. Peter didn't spend his money on a good time—he invested it.

"Here we are," said Mark, turning briskly from the box office. "Third row, first balcony—that's the best they had. All right?"

"Perfect!"

And so it was.

WHEN they came out of the theater, it was pouring. Christine laughed, and winked the rain from her eyelashes. Arm in arm, they were hurrying toward Broadway, peering through the thronged street for an empty cab.

"Your slippers—" he said, anxiously. "Your feet will be soaking!"

"What of it? Look! There's a cab—no, it's got somebody in it, somebody very dry and snooty—"

She slipped and he caught her in his arms. By this time they were drenched to the skin and delighted about it. . . .

(Continued on page 30)

SAFETY
SCHOOL
CROSSING
ZONE

EYES NEED PROTECTION TOO!

HERE ARE FOUR important rules every parent should follow to provide eye protection in the home:

- Have your children's eyes examined regularly by a competent eyesight specialist.
- Call your electric service company today and ask for a free survey of the lighting in your home. Adequate light and proper lighting can help greatly in reducing eyestrain.
- Provide your children with I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps for studying and reading.
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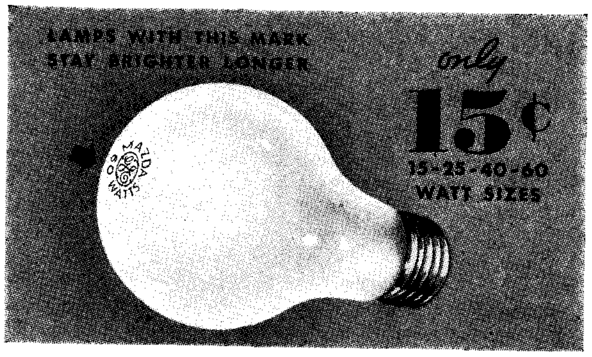
General Electric's new free illustrated booklet, "Seeing Begins," is packed with timely, helpful information about sight and light—about things you can do in your own home at little or no expense.

Write for it today. Send your request to Department 166, General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



G-E MAKES A 10 CENT LAMP, TOO! It is the best lamp you can buy at the price. 7½, 15, 30 and 60 watt sizes. Each dime lamp is marked . . GE

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

SHE HAD HIGH HOPES FOR HERSELF IN NEW YORK, BUT...
I'M SORRY, MISS HART. BUT I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T DO.
THAT'S ALL I HEAR EVERYWHERE I GO!
OTHER GIRLS GET JOBS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?
BAD BREATH IS A REAL HANDICAP TO A GIRL LOOKING FOR WORK, MISS HART. WHY DON'T YOU SEE A DENTIST?
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
A WEEK LATER- NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU CAME TO NEW YORK!
SO AM I-SINCE I GOT MY GRAND NEW JOB-
THANKS TO COLGATE'S!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with success—with romance? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

MAKES TEETH CLEANER AND BRIGHTER, TOO!

(Continued from page 28)

"Oh!" she said, suddenly. "Oh, there's Peter!"

Mark turned sharply—the rain sluicing from his hatbrim. Peter Gorham's car had slid to the curb. It was unmistakably Peter Gorham's car, even before Peter himself had stepped out of it. It was a streamlined masterpiece in royal blue—it made other people's cars look like old pushcarts. And Peter's chauffeur was holding an umbrella over Christine's head while Peter argued.

"My dear girl, you're wet through—you'll catch your death of cold! You and Mr.—ah—Mr. Meyers—"

"Mr. Sayres," said Christine.

"Well, Mr. Sayres, won't you yourself persuade Miss Merritt that my car—"

The minor misadventure—which had been fun—was assuming all the proportions of tragedy.

"You shouldn't fuss like this, Peter," said Christine coldly, wringing the rain from her handkerchief. "Mr. Sayres and I are getting a cab—immediately."

Then she sneezed.

"Here we are," said Mark, gruffly.

The cab driver swung to the taillight of the royal-blue car, putting out his hand for a wet five-dollar bill.

"Here we are, Christine," said Mark. "But thank you, Mr.—ah—Durham. . . ."

The rain slashed through the broken window of the cab. Mark picked up a newspaper which some previous customer had left and attempted to construct a sort of blanket for Christine. She protested furiously.

"Mark! That old fuss-budget hasn't made you think—"

"He's made me think, all right," Mark informed her, grimly. "He made me realize I was pretty much of a heel. I suppose, Christine, you have two or three custom-built Gorhams of your own. But you didn't want to hurt my feelings, so you let me take you for a swell ride in the oldest, leakiest hack in town . . . yes, I can see what was in that chap's mind, and I don't blame him—much."

"I don't see," she said, slowly, "why, you've let Peter Gorham spoil our whole evening. I loved it in the rain! We were having a grand time—"

"You sneezed," he said, bitterly.

"And what if I did?" she demanded. "Can't I sneeze like anybody else, for goodness' sake?"

He shook his head.

"You see how Gorham felt about it. And he's right. When a girl like you sneezes, it's important—it's almost front-page news. I'd simply forgotten who you were, that's all . . . Here's your house," he added, despondently.

They ran up the front steps; the cab wheezed a couple of times and went away. But Mark wouldn't come in, and he wouldn't let her stand on the doorstep.

"I'm sorry it has to end," he said.

"Does it have to end?" she asked him.

He looked at her forlornly.

"I guess you know how I feel about it," he said.

He held both her hands for a moment.

"Goodby," he said. "Goodby, darling."

And then he was gone.

CHRISTINE admitted to herself, three weeks later, that he wasn't coming back. She no longer leaped to the telephone every time it rang. She had agreed, listlessly, to go to California with a tribe of Gorhams. The Gorhams had a yacht and there was talk of going to Catalina Island and catching the world's largest tuna fish. The California cousin had already been photographed with innumerable tuna fish held proudly to his shoulder. The gossip columns had something to say about this—with a hint that Mrs. Gorham would give the bride the celebrated Gorham pearls.

"Why," said Christine to Miss Randall, "does everybody expect me to marry Peter?"

"Well, I suppose the two families have always been so closely associated—"

"I see. The marriage of Gorham Motors to the C. M. & R."

Miss Randall was shocked.

"I thought you were fond of Mr. Gorham!"

"So I am. But when I'm with him I don't have that feverish feeling . . . Miss Randall! Will you please write to that newspaper and deny the report of my engagement? I'm not going to be dragged to the altar by a lot of newspaper reporters . . . But you can admit I'm going to California. You see, I really think it would be a good idea for me to go. It's three thousand miles away from here."

Miss Randall, not contesting that indubitable fact, made a note about the newspapers.

"There's a good deal for me to do before I go," said Christine, staring absently at her thumbnail. "People to see and . . . d'you know, I think I'll run in and say goodby to Mr. Ogden!"

Miss Randall maintained her poise.

"That will be very nice," she said, vaguely.

"Yes. He was such a good friend of my grandfather's. I think we've been rather neglecting him, you know."

She looked at Miss Randall defiantly, but Miss Randall was not smiling. There was merely a rather curious expression upon Miss Randall's face.

"I CAME here," said Christine, "to say goodby to Mr. Ogden."

"I didn't suppose," said Mark, "that you came here to say goodby to me."

He lit a cigarette for her, with a lame attempt to appear completely at his ease.

"I read about your plans," he said. "You're going to be barging about in some yacht or other."

"Why yes—the Gorhams'."

"Well," he said, irritably, "I hope you enjoy yourself."

"I shall," she told him.

It was a very strange thing—but he was hurting her so much that she wanted to hurt him too. But in another moment that impulse was gone: the nonchalant way he was tapping his cigarette against the ash tray made her feel like bursting into tears.

"Mr. Ogden was talking to me about your 'live while you travel' copy," she said, impulsively. "He was telling me how pleased he was—Mark, I think it's marvelous!"

"That? Oh! Well, as a matter of fact, you gave me the whole idea, yourself—your grandfather's idea, you know. The thrift angle. I think it would have appealed to the old man—that business about reading and writing and figuring out your bank balance—"

Christine sent him a quick, approving smile.

"Yes—while you travel in comfort by the C. M. & R!"

"I got into the spirit of the thing," he admitted, with a faint grin. "'Time is thrift—and thrift is time.' I should have gone on with it. 'You save ten cents—when you save a dime.'"

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"But you mustn't laugh at my grandfather. He used to walk three miles to school with blotting paper spread over the holes in his shoes. He said that gave him respect for education, and even more respect for shoe leather."

Christine paused here, being embarrassed. After all, there was no reason why Mark should be particularly interested in her grandfather.

But now Mark was a thousand miles away.

"I told you I admired the old chap," he said. "And I didn't write that copy with my tongue in my cheek. You've got me wrong, Christine. I was only trying to give you credit for my bright idea."

"But that's ridiculous! After all, it was the merest suggestion on my part—"

She broke off, plainly dismayed by the hostility which existed between them. She began to pull on one of her gloves, adjusting a narrow suède strap with an air of finality.

"I don't suppose I'll see you again," she said, coldly. "I don't know when I'll be coming back from California."

"I hope you like it," he said. "I hope you'll be simply crazy about California."

She clenched her teeth for a second.

"Oh, I'll be crazy about California," she said then. "Besides," she added, turning toward the door, "I'm going to be married! I'm going to marry Peter Gorham."

But she was the only one to be amazed by this statement.

"I knew about it all the time," he said, savagely. "I read about it in a newspaper."

IT WAS as well, for her veracity's sake, that Peter actually did ask her to marry him one bright October day not long afterwards. She had been feeling particularly low in her mind that day—Henry Ogden, encountered by chance the night before, had told her that Mark had been given the managership of the new branch office in Philadelphia. His friends were all very much pleased with the young man's success. They were giving a party for him—and presenting him with a beautiful silver cigarette case. Mr. Ogden had spoken benevolently—as one amused by the frolic of the lower classes. And Christine, who had not been informed of Mark's good fortune—nor invited to the party in his honor—had been compelled to smile, and to murmur a polite word or two in the manner of the gracious lady. But she had felt like bursting into loud howls. . . .

"I don't think you're happy, Christine," Peter was saying, gravely.

She was startled.

"I didn't think it could show," she said, uneasily.

"Look here, Christine—I'm right in supposing you're fond of me?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And you know how devoted I am to you—and you know, too, that my mother already thinks of you as her own daughter?"

"Yes," she said. "But, Peter—do you really think it's enough? Being fond of each other—and having everybody egging us on from the side lines?"

He looked rather pained.

"You and I have great responsibilities, my dear," he said. "We have to be more—more sensible than most people, perhaps. And I think we could face our responsibilities together."

Peter couldn't help being pompous she thought hurriedly. He had been pompous at the age of five. But Peter would be a good and faithful husband—and if she married Peter, she would feel protected and safe.

And then he kissed her. She pushed him away very gently, looking at him with something like despair in her eyes.

"You see, Peter?" she cried. "It isn't enough! Oh, it simply isn't enough! We don't either of us feel the way we should—we couldn't ever make each other *miserable*, Peter!"

This was rather bewildering to Peter.

"I wouldn't want to be miserable," he said, flatly.

"Why!" Christine caught his coat lapels and shook him. "Why, then you don't know anything about it! Why, Peter, you've never been in love in your life! Love's not a sensible business arrangement! Love's an *emotion!*"

She let him go and he readjusted his collar. A faint, dry, apologetic cough came from the doorway.

"Mr. Sayres," said the butler. "Mr. Mark Sayres."

Peter was gone, and Mark was standing exactly where Peter had stood—with, however, none of Peter's placidity.

"I want to explain how I happen to be here," he said, at once.

"Oh, but you don't have to explain! You—"

"Yes, I do have to explain. You see, they gave me a better job—now I'm going to be the manager of the branch office in Philadelphia. They liked that 'live while you travel' copy, I suppose. But I thought it was a darned good thing because you wouldn't ever be in Philadelphia."

"Oh, but I'd like to go to Philadelphia," she said, breathlessly. "It's a beautiful old city—full of homes."

"Yes. But wait a minute. I've got to tell you . . . You see I was cleaning out my desk and I came across this thing."

He held in his palm a bracelet that was simply a twist of gold with a very small topaz at its clasp.

"It's beautiful—" she began.

"No!" he said, scowling at her. "No, it's not beautiful. It's only a cockeyed little thing that happened to catch my eye in a shop window, a couple of weeks ago. I bought it for you, and then of course I remembered your grandfather's collection of precious stones. Do you think I'd send this thing to you? Certainly not! I had too much pride."

"I wish," she said, miserably, "you'd let me have my bracelet."

But apparently he had not heard her. He was staring thoughtfully at the little trinket in his hand.

"So, as I said, I found this thing when I cleaned out my desk. And I went on looking at it—wondering about it—well, I finally got to thinking about your grandfather."

"My grandfather!"

"Yes. Old Andrew Merritt. I wondered if he had all that money when he told your grandmother that she was the girl for him. . . . So I tore out and got one of old Andrew's biographies." Mark paused, and drew a deep breath. "You know all this better than I do. Your grandfather was a poor boy with a lot of ambition—and your grandmother was a van der Leyden. He was scared to death of her—he was the dust beneath her chariot wheels and all that sort of romantic business. But one day—"

"I know!" cried Christine, laughing. "I know! One day he said to himself, 'I've got my youth, I've got my health, and I've got my job! So what in *tunket* is the matter with me?' "

"Yes," said Mark, slowly. "That's as he told it to his biographer."

HE SMILED then—and Christine's heart stood still.

"I know what happened next," she said, casually considering the embroidered corner of her handkerchief. "Yes, I happen to know—he gave my grandmother a little gold locket with a little chip diamond in the middle of it."

"Christine," he said, "you weren't really going to marry Gorham?"

"No."

"I should have known that."

"Yes," she said, being in his arms at last. "So you should!"

"I thought I had too much pride—I didn't have enough." He put his hand under her chin and looked down into her eyes. "I've got my youth, I've got my health, and I 've got a darned good job!"

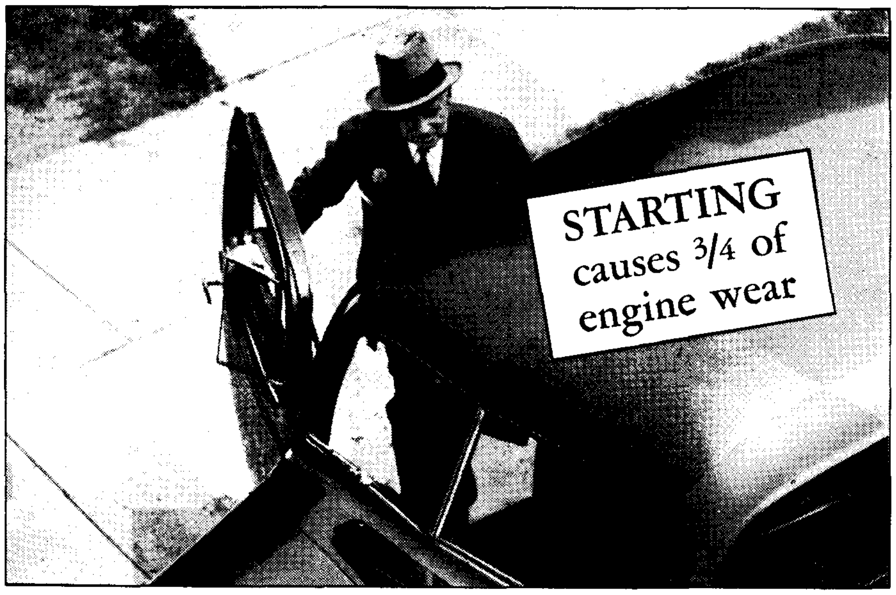
"And I've got my bracelet?"

"Of course!"

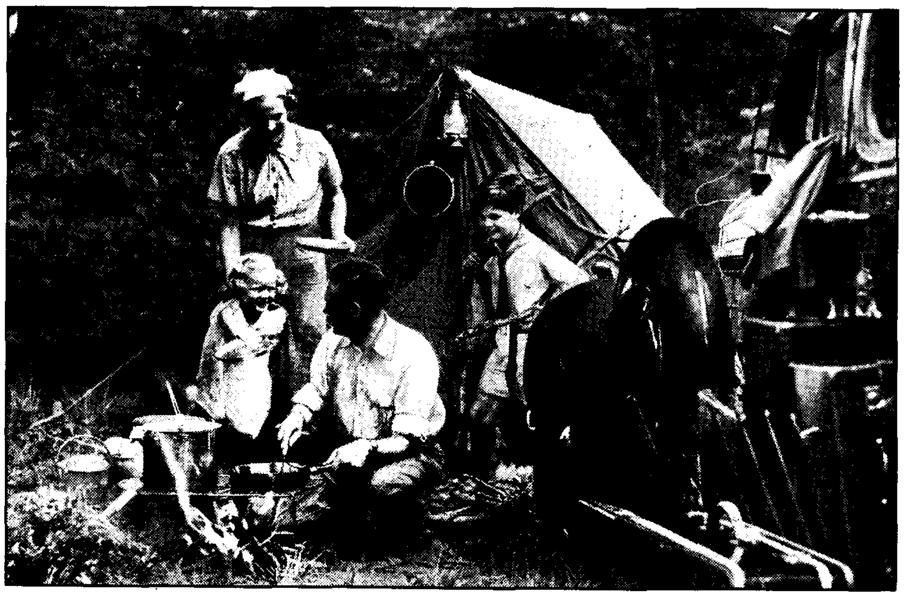
He fastened the golden trinket to her wrist, his fingers clumsy over the clasp.

"But you'll have other bracelets," he said. "Aren't you the lucky little thing!"

They both laughed. But he felt invincible—and very proud.


STARTING causes 3/4 of engine wear

DR. SMITH STARTS HIS ENGINE 20 TIMES A DAY. His oil is too *thick* to flow quickly. Every time he starts, 100 closely fitting metal parts go into action . . . *grate* together dry of lubrication. That's what causes so much engine wear.



ONLY 5 ENGINE STARTS IN 500 MILES OF DRIVING. This car is used in long trips. In driving like this, there isn't the "beating" of constant starting. There's little wear here if the oil is tough enough to withstand high engine speed.

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than one that travels 3 times the distance

IT'S because Dr. Smith STARTS HIS ENGINE so often. One start can cause more engine wear than miles of high-speed driving.

Automotive engineers now tell you that approximately *three-fourths* of engine wear can be caused in the starting period.

New fast-flowing oil checks starting wear

To cut down this wear, you need a FAST-FLOWING oil. (This is fairly easy to make.)

But when your engine is warmed up, you need a different quality in your oil . . . it must be TOUGH, hold its body, resist breaking down into sludge and carbon. (This is also fairly easy to make.)

The problem has been to get both qualities in *one* oil. At a cost of $3,000,000, Shell engineers have now produced such a lubricant. The new Golden Shell Motor Oil is FAST-FLOWING yet TOUGH.

And so the recommended grade of the new Golden Shell Motor Oil can keep an engine "young" a year longer . . . can save 50% on your annual repair bills.

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Only in America—only at ELGIN*—exists the perfect partnership of age-old craftsmanship and modern science needed to produce watches so fine!* Every flawless ELGIN movement is planned, created and mounted under a single roof. Timed to the standard of the stars by means of an electrical device developed in cooperation with ELGIN craftsmen. ELGIN prices $17.50 to $500.

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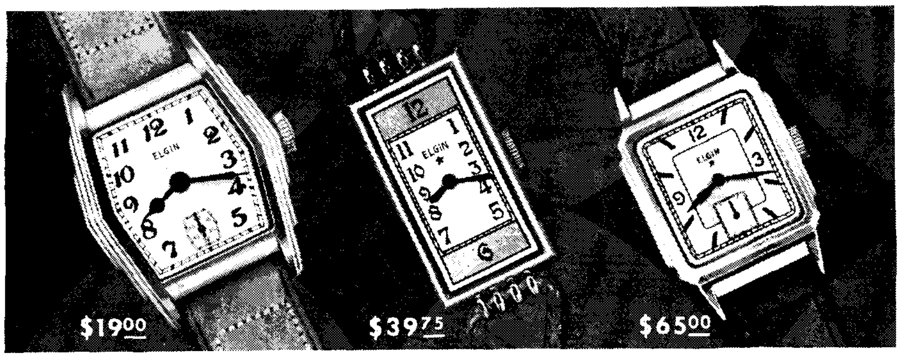

Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?

Continued from page 19

little later, all satiny, with warm outlines to the curves of her body. After her came the announcer, a sound effects man, two girls, and finally the musicians. Carr looked them over and went on into the control room.

He gave them five minutes to arrange the orchestrations and get the chatter out. Then he waved his hand and put his stop watch on the table in front of him. The engineer nodded; Carr lifted his hand again, and it started.

The announcer called, "Martha Duane," as though the name amounted to something, and she sang for twelve minutes. No titles, no plugs—just the sleek voice carrying over the muted brass and the laughter. Then, as she faded back on her final note, the announcer came in to call her name again and give a short plug for United Foods Ginger Ale, the choice of the smart set. The laughter and the piano went away, and that's all there was to it.

BACK of the glass, Carr got up, pushed through the soundproof door, and went into the studio. He walked over to Martha's side.

"Old man Muller has heard this in Chicago, at our studios there," he said. "I'm not afraid of what he will think of it."

She gave Carr a sidelong look.

"Thanks," she said, and dropped her head again.

Carr's smile stiffened; his eyes went cool.

"But you whistled a couple esses," he said evenly, "so maybe you ought to go home and practice instead of going to the Silver Room."

"It's Harry's place tonight," Martha said. "He has snails and celebrities." For a moment they looked at one another, and Carr felt like spanking her. Then she said, with quiet emphasis, "Jakie will be tickled pink with the pictures they'll take."

Carr went directly to his office on the second floor and glanced through the memos for the next morning. Then he got his hat and went into the night manager's office. The manager was talking on the phone and every few minutes he looked at Carr and grinned. When he hung up, he said, "That was Chicago. Muller was nuts about the gal."

Carr grinned back at him without much enthusiasm. After a bit, he went downstairs and walked up the street for a cross-town bus.

There was a bar at the corner; he looked through the window, hoping to find someone from the press department there. His foot on the rail, Jakie was contemplating himself approvingly in the mirror as he talked to the bartender. Carr decided he could stand him for awhile and pulled open the door. When Jakie saw him, he boomed, "Man, bring the rye."

"Muller liked the show," Carr told him. "I just heard."

Jakie beamed at his reflection in the mirror. "Bring all the rye," he said loudly.

Carr heard for a half hour how Jakie had done it for Martha when they went to a place Jakie knew on 33d Street.

"Muller had read all them stories," Jakie said as they came out of the place on 33d and went to another on 27th. "Already she was a scorcher to him because of the publicity. He was ready for her."

They had a few more drinks while Jakie expanded his theory that newsprint was the open road to fame and fortune. "I've been thinking," he concluded ponderously, "that can I get one final big break—a terrific break, you might say—then I got Martha on top. Where people want to tune in and see what she sounds like."

"You want a break," said Carr.

"Something terrific—a front-page lollapalooza. But I can't figure the angle."

"Hell," said Carr. "That's easy."

Jakie looked doubtful.

"We'll go to Harry's," said Carr. "He has snails—and celebrities."

They didn't eat any snails, to Jakie's enormous disgust. They just leaned against the building next to Harry's place and waited. Every time the wind swirled an old newspaper around, Carr thought, "For her name in one of those, I would do this! But it's just an experiment in mass reaction." Then he brooded silently.

Finally Martha and Powers came out. They stood for a moment at the curb searching the empty street for a taxi, and Powers smiled down and she smiled up at him.

"Look at her," Carr thought ironically as he lifted his collar and pulled down his hat. "So cold-blooded about it, ice cream wouldn't melt in her mouth."

He pushed Jakie well around the corner. Then he walked across the bit of concrete, aiming himself carefully to avoid four women who scurried out of Harry's and gawked at Powers' top hat.

When he got alongside Powers, he said, "You!" so savagely that Powers turned, disbelief and surprise in his narrow, wise eyes. The four women squeaked. Carr hunched his shoulders and threw out his left fist. As Powers reeled back, Carr swung with his right. . . .

CARR awoke the next morning at eleven. He had four aspirins, and called for a pot of coffee and the morning papers. While he waited he dressed slowly, stopping twice to run cold water on his swollen knuckles.

The story, he found, was splashed all over the front pages—with pictures. The one in the Globe was the best because, as the Globe boasted, the Globe photog had been right there at Harry's making pictures of the celebs at the time.

Carr pressed his temples with his thumb and forefinger until the aching quieted and looked at the story. It said:

MARTHA'S UNKNOWN SWEETIE
FLATTENS CYRUS POWERS III

He read that four schoolteachers from Fargo, North Dakota, the only witnesses, swore that the man who had slugged Martha Duane's acknowledged heart-throb closely resembled a famous author, a radio tenor and two movie heroes. "Take your pick," the story said. "Any one of them would love the publicity."

Carr scowled. The picture showed Martha helping Powers to his feet.

Carr did not look through the rest of the papers.

When he got to work an hour later, he found a few new memos on his desk. The first, from Jakie, was jubilant. Newspapers all over the country were picking it up off the wire service and the Globe was syndicating its picture. Muller should be gratified, wrote Jakie, what with his show opening three days later. There was also one from Mr. Mitchell, executive vice-president in charge of sales, asking him to drop in.

Carr went across the hall to see Mitchell after he had cleared up some script trouble in the Varieties program.

"Carr," Mitchell said as soon as he'd

(Continued on page 34)

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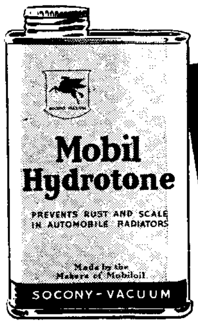
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MOBIL HYDROTONE • MOBIL UPPERLUBE

(Continued from page 32)

stuck his head in the great oak-paneled office, "I've got some bad news."

Carr went on in and sat down.

Mitchell picked a telegram off his glass-topped desk. "Here," he said.

Carr looked at it, but his eyes would not focus. He handed it back. "What does it say?" he asked.

Mitchell quoted: "Like Martha Duane's audition but cannot agree to her as Cocktail Hour star after notoriety in morning papers. Muller."

"What the hell?" Carr said vacantly.

"It's his wife again," Mitchell explained. "Dear old Lucy Mann Muller, president of the Woman's League for the Supervision of Radio."

"Oh," said Carr. "The one who soured Junior in Mars?"

Mitchell nodded. "Junior was selling so much Kramful Breakfast food for old man Muller that Muller told her he wouldn't take the show off, league or no league. So Mrs. Muller got the League Journal to say that unless the Gray Men stopped hanging Junior by his thumbs the women of America would stop buying her old man's fodder."

"And now—"

"And now—" Mitchell referred to a chart on his desk—"in six weeks only three hundred and thirty-three boys and girls have sent in box tops for a club membership and a Martian Gray Man helmet. Muller has to get a new show."

"The old girl doesn't fool," said Carr.

"No—she doesn't fool."

"The hell with it," Carr said miserably. "I got to have a Turkish bath."

TWO hours later he called Artists' Bureau to get Martha's number. He got it and rang it. An old lady answered the phone. She said she was Martha's mother and that Martha was practicing and would not speak to anyone.

"Tell her I'll be over at seven," Carr said—and hung up.

At six-thirty, he left the office and went over to the subway.

Martha's home was 'way out on a little street that was almost suburban. Carr had to walk four blocks after he got off the subway—four long blocks, with kids playing around the lampposts that paled the dusk. As he approached her house, Martha came out on the porch and shouted, "Henry!" Carr stood still on the walk and listened. It went up on the end: "Hen-*reee!*"

One of the little boys came scuttling across the street, and Carr thought: "This is one of the reasons for those gay eyes." He said, "Hello, Hank." She looked down from the porch and smiled at him.

They didn't say much through dinner. After dinner Mrs. Duane took Henry upstairs while Carr helped Martha with the dishes. He thought this would be a good time to tell her, but they talked about the World Series instead.

By the time they had finished, Mrs. Duane had sent the little brother downstairs again, shining in tiny flannel pajamas. Carr sat in the rocker that had been Mr. Duane's. Hank got up on the sofa and put his head in his sister's lap. And presently her smooth voice sang:

"Can she bake a cherry pie,
Billy boy, Billy boy?
Can she bake a cherry pie,
Charming Billy?"

She looked down at him, waiting for him to answer. He observed, sleepily, "Mr. Carr don't have shiny lapels on his suit, Martha."

"Doesn't," corrected Martha.

"Mr. Carr has a shiny seat on his pants," Carr suggested mildly.

Martha said, "Mr. Carr is nice. Come on now. Sing:

"Yes, she can bake a cherry pie. . . ."

Hank went to sleep singing it with her. Carr carried him upstairs and stood by while Martha tucked him in. On the way down, he thought how beautiful she was and how he could phrase what he had to say. But they sat quietly for five minutes, and still he didn't know how, so he began the best he could.

"I'm sorry about last night," he said.

Martha smiled. "You weren't quite responsible, were you?" she said equably.

Carr swallowed. "You recognized me?"

"Yes; I saw Jakie, too. But Mr. Powers didn't, so it doesn't matter."

Carr shook his head. "I'm afraid it does. Muller wired through this morning. You're not accepted."

She just sat there watching him. Then she said, "What can I do?"

Carr didn't answer at once. Then he said miserably, without looking at her, "Powers still has pots of dough. Don't forget his new show."

"Oh," said Martha. Her face didn't change. It stayed lovely, with the suggestion of a smile around her eyes. "Didn't you see the Globe?" she asked.

"Yes," said Carr.

"I'm afraid I won't be seeing much of Mr. Powers," Martha said. "I laughed last night. I laughed so hard I almost cried. It's in the picture a little."

Carr thought for a moment his headache was coming back, but it didn't. He grinned. "Glory," he breathed. "I'll bet he was sore."

They didn't talk much after that either, but not because they didn't want to. Carr had to leave for the Varieties program, so Martha went with him along the little walk to the street, where the leaves rustled dryly under their feet. Before he descended into the subway, Carr looked down at her dim face.

"Martha," he said.

"Yes?"

"I'd like to kiss you."

She lifted her mouth and he brushed her lips with his. They were dry and cool, and sweet like her face.

When Carr awoke the next morning, he thought to himself, "She laughed at him," and chuckled intermittently as he made his phone calls. He told Artists' Bureau to have a pianist in Studio 3 at nine that evening. He told Master Control he wanted Studio 3 piped into small studios in Chicago, Philadelphia, Denver, and San Francisco. He called Martha and told her to be there at nine and he told Jakie the same thing. Then he called Susan Black.

"Will it be a real dramatic part?" Susan asked plaintively. "Will I have lines to read?"

"Sorry, Susan," Carr said. "Just your regular act."

"All right," Susan agreed sadly.

CARR got to his desk about eleven o'clock. There was a memo from Mitchell waiting so he called him before he got his hat off. "I'd come over," he explained, "but I'm busy on the Duane proposition. And I need help."

"Help?" said Mitchell.

"Sure. Would you like to have Mrs. Muller's league throw itself on your neck?"

"No," said Mitchell.

"I mean, have her think ABS was tops."

"After Junior in Mars," Mitchell said, "that will be a job."

"Look, then. Send the old dame a wire. Ask her to have league members at our studios in Chicago, Philly, Denver and Frisco at 9:30, Eastern Standard Time. Tell her they're going to hear a special program ABS is preparing."

"What?" demanded Mitchell.

"Tell her," went on Carr, "that our studios will show her and her colleagues every courtesy. Get her in a lather. And make it clear this is being done solely for her reaction."

Mitchell was silent for a moment. "Are you all right, Carr?" he asked. "She's dead set against Duane."

"Damn it," Carr said. "We won't tell her it's Duane. If there's any red tape about this, I'm going to get drunk again and stay drunk for a month."

"All right," Mitchell said weakly.

At nine o'clock, Carr went over to Studio 3.

Martha was already there, cool in a little green suit, and he walked up to where she sat and took her hand. She lifted her face expectantly and he swallowed hard. After a few minutes, Susan Black came in carrying a pillow in a pillowcase and stood holding it in her arms. She was a blond whose eyes were dark and tragic. Mitchell turned up a little later with Jakie, and Jakie looked worried. The pianist and engineer arrived together, talking.

"We only have half an hour," Carr told them, "so pay attention. Susan, you start off. Martha, you sing the songs I've got written down here."

SUSAN sat down and held her pillow in her lap. Martha took the sheet of paper and studied it. "But I didn't bring music," she said.

"It's on the rack. You and the pianist have a half hour to go over it . . . I want the piano away from the mike so we will hardly pick it up."

He and Mitchell moved it, and the engineer helped. Mitchell was deeply interested. He came into the control room with Carr and he ran out with Carr to help move a microphone or listen while Carr explained to Martha just how he wanted it.

At half past nine, they were ready. Carr sat behind the switchboard in the control room, his face tense, and nodded to Susan. She came forward, put the pillow to her face, and, surprisingly, began to sob. Even to Carr, who could see her, it sounded for all the world like the complaint of a fretful baby.

Then after a second, Martha began to sing—softly, quietly, with a hovering, coaxing gentleness:

"Can she bake a cherry pie,
Billy boy, Billy boy? . . ."

Low and warm her voice brooded over the old words. As it flowed on, the sobbing ebbed; the baby grew quieter and quieter until there was just Martha's voice over the vaguely present piano:

"Yes, she can bake a cherry pie
Quick as a cat can wink its eye . . ."

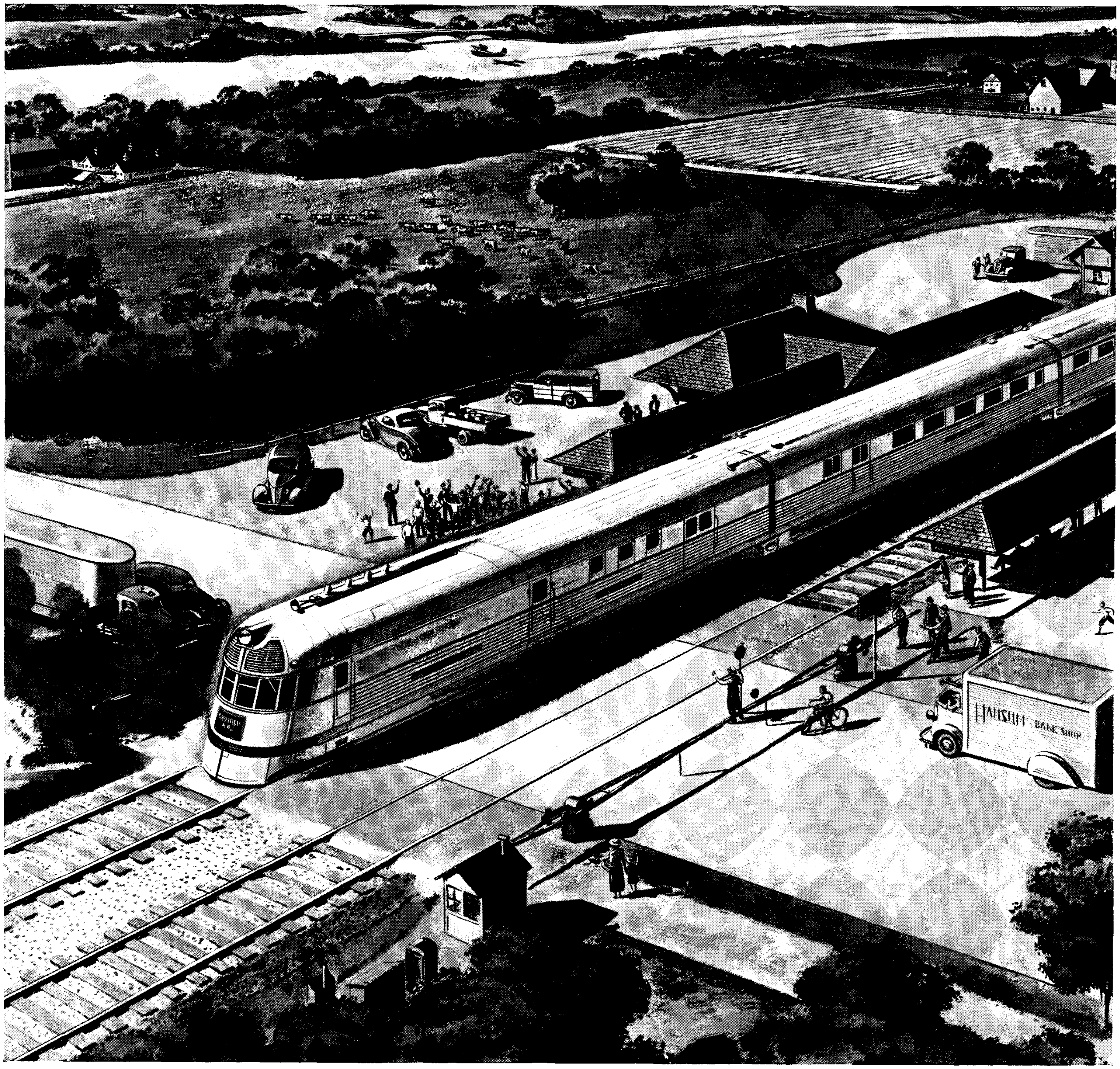
Martha sang of winds that whisper sweet and low in their flight from the moon, of peppermint sticks, and of toy dogs covered with dust. It was not singing, not in any theatrical sense. She might have been any woman, anywhere, lulling a child to sleep.

And it brought something to Carr's throat that choked him. Something far off and almost forgotten. . . .

It was later, half an hour later—after Mrs. Muller's wire, and after her phone call to Mitchell's office—when Jakie got to talking again.

"I tell you, Mr. Mitchell, it's stupefying," he said expansively, biting the end off a cigar. "If she ain't the ideal American woman, you ain't connected with ABS. I got it all in my head. Pictures of her. With a baby, like those cute soap ads. Interviews about home life and flowers and the old folks, spotted in the magazines." He chewed his cigar. "And later maybe," he fixed his eyes rapturously on the ceiling—"later, a nice romance."

He stopped to look out at Martha, talking to Carr at the window. "Yes, sir," he repeated benevolently almost to himself, "maybe later a nice little romance."



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Theme Song

Continued from page 14

The manager looked horrified and apologized. He turned to Nancy.

"Go and put your things on and go home," he said frigidly. "You are finished here."

Nancy turned without making reply. She arranged the cigarette packs neatly on her tray and moved slowly toward the cloakroom to take off her smart uniform for the last time. Maisie, the cloakroom girl, glanced up as she entered and Nancy laughed. "I just got fired," she said, and, at first, Maisie thought she was joking.

The last few bars of Adios were being played, but there was no significance in that, as the musicians didn't even know of the little tragedy. The reason they played Adios was that Harry Davis ordered it, and whatever Harry commanded was done, for he owned the Club Hugo, he led the orchestra, he was the supreme boss, smiling, prosperous, affable and definitely in the money.

THE rise of Harry Davis is one of the true modern miracles, for as late as three years ago he was among the unemployed, he was down to his last quarter, he couldn't pay his bills, he couldn't get a job—and now look! He actually owns the Club Hugo, which is the same as owning a small gold mine.

But it was different three years ago.

Then he was as far down and out as a man can get, an obscure and unwanted song writer, plugging along drearily. He had to his credit the mournful song called Adios, and several even humbler tunes, and still the world beat no path to his shack. He was just a song-smith that men forget—and women, too—and finally he accepted the fact, made up his mind to quit trying a hopeless game, to get out of the country, to go somewhere afar, start life all over—and not as a tune maker.

On a dreary day, he decided to take quick action and get under way, and to make certain he would not hesitate or dally about it, he determined to get good and drunk and sneer at the unfriendly world.

This state he reached with fine success, and much to the annoyance of his landlady, who was at the point of putting him out anyhow. He didn't inform her he was going to distant lands to become a lumberjack. He told her nothing. She wasn't his friend, but Joe was. Joe labored as waiter in a side-street beanery and often lowered the check for Harry. He decided to walk downtown and say goodby to Joe—and then head for the great unknown, where a man can start afresh.

Before leaving his shabby room he thought of a sentimental gift he might leave with Joe. It was a phonograph record of his song, Adios.

Harry Davis wrapped the record in a newspaper and went out. It was raining—a sullen, dreary day in the town—and he sloshed along through the wet streets until he reached Joe's eatery.

But Mr. Joe was off duty, so Harry ordered a drink and sat there moodily staring at it. A girl walked in out of the rain and took the table next to him and he glanced at her without interest, seeing dimly through the fog. She didn't even turn his way, but waited for service, sitting like a statue. After a long time, he said:

"You might as well have a drink with me, sister. I feel a little low anyhow and there's nobody to talk to, so you may as well have a drink with me. On a rainy day like this, nobody should drink alone."

The girl turned and looked at him quietly and he didn't even smile. She could tell he'd been drinking and also that he wasn't trying to pick up a girl for the adventure of it. She slowly moved over to his table and said:

"I'd like a drink of whisky—a double one."

"That's all right with me. Have anything you want. I'm going away on a long trip, and you'll never see me again, so order what you want."

She displayed no interest in where he was going, and no interest in him. The waiter finally came and filled their orders and there was no more talk for a while. "What's that?" she asked eventually, indicating the newspaper, which was damp around the edges.

"It's a phonograph record," Harry answered, and his speech was growing a trifle blurred. "I brought it down for Joe. Joe works here, friend of mine. That's a song on a record."

"What song?"

"Called Adios. My song, sister. You see before you the guy that wrote the song Adios, only I did that when I was a song writer and before I was a lumberjack in northern Canada or a deckhand on a coal boat."

"It means goodby, doesn't it?"

"Sure it means goodby. What do you think it means? Reason I'm bringing it down for Joe, because I'm saying goodby to him. Sweet little idea, isn't it? Goodby from me to Joe."

She sat across the table staring at him and finally she said:

"I'd like to have the record, if you'd give it to me, or just lend it. I own a phonograph."

He jerked his head slightly and peered at her.

"Take it home, sister. It's yours. It's no good, but once I thought it was. When I wrote that thing, I saw myself riding in a gold hack. Joe wouldn't want it—think of Joe with a sobby record like Adios."

When Mr. Davis awakened in the morning, he could feel the need of strong coffee, so he dressed and hurried over to the restaurant on the corner, and while he sipped the life-saving fluid, he read another customer's paper.

THERE was a story on the front page about a young girl who had tried to bump herself off the night before and almost made the gate. He started reading it with no interest, but suddenly his eyes widened. It said: "Despondent Girl Bids World Adios with Phonograph Record."

It was the girl he had met in Joe's joint. A sob sister had turned in on the story and moistened it with inky tears—how this despondent dame had struggled and struggled, fighting life's battle against hopeless odds, trying to make her way as a dancer in a country full of better dancers; and at last, all hope gone, she turned the phonograph on, with Adios on the record, bidding a mechanical farewell to her sweetheart.

"Well, now then, if that isn't a queer one!" said Harry Davis.

The afternoon papers went right along with the pathetic news item and it jumped about the nation in no time. In the hospital, the young woman recovered and was never heard of again, but Adios was. Yes, indeed.

Curious persons walked into department stores and asked the music counter what about this sad Adios song by which young maidens leave the world? The music shops began telephoning around town, asking where they could lay in stocks. In three weeks, the tune had sold twenty thousand copies in the big city, and wherever sheet music is sold Adios commenced to be alive. Harry Davis had no further occasion to get drunk or go to northern Canada.

The publishers of Adios notified him he was wanted at once. They could do with a brand-new song, so that they could boast in large type, "by the composer of Adios." His old songs were reprinted and sold nicely, and in no time he was able to pay off the scowling landlady, move out of the room and start up.

After awhile, there was a job for him with the radio people, another one doing songs for the movie studios, and then Harry moved into a hotel on the hill, bought some clothes, conferred with people of importance and opened a bank account. In time, he had his own orchestra and broadcasted to the great comfort of all. People of means saw a chance for something good and offered to start an enterprise called the Club Hugo, if Harry would consent to step in and take charge. He did.

THAT is how Mr. Davis happens now to be sitting on top of the world—a tired lady tried to leave it, to the notes of his sad song.

Mrs. Morton Judge was taken home by her friends at the Club, the orchestra finished up its famous dance music and along came intermission time, with the musicians pausing for a breath of air. Harry strolled down from the platform, stopped at this table and that, chatted with old friends and went on out toward the lounge. In the doorway of the cloakroom was Nancy, in her street clothes.

"I'm sorry, Nancy," he said, and he meant it. "We'll have trouble finding a girl like you, but what can I do?"

"I'm not saying a word," she replied. "Only, it's a little ridiculous. Just because a rich dame comes in here tight, I lose my job."

"She wasn't tight, Nancy."

"Tight as a drum. Everybody saw it. But many of our best people get that way. You do, yourself, Mr. Davis."

He was looking very handsome in his white suit and dark shirt. His lean face was tanned, his hair slicked and parted precisely, his tie the last word.

"Me," he said. "I don't drink at all. You know that."

"Well, you did once."

"Meaning what?"

"Step this way a moment," she said. "Before going, I will give you a little gift to remember me by."

He followed her into the cloakroom, where the girls kept their things, and she walked to the rear. He looked on wonderingly and she bent over, opened a drawer, picked up a phonograph record and placed it on a small machine in the corner. It scratched. It began playing Adios, and Nancy stood beside it, watching the queer look on her employer's face.

"Where did you get that thing?" he demanded.

"You gave it to me one rainy day. That was some time ago—so you wouldn't remember."

He went over and put his arm about her shoulders.

"You're not fired, Nancy. You got a job. You got a better job than you ever had. In fact, you and I own this joint."

Wherefore, there is a new dancer at the Club Hugo and a very good one, too. All the regulars know her as Nancy, once cigarette girl, now promoted. Oddly enough, Mrs. Morton Judge is still a steady customer, and appears to have forgotten the match incident.

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OR 186,000
miles per second?
COA-COA
Coal—(Cont'd)
BLUE COAL
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SOME people roam around in crowded streets, trying to find a dealer who sells what they want. Others locate him quickly and easily in the classified telephone directory, listed under the desired brand. Then they reach him with the speed of electricity—by telephone.

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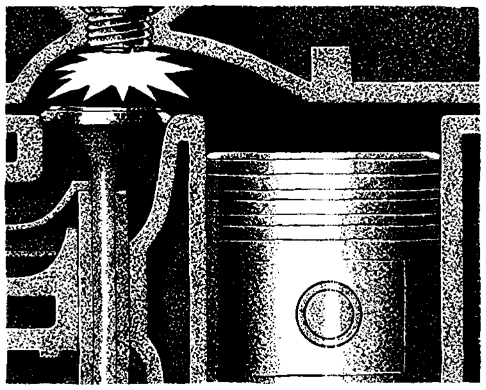
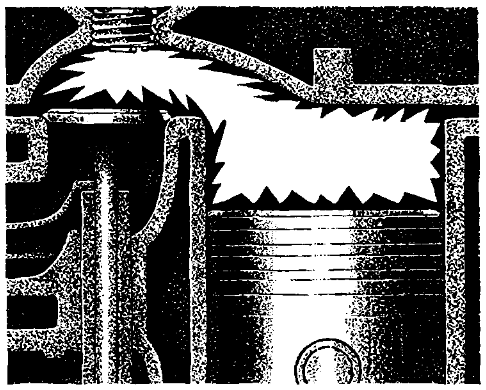


THE SPARK OF LIFE. Each minute 9000 separate charges of gasoline ignite at your engine's cruising speed. Fire-Chief...high volatile ...responds instantly to these 9000 commands, to give you the full power and mileage you want.



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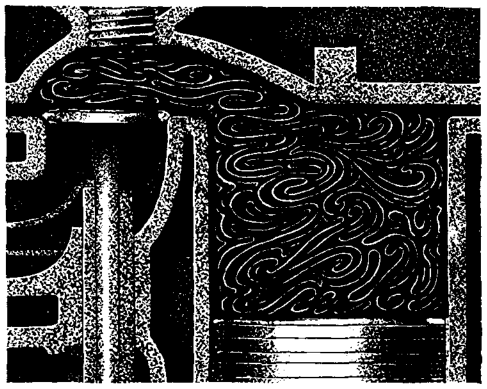


"TIME'S UP." Piston down...with full power delivered...in 1/100 of a second, *or less.* Fire-Chief ignites, burns and transmits its energy in a flash. Fire-Chief gives you quicker starts, quicker pick-up, more pull; more miles a gallon.

500 EXPLOSIONS WHILE YOU

That's why cars need this *Lightning-Action*

A modern six-cylinder engine will fire 500 times while you read the headline above . . .

Engine speeds 50% higher than 10 years ago have set up new gasoline requirements . . .

Today your gasoline must do its complete power job in 1/100 of a second, or you don't get full power and mileage as you drive.

That calls for *lightning action*...the quick *complete* firing that Texaco Fire-Chief gives you. Still further improved, it is free from lazy slow-burning elements that slow up gasoline action.

We take these sluggish elements out of Texaco Fire-Chief by our carefully controlled modern refining processes.

You feel the difference as you drive. Your engine steps up. Your car steps out.

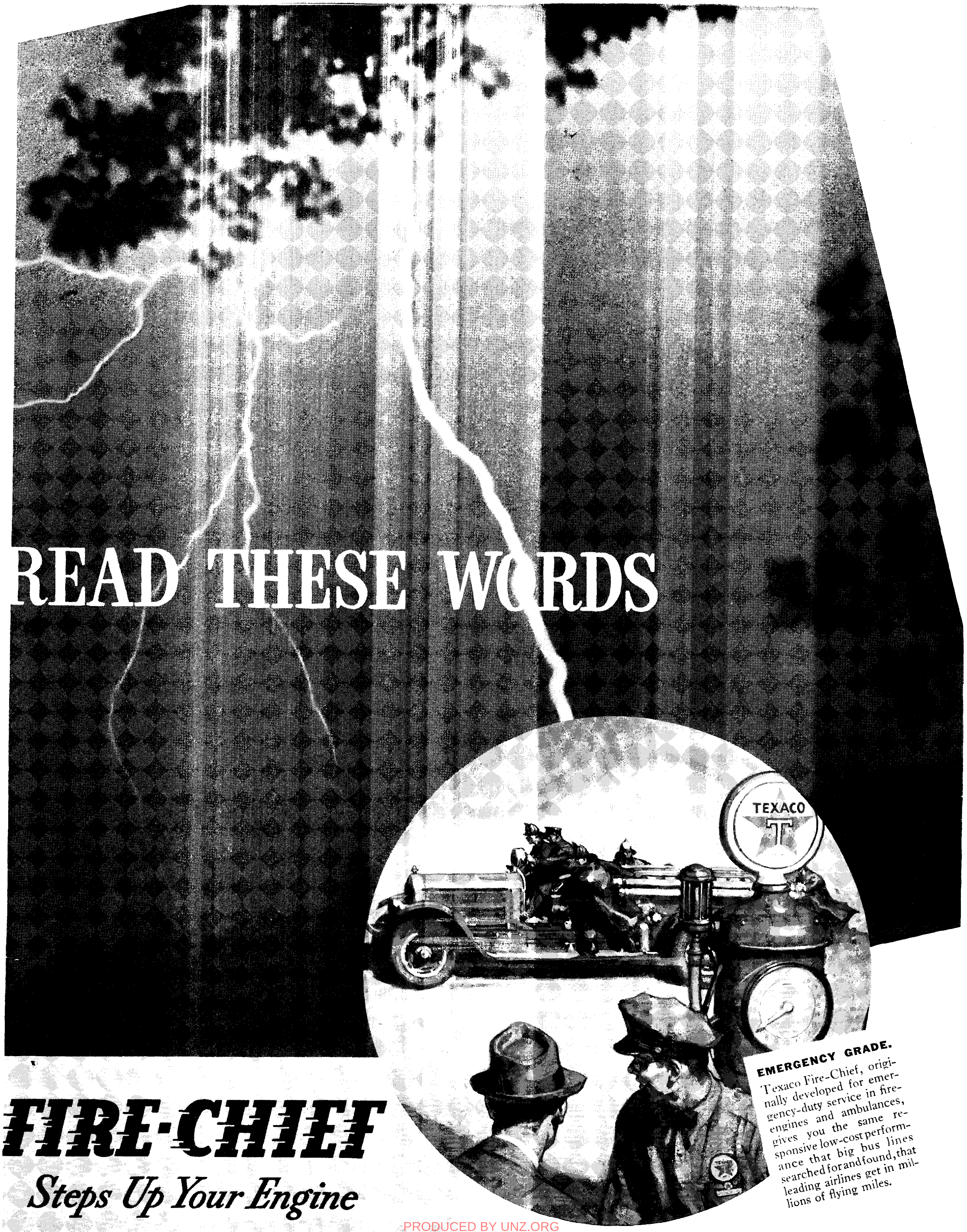
A turn or two of the starter does the trick. Fire-Chief's instant response will start your engine quickly... even in cold winter weather.

There's a surge of power when your foot presses the accelerator. You can pass the car ahead with less worry about oncoming cars.

And you'll discover this. Full power is economical power. That is why you get more miles from a tankful of Fire-Chief.

Benefit by improvements. Shake off old buying habits. Try Fire-Chief. Enjoy the real difference its lightning action makes in the operation of your car . . . at no extra cost.

TEXACO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EMERGENCY GRADE. Texaco Fire-Chief, originally developed for emergency-duty service in fire-engines and ambulances, gives you the same responsive low-cost performance that big bus lines searched for and found, that leading airlines get in millions of flying miles.

"What will become of my wife ...if I live?"

THERE are two important questions for a married man to ask himself—and so many ask only one.

They ask "What would become of my wife if I should die?"—and answer the question wisely with insurance.

But they fail to ask "What will become of my wife if I *live?*"—or they fail to realize that one question should be answered as wisely as the other.

All about us there is evidence of this—old people dependent on the love and generosity of others for everything they get in life. People who, during their working years *could have bought themselves security* on easy terms. Just as you or any man can do.

Yes, any man with ten or fifteen years of earning power left—*even though he earns but a modest income*—can make a financial success of his life. A representative of Investors Syndicate can show you just how this can be done.

Let him explain to you the Investors Syndicate plan of *Living Protection*. Let him show you how little you need set aside from your monthly earnings in order to acquire $5,000, $10,000, $25,000 or more in a few years' time.

Ask him to prove to you the soundness of this plan and show you how your interests will be protected—by an institution which for nearly half a century has enjoyed the endorsement of authorities in sound finance. An institution which during every year of its entire life has met every obligation on time, when due.

See him at your earliest convenience. In the meantime, write Investors Syndicate, Dept. C69, Minneapolis, Minn., for a copy of a booklet that every married man with ten or fifteen years of earning power left should read—*A New Plan of Life*.

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Bread into Roses

Continued from page 17

"You have? Even at this late hour?"

"Hours don't mean much to doctors," George Trine reminded her.

"No, I suppose not. We forget that."

Evelina had fallen off into a deep sleep; a nurse was sitting beside her. Doctor Trine was having supper somewhere. There was a little breathing spell.

Anne, Terry and Susannah whispered in the hall.

"I'm taking Anne home, Sue. I'll be back."

"Oh, what for, Terry? You needn't come back."

"Well, I may not. You're staying here?"

"Oh, yes. Did Trine say anything to you, Terry?"

"Not a thing."

"Perhaps I was too frightened. Now that things are quieter and there's nothing to do but wait, it doesn't seem so bad. But it seemed to spring on me like a tiger—Evelina, and fever, and hospital, and ambulances! I haven't breathed since that moment when you came upstairs into my room this afternoon."

"We'll know more about it when Richards gets here," Anne said, kissing Susannah good night. "What do you want Liza to bring over in the morning?"

It began to sound normal and ordinary. Of course it was fearful—fearful, to have darling little limp Evelina hot and drowsy in a high hospital bed, but one must not think only of that side of it. One must keep repeating, "Loads of children go to hospitals. Richards is the best man they have. She may be thin and convalescent for weeks; it won't matter. Liza and Anne and Laverne and I'll take care of her—she'll get better—"

SUSANNAH had a clean pleasant room, not too suggestive of an institution. A smiling nurse brought her a tray at about eight o'clock. Jelly and an orange salad with chopped nuts on it and broiled chicken. A roll, ice water, a china pot of tea. All so nice. All so nice.

"I wasn't hungry, but the tea was delicious," she apologized, when she met the nurse in the hall. They could not keep her away from Evelina's door. She sensed that they did not quite like to have her lingering there. But they were all very polite.

Doctor Richards had been in the hospital an hour before she saw him. That seemed funny, when she was the person most concerned. But Susannah was too sick with nervous chill to be critical. She smiled at him feebly and appealingly when he came into Evelina's room. He was perhaps sixty; businesslike and pleasant and brief.

"We have a very sick little girl here," he said.

The nurse touched Susannah's elbow.

"Wouldn't you rather wait outside?" she asked. Susannah obediently went out into the hall and to a window. She looked down at an ambulance arriving. That patient went into the Maternity Wing, and Susannah thought with a pinched heart of the day when Evelina had been born. The darling—the little dark spotty darling she had been—

At ten, surprisingly, blessedly, Terry was back. Liza had sent her wrapper and her old soft velvet slippers. Susannah took Terry into her room and unpacked them, and looked into a small square of mirror at a colorless face and disordered hair.

"Richards is here," she said.

"So the nurse said. Did you meet him?"

"Yes. He was here quite a while first, it seems, talking to Trine and another doctor. He seemed to know everything about the case."

"Like him?"

"Did I? I didn't think—yes, I do like him. Terry, will they operate? I can't bear it if they decide to operate."

"I don't think they will," Terry said.

"You were so good to come back."

"I wanted to. After the doctors finish you'll go to bed, won't you, and get some sleep?"

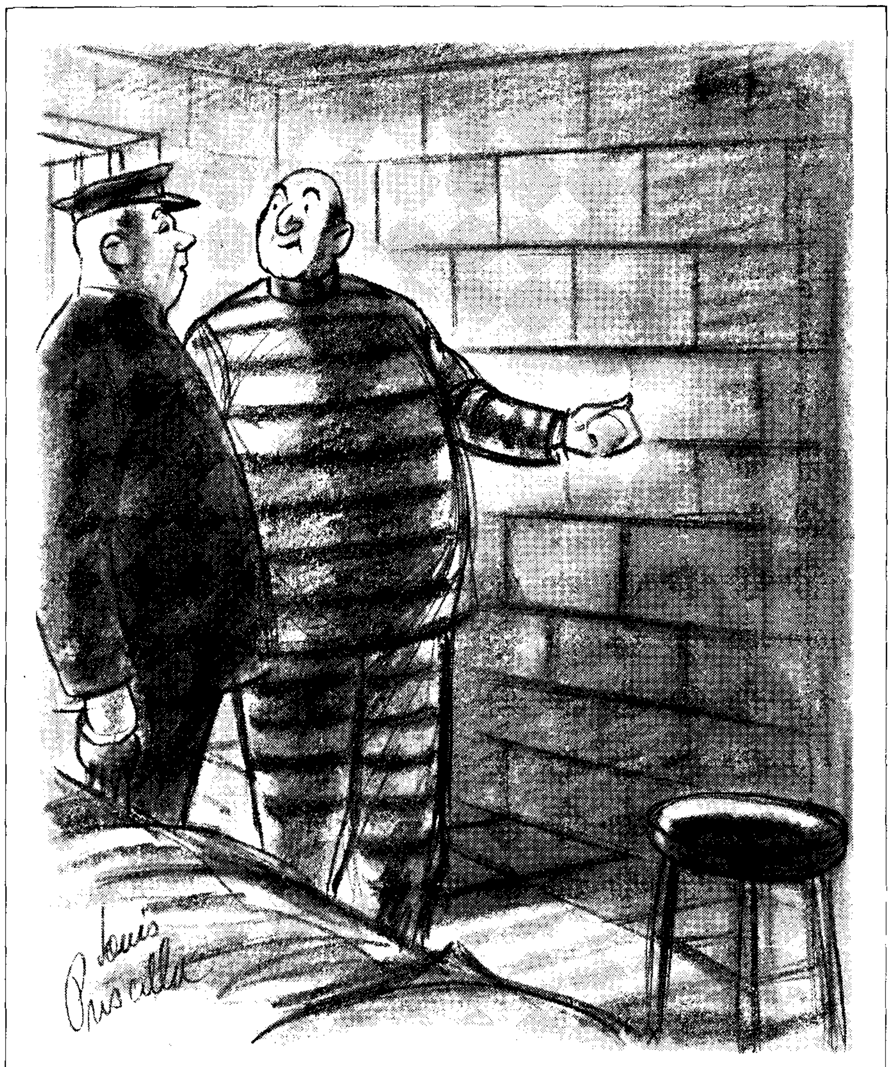
"I DON'T feel sleepy. D'you mind if we go back to the hall, Terry? I keep thinking they may come out, and I don't want to miss them. I don't feel sleepy at all, just terribly excited and strained, and so afraid that we aren't doing something we ought to do."

"You needn't be afraid of that, Sue. They'll do everything. You caught it only a few hours after she was taken sick. You didn't miss a minute."

"No—no. That's something, isn't it?" They were in the hall now. The mysterious stirring that is a hospital night was all about them. The air was thick with disinfectants. Nurses quietly came and went. Doors opened and shut. The white-clad elevator boy murmured to an orderly. A stretcher came through from the surgery, something very limp and still wrapped in sheets upon it. A man and a woman in outdoor clothes followed it in tense silence.

"She's fine. She's coming out of it already. She stood it wonderfully," an elderly nurse, one of her bony big hands guiding the stretcher, said to them encouragingly. Susannah looked swiftly into their faces. Ah, good news was a wonderful thing! She felt her eyelids sting. She would have good news, too, if she could just bear this waiting for it—she would have good news, too—

Floor windows were opened upon the soft warm night at the end of the hall. Susannah and Terry stepped out onto the balcony, and looked down upon the roofs and treetops of the town and its lighted windows; groups were sitting on steps in darkness that was broken only by the occasional red dot of a cigarette tip; scraps of laughter and talk floated up. Figures came out to waiting cars; there was the chugging of motors; lights flashed against the tree trunks and garden fences, and wheeled, and were gone.



"What happened to my drawings on the wall, while I was vacationing?"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

"One gets through these hours," said Susannah.

"One gets through everything. I remember times—"

A long silence.

"Suppose they'd throw me out if I lighted my pipe out here?"

"Not out here." Another silence. Susannah leaned on the balcony rail. "She said she would let me talk to the doctor. Terry, why does this sort of thing happen?"

"I don't know, my dear. It does seem aimless."

SHE glanced up at the bulk of the hospital behind and above them. Dimly lighted windows rose in tiers against the early stars.

"One doesn't often think of hospitals," Susannah mused. "One doesn't often think of people suffering."

"No, and yet you so horribly want sympathy when you are suffering."

"Did you, Terry?" she asked, rather low. For she had never spoken to him of the long-ago tragedy in his life.

"I wanted to die."

"I know."

The nurse called her and she followed the white stiff uniform along the corridor quickly, saying only to Terry, "Ah, I'm scared!"

He saw her again some forty minutes later. The doctor had gone then; Susannah was talking to the head nurse. She came toward Terry in the corridor, and he saw that she was deathly white, with her reddish-brown hair swept off her forehead and her eyes dark. But she was completely self-controlled, and when she spoke her voice was steady and her words quick.

"It's bad; it's very bad, Terry. Richards is gone. He says we won't know just how serious it is for—well, perhaps days. He says there's no telling—nobody knows where it comes from; nobody can tell anything about it. She's quiet now and I'm going to get some sleep and be with her when she wakes up in the morning. Dr. Richards says our one great hope is that we caught it so quickly."

"No treatment?"

"Oh, yes, they gave her a spinal treatment right away. He says not to hope—" Susannah's tired eyes met the man's eyes with the shadow of a smile. "But of course I hope," she said, swallowing a little on the words, but speaking as if their full meaning had not reached her. Or rather as if her conception of their meaning had swept far beyond their ordinary value.

"Not to hope," Terry echoed slowly. "My God!"

"We mustn't think of that," Susannah said steadily. "We'll go on beyond this—this will be only a bad dream—"

"Richards comes tomorrow?"

"Oh, yes. Early. He has two other cases almost exactly like hers. Poor mothers!" Susannah said. She rested her hand for a moment on Terry's shoulder, her whole body swayed toward him wearily. "You're so comforting," she said.

HIS arm tightened about her; he brushed her uncovered hair with his cheek.

"Buck up, dear," he said.

"Oh, I'll be all right!" said Susannah gallantly.

"I'll be here in case you need me. Messenger service. Perhaps you ought to telephone her grandmother."

"I will, tomorrow. It'll be tomorrow *sometime*," Susannah murmured in weary courage, as she walked with him to the elevator. "It seems to have been night so long!"

"You get to bed," he said, for good night.

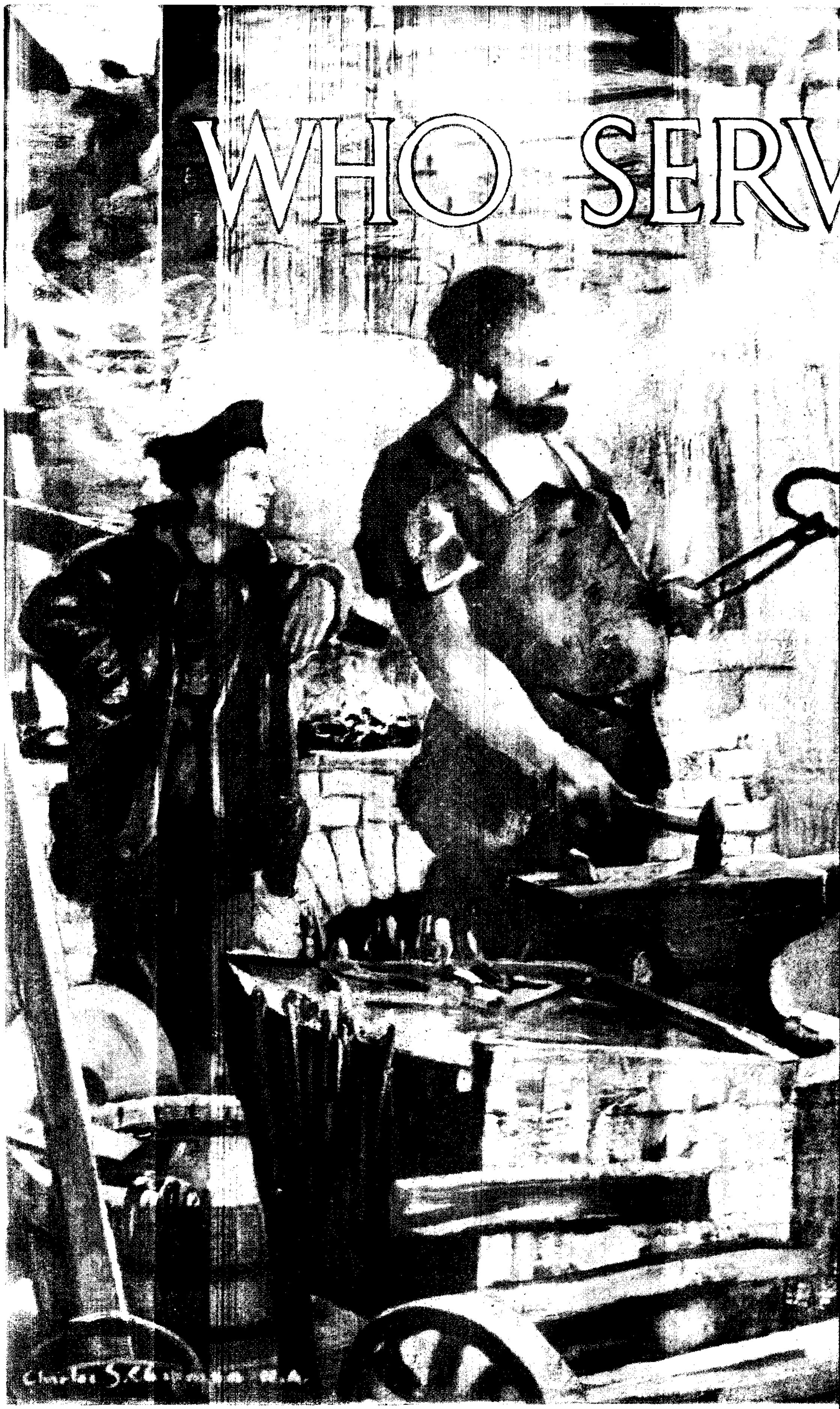
But somehow she dared not go to bed: dared not be alone with her racking anxiety; dared not stretch herself flat, a prey to the terrors of thought. Susannah undressed, got into warm heavy silk pajamas and wrapper, and wandered the silent, brightly lighted hospital halls, now exchanging a few words with a nurse, now glancing into a clean little white diet kitchen where coffee was being brewed in the strange night hours, or where two uniformed girls were laughing and whispering together. . . .

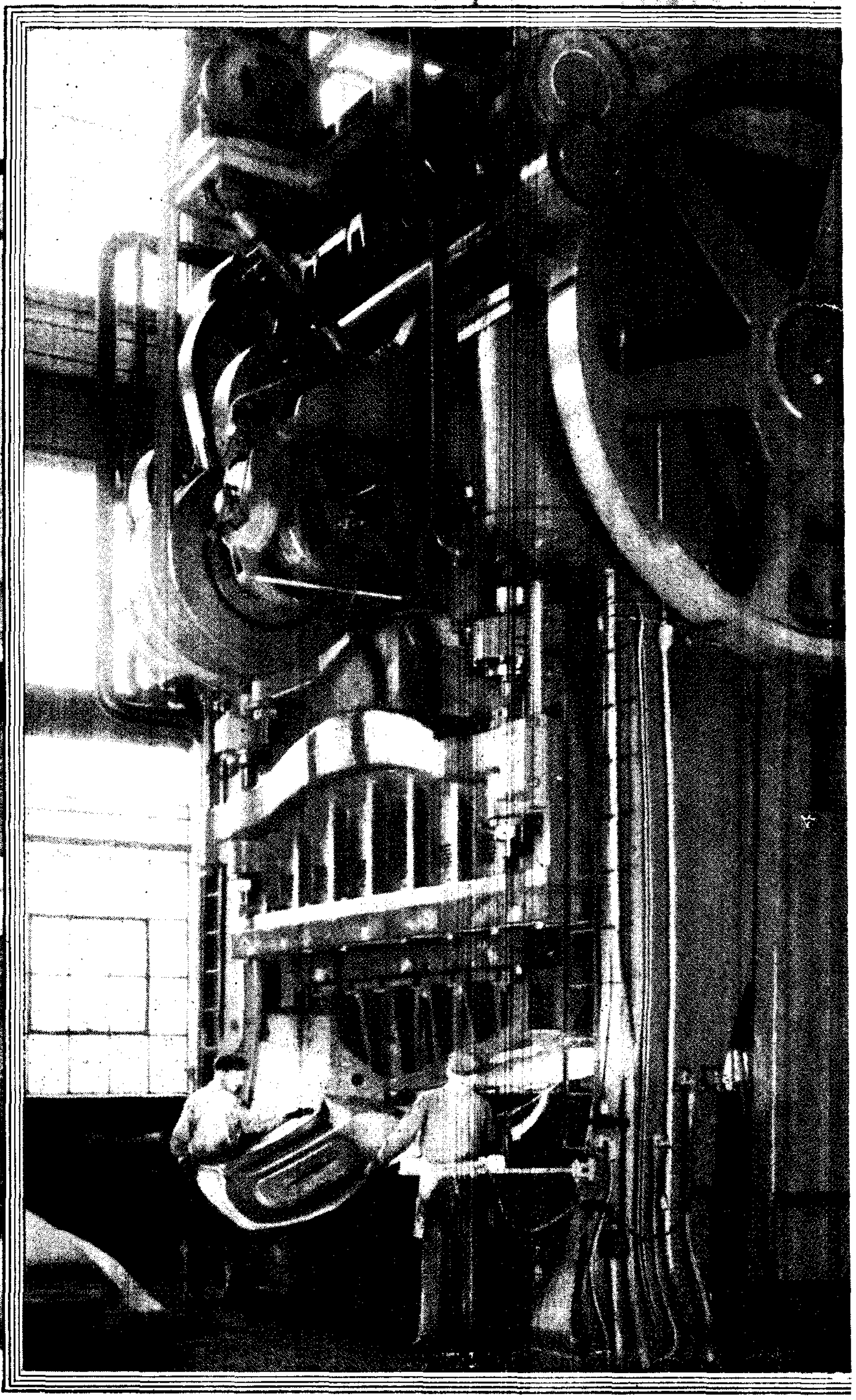
Evelina had been moved now and was in strict quarantine. Her mother was not permitted to go into her room. Susannah stayed at the hospital for four days and four nights. She saw the baby only once again, at the end.

Afterward she was very quiet, obediently taking Anne's suggestions, following Terry's advice with a quick pathetic eagerness and gratitude. Herself, she was incapable of thought. Hours passed and things happened. The days went by; everyone was kind. The Duquesnes took her home with them, but even on that very first afternoon she said that she would rather go to her own house, and walked up the lane and through the gate at the top of the meadow, and so away under the new green leaves of the towering trees, and out of their sight.

Walked into a world of whose exist-

WHO SERVES PROGR


Charles S. Chapman N.A.



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of hampering honest enterprise. To produce these millions of things that millions of people want, we must have various kinds of raw material, then the essential machinery, the plant and equipment, then the necessary technique, and finally, the man power—the worker. As everyone knows, these essentials are available in abundance. The task of utilizing them, to satisfy more of the wants of more of the people, can be done only by the American system of free opportunity, free initiative, free competition. As this task goes forward, so does the nation, to a shortage of workers instead of a shortage of jobs.

N A GENERAL MOTORS CAR

UICK LA SALLE CADILLAC

ence she never had dreamed before: a world at whose very gateway she felt herself stripped of everything that life had given her. She had no philosophy for this; she had no understanding of it. All values were gone—books, garden, friendship were but words. She could not live; she could not breathe the suffocating element that surrounded her, and she knew that she would not die. She was not conscious of needing Alec, although in one or two of the hospital hours her heart had cried out to him in a very bitterness of need.

Silently, her wide, shadow-ringed eyes tearless, Susannah put away all the things that had been her child's. Liza's black face was swollen with weeping. Laverne's voice trembled as she added a "dear" to her answers when Susannah spoke to her. But Evelina's mother did not break.

In those first summer mornings of silence and loneliness in the old farmhouse Susannah worked, stopped to stare for long periods into space, set desperately to work again. In the empty afternoons she wrote one or two long letters, answered a shoal of sympathetic cards.

And through these hours she felt the black tide creeping upon her, felt it rising black and heavy and sinister to her knees, to her hips, to her heart. The day came when she could struggle no longer. The day came when she went upstairs slowly, like a woman lamed, one hand pressed tightly against her heart, and lay down on her bed, her wide-opened eyes on the ceiling, and let the waters engulf her, cover her, drown hearing and sight and feeling in one great blackness.

DAY followed day, night followed night, and Susannah kept her mind, and as much as she could her hands, busy. She had talked in the beginning of going away. But she did not want to go away, and after a month or two she thought of it no more. The early summer enveloped New England's low hills and scattered farms in a glory of richness and fruition; warm rain—storms swept over the world in rumblings of thunder and blue-white flashes of electricity; the hot sunshine came back, and Susannah, transplanting tender little wallflower slips, weeding about the young rosebushes, felt her face grow flushed and wet under her wide old untrimmed shade hat of straw.

If she did not walk over to Anne's house in the afternoon, Anne came to her. Terry was in and out two or three times a day; the hours began to drag heavily when two or three of them had passed without some sign of him. Susannah, more beautiful than ever in the new thinness and gravity, would show him an ailing, forlorn old dog, taken in from desperate searchings of the summer roads where some master had purposely deserted him. She talked of chickens and of pruning the heavy blue-green branches of the apple trees, too heavily bent with fruit.

The two older Penseys and the Gibbert girls came to her two or three times a week. She and Laverne taught them cooking, housewifery; they had ice cream afterward and sewed on new cotton gowns. They were dull girls, bent upon making their homely bodies pretty with oily curls and too-white powder, but they came regularly, and she hoped that they learned something. She read to blind old Ma Pettit, in the village; or rather she held an open book and listened while Ma gossiped of old village tragedies—so many tragedies, even when Ma had been a light-stepping girl of fourteen, crying because Lawrence and Robby and Willy were off to the War. None of 'em to come back. No, sir, their names was onto that column down by Town Hall.

But Lizzie had married Robby's cousin Sam that'd been too young to go. And if Lizzie's own boy Bob hadn't gotten killed of the dysentery in Manila twenty-eight years later! Wasn't that luck for you? And *his* boy—for Bob had married six weeks before he went away in 'ninety-eight—had died of flu in Camp Dix six weeks before the Armistice.

"I guess the Parmenteer fam'ly has done what it could for the nation," Ma Pettit would finish up in grim satisfaction.

SUSANNAH wrote a few random thoughts about war and showed them to Terry. It was only a few weeks later that Terry asked her if they might be made into pamphlet form, hundreds of thousands to be distributed wherever men and women could read English.

"This Germany to America; America to Germany—we're getting in a rut"

ELWIN HENRI

"Who wants to do it, Terry?"

"The organization. One of the great peace organizations."

"But *why?*"

"Because of something you felt when you wrote it. Sue. Something that made me cry, and Anne cry—she couldn't finish reading it. Just those few words about lost children—"

"Please—" she said in a whisper.

"It's something to have done, Sue. To have helped bring the time a little nearer when there won't be any more wars."

"Ah, if one could, Terry! Sometimes in the nights it all comes over me. the empty rooms—the rooms from which the boys have gone away—their names, their young strong eager names just lines cut into marble—"

She could not go on. The tears came up in a flood, choking and blinding her, and she stumbled away from him, her slender figure swaying like a young willow in the wind. Terry did not follow. It was good for her to cry. There had been a time when she could not cry.

He lent her books. She plunged deep into the written lives of scores of other men and women who had lived and suffered and gone their way into the shadows. She read of boys, little boys of twelve and fourteen, who had drummed the ranks in through the broken walls and the hot gunfire of Cawnpore and Lucknow, their life blood running from their own little breasts as they drummed. She read of mothers who had held their children's hands when the cobbled streets of Paris were rough beneath the wheels of the tumbrels in which they rode, and the red smell of the guillotine was hot in the air. She read of that President's wife who had moved into the White House only a few days after the last of her three children had been laid in the wet spring earth. She read of slums, Chinese, Turkish, English, of haggard mothers quarreling in slimy streets for the crusts that meant life for their young.

"THE thing to do is to eat very little, Terry," she said, "and read Shakespeare and poets and the four Evangelists, and lessen human suffering as much as you can, and sleep. That's all there is."

"That's all there is."

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could make Pemberton the one place where there wasn't suffering and poverty and misery?"

"Have to change the people, too, Sue. It can't all be done from the top."

"No, I know. One can do so little!"

"Not you. You're showing us all the way."

"Oh, *I!*" There was impatience, amusement, protest in the monosyllables. "I'm nothing," she said, in a whisper. "I thought once I was something. Susannah Farjeon, who danced and gossiped and knew the horses in the races and the players in the jai alai court. Oh, my God—how long ago!"

On the little visits he paid her every day he rarely stayed more than a few minutes. Often he came merely to bring a book, and lingered only long enough to speak of it. Sometimes he showed her a new game of solitaire, or left the first fruits of his kitchen garden: two big smooth tomatoes, a basket of great red currants, a rough-powdered, flannel-skinned quince.

"Quinces and currants have gone out, Sue. Why don't people eat them any more?" he asked her.

"I was wondering when Anne and I looked at them ripening the other day. Too many other good fruits always in season, perhaps. We've rather lost the old feeling of things being in season, I think, with grapefruit at Christmas and strawberries in February."

"Dad used to talk of oranges at Christmastime as a once-a-year treat when he was a boy."

"We ought to try to capture that old American feeling, in some of your essays, Terry, and make a book of it. Mrs. Prentice commenting on the convenience of having a rubber end on her lead pencil, and what ice was going to do to pandowdies!"

"Did she?"

"Oh, yes. And girls scalloping sacques—how frightful they must have been!—and putting circles of brandied paper on jelly glasses. And Susan Morgan—one of the darlings of them all, making her special soldier a shirt of dark blue piped with red."

"Let's begin on notes, Sue."

"Let's. Even if we don't do it for years." She bought a handsome account book that afternoon and showed it to him with a schoolgirl's satisfaction in being businesslike. And though later in the evening he found her crying, a blur of spread dimity skirts and bent head in the summer evening shadows of the terrace, somehow he knew that a faint flicker of interest in life had stirred in her again.

HE SAT down beside her, and gathered her into his arms, and she did not protest or draw away, but buried her head on his shoulder and for a while let the tears have their way.

Afterward she drew back, very busy with her handkerchief, both hands to her face, and presently a ray of moonshine showed her wet lashes and the glint of a smile in her eyes.

"Finish your article about the Mexican lady—what was her name?"

"Calderon. Yes, roughly speaking. But it was such a perfect night—and Anne was sleepy—"

"Is it so late?"

"It's ten. Not so late. But it tempted me to take a walk—"

"And if it had been windy or raining pitchforks or snowy or thundering, you would have come just the same," Susannah said on a note of delicate, grateful irony.

"I would indeed."

"I'm glad. I—needed something tonight."

"Me perhaps?" Terry's voice was a little hoarse in the darkness, he spoke very low.

"Someone. It's so good to have hands—voices—human sounds—someone who cares," she said a little thickly. She felt the grip of his hands tighten on her own, but he said nothing more. They walked after a while to the slope of the hill behind the barns and leaned on the fence and looked off across the meadows swimming in white moonlight and the blots of shadows under the trees and the outlines of the low hills. And still neither spoke.

"Well—" Terry said, after a long si-

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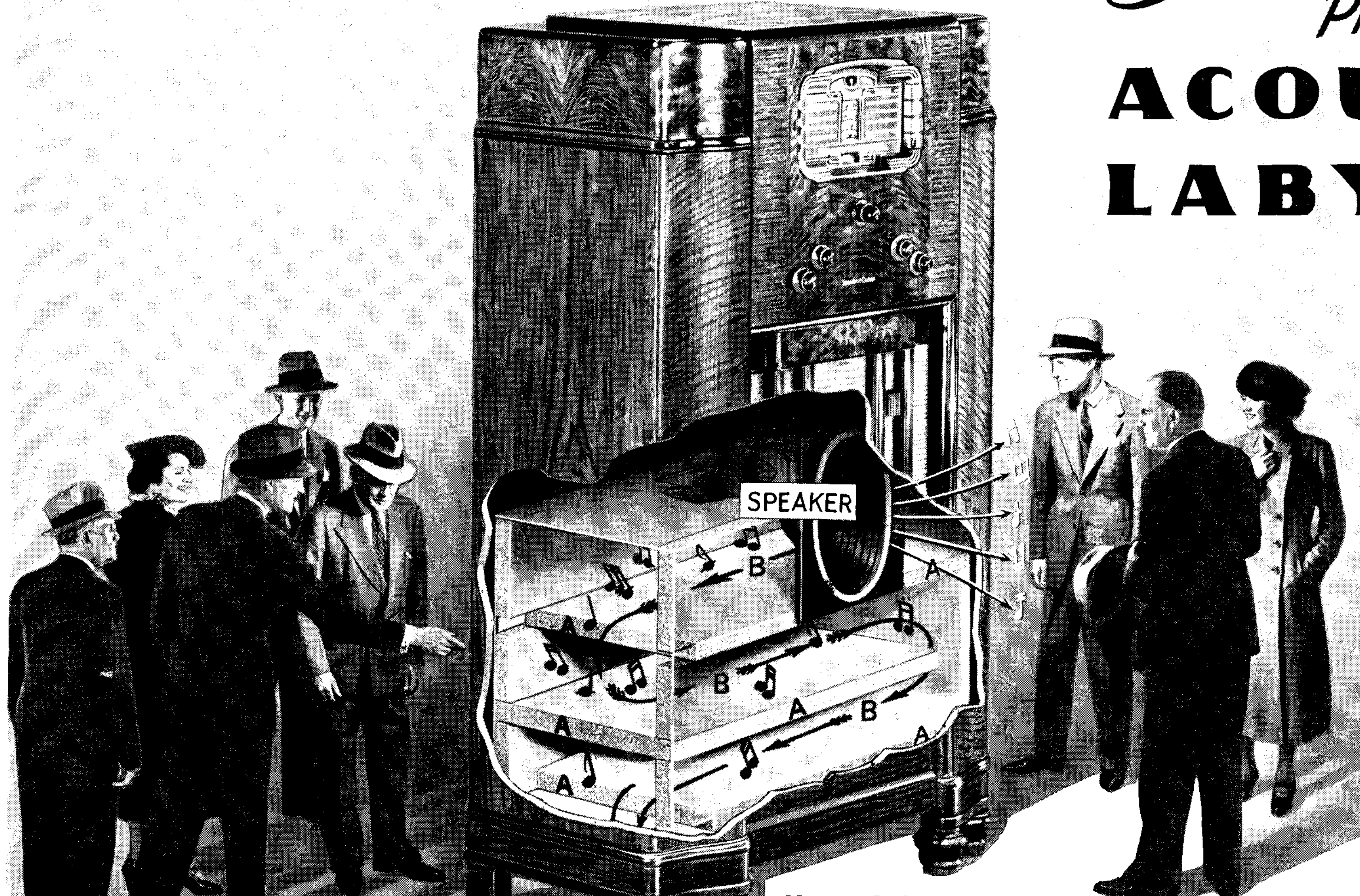

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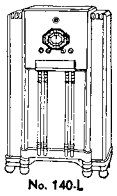
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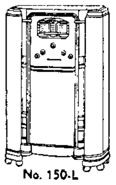
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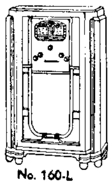
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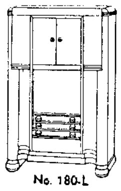
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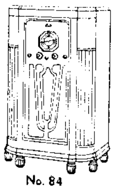
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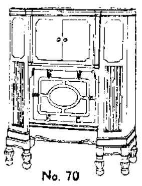
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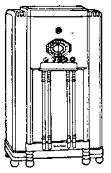
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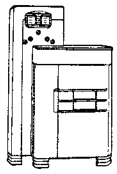
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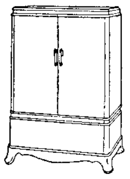
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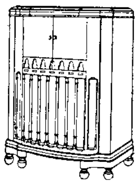
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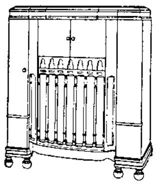
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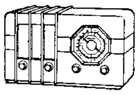
5 TABLE MODELS - THREE WITH ROSEWOOD CABINETS - FROM $49.95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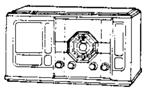
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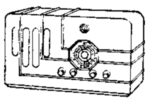
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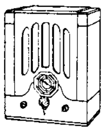
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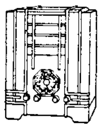
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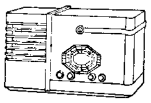
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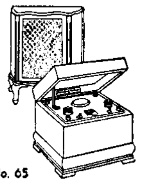
9 CONSOLES - WITHOUT LABYRINTH - FROM $78.50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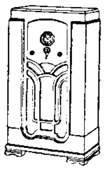
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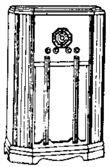
No. 61-LZ AC-DC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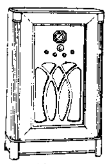
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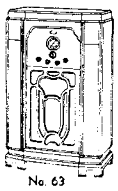
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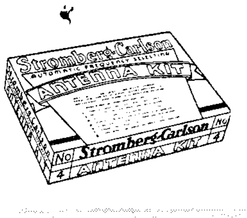
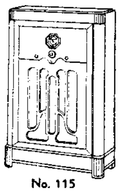


The No. 4 Automatic Frequency Selecting Antenna Kit makes possible maximum sensitivity and noise reduction on all standard and short wave reception. Automatically adjusts to tuning range in use. More flexible than a "built-in" system.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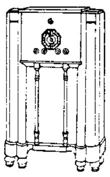
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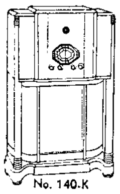

No. 140-K

EVERY modern radio idea is included in this spectacular new Stromberg-Carlson line. Some—are new conveniences. Many are basic advances which will continue through the years!

Most important is—the Acoustical Labyrinth; for after all, your main purpose in owning a radio is to hear the programs accurately—enjoyably—naturally. To do this the vibrations from the *back of the loudspeaker* must be kept from booming, echoing and interfering with natural tone. This is a problem which stumped radio engineers for years. The Acoustical Labyrinth has solved it. Only Stromberg-Carlson has the Acoustical Labyrinth.

You can hear the benefits of the Acoustical Labyrinth at your Stromberg-Carlson dealer's, and he will be glad to explain its action. You will come away saying, "There Is Nothing Finer Than a Stromberg-Carlson."

Stromberg-Carlsons range in price from $49.95 to $985. (slightly higher in Southeastern States and West of the Mississippi). There are 5 Radio-phonograph Combinations. Booklet "How to Choose a Radio," may be obtained from authorized dealers listed in your classified telephone directory or by mail.

THESE ADD TO YOUR ENJOYMENT OF A STROMBERG-CARLSON

The dial which tells you everything at a glance. *Carpinchoe Leather Speaker* to make reproduction smooth. The new *Beam Power* tubes. *Tri-Focal Tuning* to tell when your set is perfectly tuned —on strong, medium or weak signals. *Automatic Sensitivity Control* and Bi-Resonator Tuning System, for distant reception without interference from super-power stations. *Indexed Knobs* for supreme convenience. *Free-floating Phonograph Pick-up*, a new delight in radio-phonograph operation.

STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MFG. CO.
137 Carlson Road, Rochester, N. Y.
Send illustrated booklet "How to Choose a Radio."
Name..
Street..
City..
State..

Stromberg-Carlson

She's traveling on the Sa

PERHAPS you saw in front-page headlines, last year's record of railroad safety. Yet this was only the peak record of many years' like achievement.

The American railroads have been the safest form of transportation, public or private, for many years; insurance statistics prove that you are actually far less likely to suffer harm on a modern railroad train than even in your own home.

This doesn't just happen. The railroads are safe because they pioneered and have practiced Safety First for thirty years. They are safe even at their present stepped-up speeds, because they are *modern.*

Every mile of main-line track is today protected by safety practices as perfect as human ingenuity can so far devise. Unseen but constantly augmented improvements in locomotives, cars, brakes, couplings surround those who ride by rail with a degree of security unmatched elsewhere.

And probably the greatest tribute to practical railroaders lies in the fact that while they have bettered their safety record they have *at the same time* bettered their speed and service.

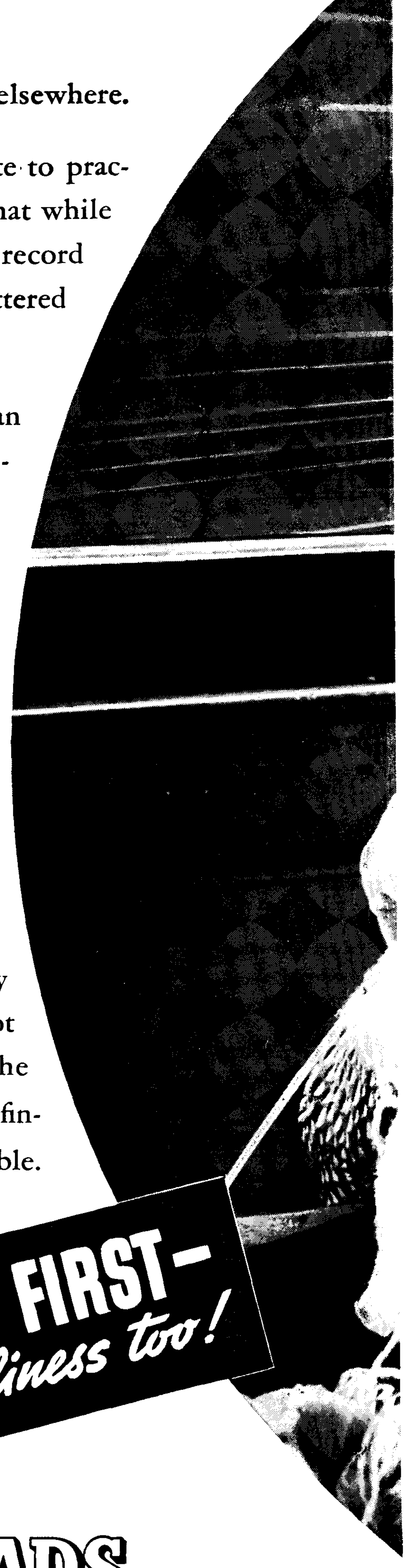
Freight travels 43% faster than it did a few years ago. Passenger trains have had running time notably cut. Comfort, as exemplified by air-conditioning, has been provided in steadily increasing measure.

"Safety First" still lives as the basic creed of American railroad men, but today it takes expression in the broader form—*"Safety first—friendliness too!"* Make your next trip by train and you will sample not only the safest travel in the world, but also the finest and most reliable.

GO PLACES—NOW—BY TRAIN

Rates are low—Safety, Speed and Comfort higher than ever before!

NO other transportation in the world can match the American railroads for speed with safety. And every modern convenience contributes to your comfort when you go by rail. Practically all through trains are air-conditioned — cleaner, quieter, healthier. You have modern lighting, excellent food, restful seats, comfortable beds, plenty of room to move around, and you get there on schedule. Yet with all the improvements railroads offer today, fares have been steadily lowered, both in coaches and Pullmans.


SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

Transportation Building, Washington, D. C.

est Carrier in the World!

DID YOU KNOW

—that the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile with a glass of water and less than a handful of fuel, and at rates averaging less than a cent?

—that the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years?

—that by increasing the efficiency of combustion the railroads have cut fuel costs a half billion dollars in the past ten years?

—that 44 cents of every dollar the railroads take in go for railroad payrolls?

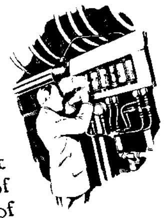
—that the railroads maintain their own "highways"—a quarter of a million miles of "line"?

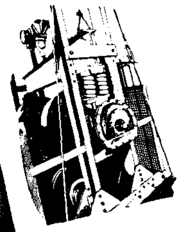
—that many railroads will carry your automobile to vacation spots for the price of a third ticket?

—that railroad fares throughout the United States have been reduced as much as 44%, and that Pullman fares are one-third less, with no surcharge?

—that you are far safer on a railroad train than you are in your own home?

PIONEERING STILL GOES ON!





Railroad research has now perfected a "Loadometer" which permits advance study in the laboratory of the actual effects of load, vibration, friction, speed and atmospheric temperatures upon various bearing designs, bearing metals and lubricants. Thus does modern railroad research anticipate "trial and error" and make it more nearly possible to perfect equipment before it is placed in actual service. This is one of countless pioneering efforts covering a wide range of studies and including such varied projects as Equipment Design, Metal Alloys, General Equipment Efficiency, Design and Performance of Signal Apparatus, Production Methods, Wood Decay, Metal Corrosion, Water Softening. If all the research activities carried on by the American railroads were concentrated in one huge laboratory it would require an institution housing thousands of men and providing millions of square feet of floor space. Six railroads, two universities, and ten supply companies alone, for example, maintain a permanent research personnel of about 1,000 people.

THE FAMILY POCKETBOOK
By The Doctor of Family Finances

HE LOVED HIS WIFE We've got a neighbor who loves his wife and his kids. Never speaks sharply to them. Tries to provide well for them. But on payday, the household used to be in a state of suspended explosion. Some day I knew a spark would set it off—and my neighbor would be less of a husband, less of a father. Money—or lack of it—might indeed prove to be the root of great evil.

The highly charged atmosphere on paydays was due to the fact that things were needed for which there never seemed to be enough money. Friend husband saw no flaws in *his* way of handling the money. Therefore, he reasoned, the wife required too much for food, clothing, and miscellaneous expenses.

• • •

THEY DISCOVER A PLAN But the wife? What was her story? Upon diagnosis, I discovered her sensible and competent but without *plan.* Still, she needed the husband's co-operation if there *was* to be a plan. I sent one of our budget books. Both of them studied it . . . and the idea of a *plan* took root and flourished!

Today, that home is a model of domestic felicity. There's enough money for everything—and no haunting fear of a money shortage on payday. The wife is the "treasurer," the husband is president and counsel. Expenses are a *known quantity* and it's easy to control them.

• • •

A THRILLING ADVENTURE I've often thought there was more money in a family's pay envelope than the family thought there was. A Household booklet on home money management has proved in thousands of cases that I'm right! It's a thrilling and exciting adventure to plan your campaign for financial freedom . . . so easily, so surely. No dull, tedious bookkeeping! It's fun!

Doctor of Family Finances

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

The "Doctor of Family Finances" booklets on home money management have helped thousands to get a fresh start. Fill in—mail this coupon today for free copy.

HOUSEHOLD FINANCE Corporation
***and Subsidiaries*—one of the leading family finance organizations, with 195 offices in 135 cities**
Hear Edgar A. Guest on Household's "Welcome Valley" program each Tues. night, NBC Blue Network.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
in envelope or paste on a penny post card

DOCTOR OF FAMILY FINANCES
c/o HOUSEHOLD FINANCE, Room 3036-J,
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please mail me free copy of the Household Finance budget plan booklet written with a sense of humor. It is understood there is to be no solicitation, no follow up.

Name..........
Address..........
City..........State..........

Bread into Roses

Continued from page 44

lence. Susannah turned unprotesting, and they went down to the house again.

"Thank you," Susannah said at the porch. "I can sleep now." Instantly he put his arms tightly about her, and she put her head back, and they looked at each other in the dull glow that fell on the path from the hallway. But he did not kiss her, and after a moment he released her, and Susannah went in to the warm airless emptiness, the haunted shadows and doorways and chairs and tables that were home.

ON ANOTHER moonlighted night he and she took the highway and climbed the hill and crossed through a belt of dark woods to come out by the Constable farm, and walk home from the other side of the village. And on this night he talked to her a little of the marriage that he had made fifteen years earlier.

"Only it was no marriage," he said. "She was not free. She had told me of this Pole, that she was a little afraid of him. But I thought—in fact she told me, that he was her manager and her cousin. I thought she had tied herself up to him with a contract—if I thought at all—

"I'd watched her dance and bought her pictures for ten days before I met her. Then I asked an actor my father knew, Sir Gerald du Parc, if he knew any way in which it could be managed. 'When d'you want to meet her?' he asked. We'd been lunching at some club; it was about three o'clock. I said any time—any hour—anywhere, and he said that he'd felt that way about one of our American actresses years before. It made me hot and cold and ashamed and proud all at once," Terry said, with a little laugh. "I went along with him to this big gallery or loft or whatever it was. There were dozens of girls there practicing steps, and a man at the piano. Someone called 'Diana Petrovich!' and she came running with that light step she had—her head twisted up—she was a little thing—

"I asked her—there wasn't a performance that evening—if she'd dine with me and my sister, and she began to shake her curls 'no,' and then she looked up at me and put her hand out and laughed and said 'yes.' I called for her at some hotel and she came out—so little—in a sort of fluffy blue thing—"

"After that, Terry?"

"Ah, after that it was all a blur! When she danced I watched her; I almost couldn't bear the moments before she came on, when I knew she was coming! The music would play a certain theme, and there would be my little girl, so serious and so absorbed, whirling and floating. And then afterward, supper, when we told each other how much we were in love, and planned our marriage.

"My uncle was on a special mission to Paris then. We were married there in his parlor, and off that afternoon for Florence—Naples—finally Palermo. She never showed me any hint of shadow then. Sue, what a time it was! But once, when we'd been swimming at Mondello, and were lunching on the terrace, she said to me 'Gigi, if something happens that makes you anxious for me, some day, will you remember that I wanted it that way?' "

THEY had reached Susannah's dooryard now. She was sitting on the steps where she and Alec had sat less than a year earlier. Terry was standing, looking down at her, his hands thrust into his pockets.

"I thought she was trying to tell me about a baby," he said simply. "I was so proud! I told her that whenever she was ready to tell me the secret I'd be ready to tell her how happy it made me. That was the day, I think, that she planned it. The end, I mean."

"Terry, how did you know? What happened?"

"We were on the terrace, just above the sea. Some Americans my uncle knew had come out to have lunch with us, and Diana'd been in wild spirits. She used to look like a white swan often when she danced, and she was singing her swan-song that day, higher and shriller and sweeter, only I didn't know it. Everyone was enraptured with her. Some other people came—there were about a dozen of us, and we all went swimming. It was a terribly hot, unseasonable sort of day; we'd been in the water that morning, but we were all glad to go back. We went down to the little stone pier; everybody was swimming. She swam beautifully, much better than I did. But she came out of the water rather early, and came and kissed me; I was drying off on the steps, and she said in my ear: 'I'm a little scared, but you must remember I'm happy!'

"I went on talking with Wilkinson—the bath woman, one of the maids, came down and began to spread the wet suits on the rocks. She said to me 'Where is the Signora?' and I said, 'Oh, dressed, Maria, she went up long ago!' She shook her head, and one of the girls called to me and said, 'Diana went back into the water. She said she was going to take one more dip!' I stood up, then, and Wilkinson stood up, and we looked off across the bay. Clouds were beginning to wreathe around the way they always do in the afternoon there, and we saw her, with her arms plunging as regularly as pistons, and the shoulder of her blue bathing suit, and her blue cap. And she was still swimming away from shore.

"The Wilkinson boy ran to the edge of the water and dived—he had swimming medals—he went after her like a rocket. But it was like trying to run from here to—well, say Pinckneys'. Diana was only a speck; there was about half a mile between them. I ran up for the launch—the man wasn't there and it was chained, but we broke the chain, and were out on the water in the boat within—oh, perhaps three minutes.

"But they didn't find her until two days later. By that time I'd found her husband's letter. He'd written her that he was coming. Anne had arrived, too, and we came home."

Susannah got to her feet, came close to him. "Thanks for telling me."

"Shall I tell you something else?"

She looked straight up at him in the silver light and the black shadows.

"I think I'd trust you to tell me anything, Terry. I think you'd know what not to tell me."

"Yes," he said, after a moment, "I think I know what not to tell you. Except perhaps this. That it doesn't hurt so much now. It doesn't hurt at all, Sue. It's like something very beautiful that was too sweet to last."

"Thanks," she said again, thickly.

"One's richer for having had it, Sue."

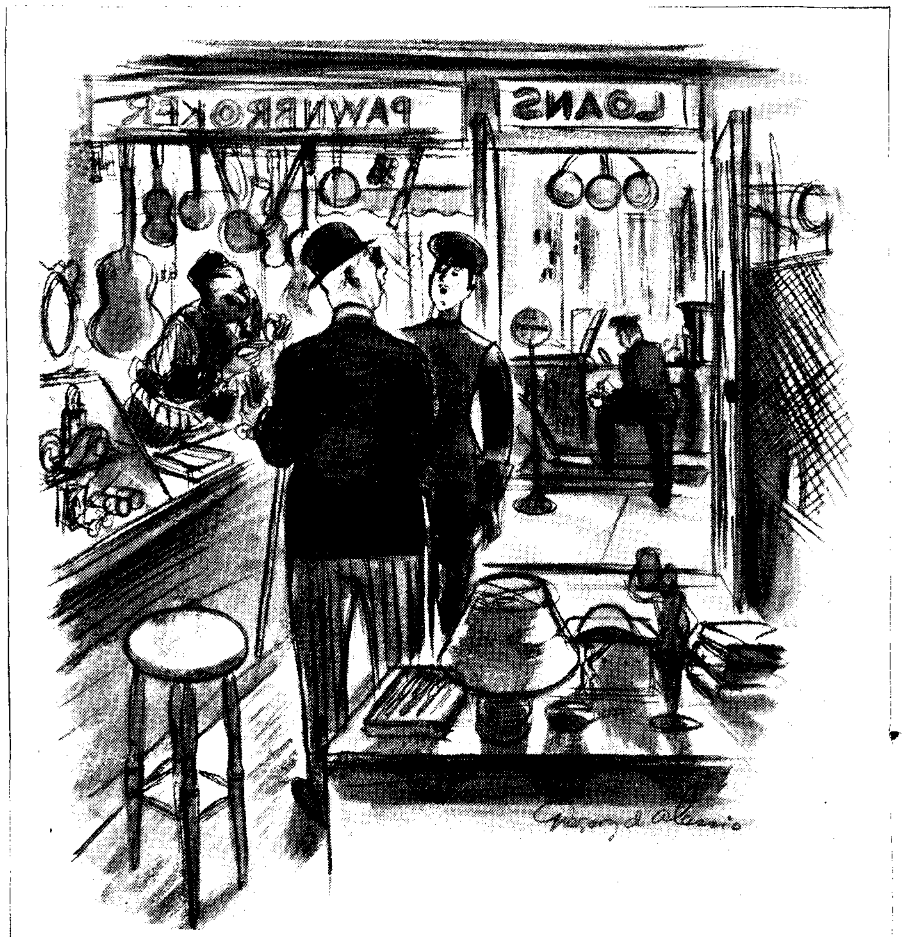
"Not always, Terry. One's so—poor!"

The last word was almost inaudible. Immediately she looked up and spoke in her usual controlled easy fashion.

"Thanks so much for this grand walk, Terry. See you tomorrow!"

ONE evening in late July she was dining alone and late in the dining-room's candlelight. Susannah had been delayed at the Flicketts' cabin, where there was a new baby, and had come home to find Laverne and Liza still absent. It was almost seven o'clock on a Thursday. On Thursday nights the girls were free, and usually went to Brown's Mill to the movie on the 6:10 bus. Tonight they

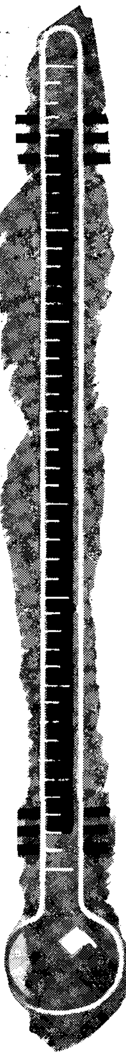
(Continued on page 50)

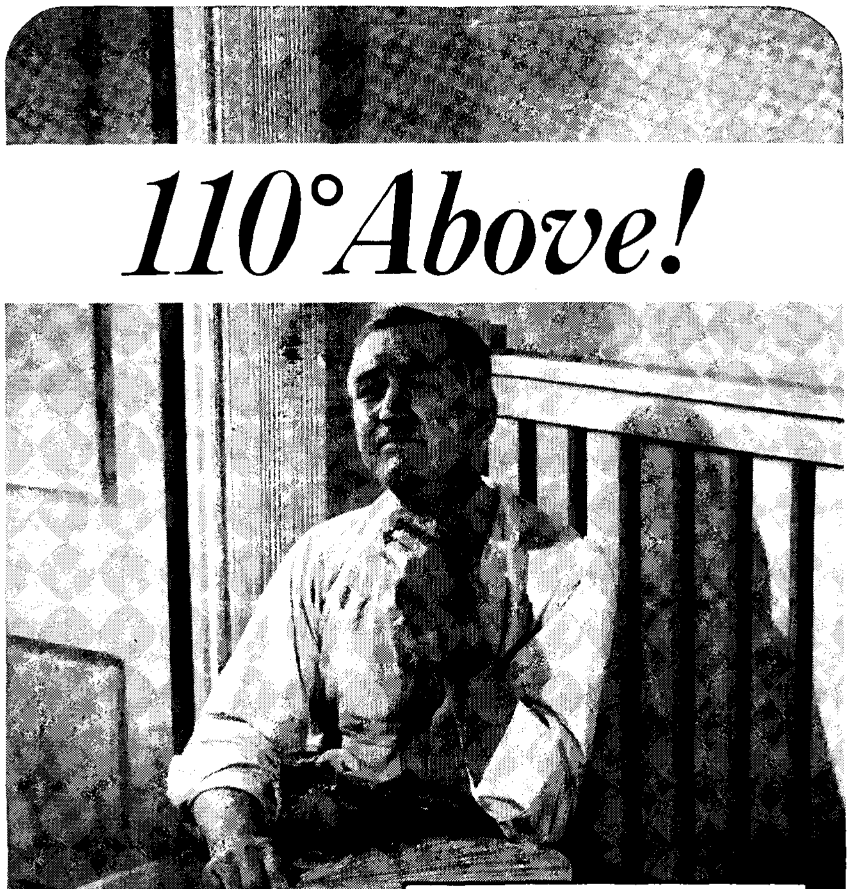


"May I suggest, sir, that you hold out for an additional two dollars? It seems we're getting a ticket" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

50° Below!

SNOW! Arctic temperatures! But Devoe can take it! Remains smooth, resilient. No old-time checking, cracking, peeling, fading.





110° Above!

DEVOE HOUSE-PAINT laughs at sun's destructive, ultra-violet rays.

AMAZING NEW PAINT DEFIES ANY WEATHER!

Cuts paint bills in half—defies Checking, Peeling, Fading

IN THE blistering sunlight; in the snow and sleet that beat the life out of ordinary paint, an amazing new painting system defies the elements. It's been tried and proved on 2,400 houses in 30 different States, in the greatest, most complete paint test ever made.

It stays smooth, resilient, clean; it resists cracking, peeling and blistering. Only two coats are needed, even on new wood. It outlasts other paints 2 to 1.

The white . . . is now whiter than snow. The colors are truer . . . and more brilliant.

An entirely new principle

Devoe & Raynolds have developed two kinds of paint *to be used together.* These two coats do a better job than three ever did before. The first coat goes next to the wood; seals it, so that the wood, or old paint, won't rob it of life-giving oils. The second coat goes next to the sun. Its job is to fight destructive ultra-violet rays.

Do nothing about your spring painting until you get all the facts on how this new system makes your paint money go *twice* as far. Inquire now at your Devoe dealer or painter.

DEVOE BUDGET PLAN

YOU DON'T NEED READY CASH. If painting at the moment happens to be a financial burden, don't forget the average home can be painted for approximately $5.75 per month—labor and material included—under the Devoe Budget Plan. The coupon will bring you full particulars.

SIMPLE BLOTTER TEST EXPLAINS AMAZING STORY

This blotter painted with conventional paint.

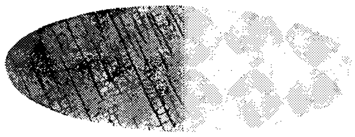
This blotter painted with the New Devoe House Paint Undercoat.

Back of blotter shows conventional paint soaks thru.

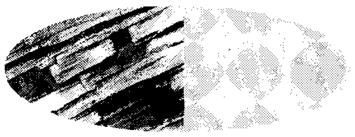
No paint on back of blotter! Devoe stays on surface.

Wood, or the old paint, is as effectively sealed as this blotter!
See this test at your Devoe Dealer's.

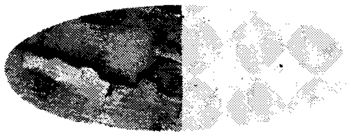
Avoid these 4 Paint Evils



CHECKING. Oil-thirsty wood or old paint robs ordinary paint of its life. But Devoe oils stay in the paint film.



CRACKING. Second step to destruction. Elasticity gone, checks open. But Devoe film retains its resiliency.



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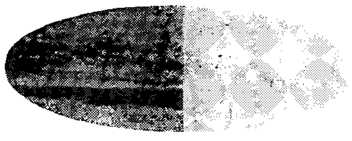

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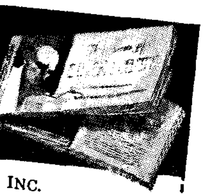

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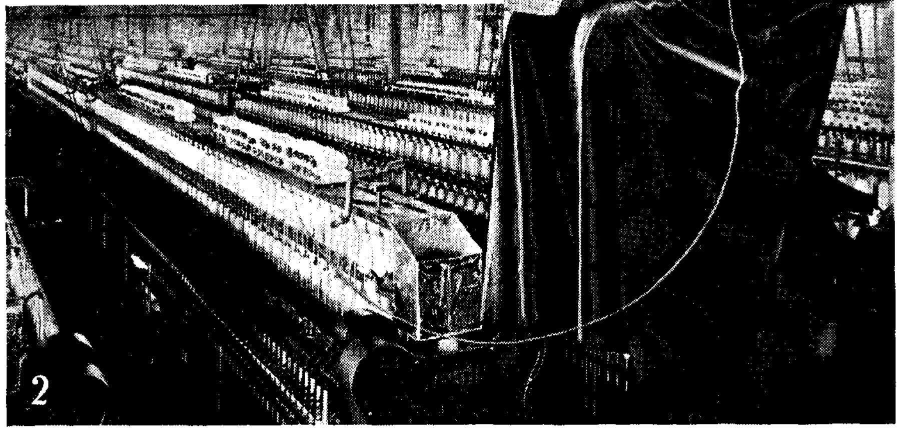

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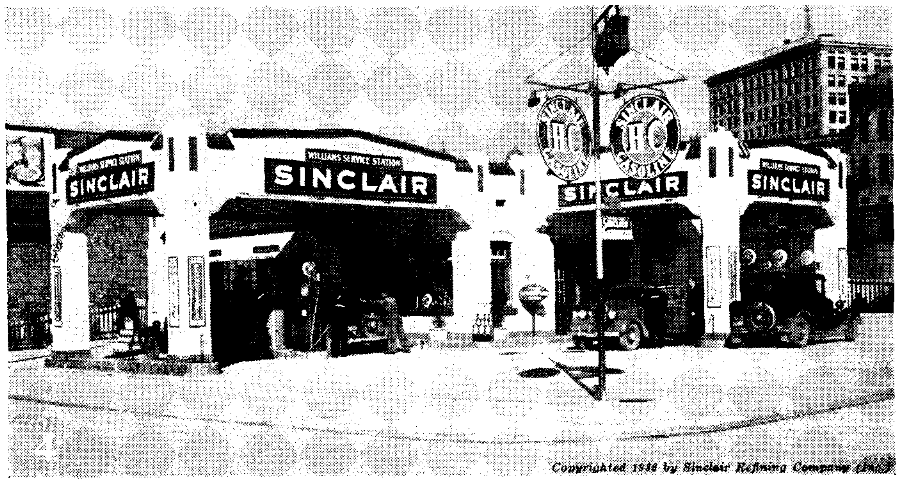

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(Continued from page 48)

had probably taken it for granted that Susannah would dine with Anne.

Rather pleased than otherwise at the spacious order and quiet and emptiness of the old house, Susannah had managed to find herself the sort of supper she liked, had set her place at the end of the big table and had lighted the candles.

Only an hour earlier she had had in her hands the pulpy little warm body of the smallest Flickett. "Le Roy" was to be the name, the mother, sunk in dirty blankets on this hot day in a dirty room into which no air was admitted, had decided faintly.

Tonight she was thinking of him still, wondering what might be even the beginning of a move to save him, to insure him at least a chance. Then, raising her eyes, she saw, standing like a little shadow in the doorway that led into the kitchen, the figure of another boy, a thin bedraggled little fellow of perhaps seven or eight, who had approached quite unheard, and was looking at her timidly.

Frightened for a second, Susannah's instant reaction was of reassurance. She knew this boy.

"Phil!" she said. "My darling! Where have you come from?"

He came slowly forward, and she saw that he was very dusty.

"I came to see you," he said, in his old-fashioned little way.

"I'm so glad you did! Have you had your supper? It's very late, and of course you have!"

"No," he said, close to the table now, and looking at cold chicken and sliced tomatoes eagerly. "I've not had my supper." He put out his hand and took a piece of chicken and ate it quickly. Susannah was speechless with shock. He couldn't—Alec's child couldn't be hungry!

"Who's with you, Phil? How did you get here, darling?"

"Nobody's with me," he began brightly. And instantly he was overwhelmed, and put his dark beautiful little head down against his grubby little hands and was weeping.

SUSANNAH pushed her chair back and went about the table and knelt down beside him, putting an arm about him.

"Tell me about it, Phil."

"I guess you wouldn't want a boy in your house who ran away from camp, would you, Sanna? I guess you wouldn't!"

"Camp? But isn't that miles from here?"

"No, it's the new camp. It's up in Bakerlake Grove. And they were mean to me; Sturges and Jones were *both* mean to me," the little boy said, in a fresh burst of reminiscent resentment and grief. "And we saw a sign that said 'Pemberton, seven miles,' and so when they were all reading after lunch I came downstairs and started for here!"

"And how did you find the house?"

"I asked at the gas station."

"That was smart of you! You poor little fellow!"

"Sanna, could I stay with you tonight?"

"Phil, dear, while you're finishing your cookies, I'm going to telephone to camp. There's a telephone there?"

"Oh, yes, in Captain Mason's cabin."

Susannah put her arm about him now and kissed him for the first time.

"My darling, of course you will stay here tonight. You and I'll make up your bed and see what we can find you for a nightgown. But I must telephone Captain Mason; they must be terribly worried. And I'll tell him that you're going to be with me, now."

"Not stay with you?" he said, incredulously.

"As long as you like, Phil."

"Till the boys go back home after camp?"

"And after that if you like. You can go to school here with a boy I know named Jerd, who's about your size. And you and I'll have picnics, and you can see the puppies out in the barn tomorrow, and you needn't ever think of school or the boys again!"

"Can't they come and get me?" he asked fearfully.

"Not if I say they can't."

"Won't Gramma make 'em?"

"Not if I ask her not to." And Susannah remembered the stately old lady, tears running down her cheeks, her old hands holding Sanna's hands tightly, her voice harsh with emotion as she said: "My dear, why couldn't it have been the other way! Alec's boy has been changed to another school. He's not happy, the poor little fellow; we're nearly distracted trying to find the right place for him! You lose your child, and nobody wants the other one."

THIS had been said in so black an hour that the words had made no impression. Susannah had not been listening. She had been able to hear only the sound of men's voices, low and considerate, in the adjoining room—the men who were taking away the beautiful waxen little statue that had been Evelina. . . .

He would not let her go to the telephone without him. It touched her that he accompanied her, and wedged himself against her while she talked, his breath caught in excitement, his eyes never for one instant leaving hers.

"What did he say?" he demanded eagerly when she had finished. "Did you say I had to see a doctor?"

"I said that, Phil," she explained, with a smile that took him into her counsels, "because I *am* going to have Doctor Mitchell see you; but not because you're sick, just because he's a great friend of mine. And I thought if I said 'doctor' Captain Mason might think you were just ill enough to stay in bed a little while, and not be in a hurry to come after you. And now do you know what I think you and I ought to do? We ought to walk over to Jerd's house and borrow some clothes for you. So suppose you wash your face and hands and we'll go right now?"

"Oh, I love to be with you!" Phil said. Susannah did not answer. But during the short walk in the sweet summer night she never let go of his friendly little hand.

The hour that followed was one of the good hours. Anne and Terry were reading, Jerd and Nan skirmishing up and down the stairs in their nightgowns, when the visitors arrived. There were a few moments of dazzled smiling and explanations. Then Anne was seriously consulting Phil as to nightwear, and Nan, hanging upon the arm of Susannah's chair, was rapturously interrogating her about the newcomer.

"Is he going to stay? Is his name Phil? Will he play Indians with Jerd and me? Is he going to sleep in the little room where I slept that night?"

Susannah answered her gravely, point by point. But Terry, idle in a near-by chair in the bay window, thought that he had not seen Susannah so animated, so like herself for a long time. He noted too that already her eyes went once or twice to the stairway as if she hoped Phil and Anne were coming down again.

"Come on, Phil," she said, when he appeared. "You must be a pretty tired boy tonight. Say good night to Nan and Jerd—and Aunt Anne—and Uncle Terry. That's a darling."

Phil again put his hand in hers, and it was still there when she mounted the stairs in the home hallway, and showed him the little room in which he was to sleep. He looked up at her trustingly.

"I'm so glad I got here!" he said sleepily.

"I'm glad you're here!" Susannah said, but not to him.

(To be continued next week)

On Her Toes

Continued from page 20

Tamara was eighteen and she was beginning to rebel. A strict conformist, a puppet to the measured steps of the ballet.

In the ballet she was merely expressing not herself but the music and the ideas and direction of Diaghlieff. She wanted—though she didn't really know it at the time—to express her own individuality, her ambition, her talents, and one cannot do that in the Ballet.

"The motion of the dance tells everything," Diaghlieff said again and again. He wanted no personalities, no individuality. He wanted dancers and he wanted them to submerge everything of themselves in the pattern of the ballet. To Tamara it was as disheartening as it might be to a bird who, wishing to lift his voice in ecstatic trickling of music, was told to confine his singing to one note.

Tamara saved her pennies and turned her face to the west. She set out to conquer New York, but at first her struggles were unavailing. Finally Morris Gest engaged her for Balieff's *Chauve-Souris*. Her dancing stood out in that amazing success but when it was all over she was just another little Russian girl with a light pocketbook and a broken accent. She couldn't do much about the light pocketbook at the moment but she could do something about the broken accent. She taught herself English in a unique way. She bought all the phonograph records she could afford and she played them over again and again. Soon she knew the words of every popular song in America—though she didn't know much what the words meant.

Tamara was convinced that dancing was not enough. You could express almost every emotion through the dance but if there is a song in your heart and burning ambition in your soul and a million ideas in your brain you need more of an outlet than your feet—no matter how twinkling—can provide. She would learn to act, to sing—she would learn everything that had to do with the stage.

One day Morris Gest came to her, fingered the inevitable black cravat that he wore and said bluntly, "I am going to take you to Ziegfeld. He is casting for Whoopee."

"Ziegfeld? But he only wants tall, beautiful, glamorous girls." Tamara was scared. The master of the ballet and poverty and revolution hadn't scared her—but Ziegfeld? In 1928 that name was a magic one on Broadway.

"Get your hat," Morris Gest said bluntly and a little while later they stood in front of the great master of another kind of ballet.

A Vacation from Dancing

Tamara was rather short and her frightened face looked at Ziegfeld and it was framed by a square haircut and the hair kept slipping in front of her eyes and all in all she wished for the moment that she was back in Wiesbaden or Mainz or Paris where there were no Ziegfelds. Others might have seen only a pathetic, shabbily dressed, bewildered youngster. Ziegfeld saw something else. He sensed the spark that was burning in the breast of the kid who stood so pathetically before him.

He bent over his desk and he asked gruffly. "How much do you want?"

She looked at Morris Gest and Gest, twirling the gold head of his cane, said airily a few words in Russian which Ziegfeld didn't know meant "Leave the price to him."

So Tamara left the price to Ziegfeld and he said, "Two hundred and fifty dollars."

"For the engagement?" Tamara asked.

"A week," he answered laconically.

When she got her pay envelope at the end of the second week, instead of $250 she found $400 in it. Without a word Ziegfeld had almost doubled her salary.

"I have heard people say," Tamara reflected, "that Mr. Ziegfeld never laughed, that he was a solemn, unapproachable man. He never seemed that to me. He was friendly and he was painstaking and he was always willing to reward talent. I thought he was very kind."

After Whoopee, Tamara appeared in Three's a Crowd, dancing with the nimble Clifton Webb to the haunting music of Body and Soul. Later she was in Flying Colors, and in both her work was sensational. Russian dancing technique, grafted onto a flashing dynamic individuality, plus American training and experience had combined to give her dancing a distinctive flavor. They were all after her now for additional dancing roles.

Then one day she said calmly, "For a time I am through dancing. I am going to act."

An Inevitable Success

She practically disappeared from the Broadway scene for the next year. She acted in two plays, The Divine Drudge, and The Red Cat—two floperoos. The deer-hunting privileges in the balconies might have brought a good price for either of these but no one bought tickets. However, managers, producers and directors saw the plays as they see all plays and they saw Tamara acting straight dramatic parts. Among those who saw and who were impressed were the astute George Abbott and the song writers, Larry Hart and Dick Rodgers. They were getting a musicale ready—On Your Toes. Tamara was given a big part—not entirely a dancing part. In it she acted, she emoted all over the place and she danced, too.

Now Tamara has served her apprenticeship. She can dance, she can act, she has shown herself to be a great comedienne. Now what? Hollywood, naturally. When this was written Tamara had turned down a half dozen Hollywood offers because she didn't like the script of any of the pictures offered her.

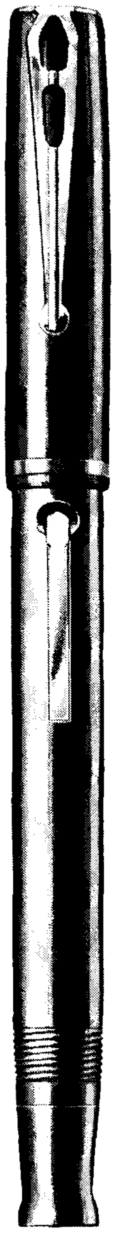
"I do not like these," she says, waving away script after script. "Find me one I like and we won't argue about salary."

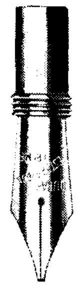
She had one very brief experience with the celluloid city and it has made her wary. She made one picture—two years ago—a quickie that took fifteen days to shoot.

"When I looked at it I wondered why it took so long to make," she laughed. "Was I good? Of course not. Next time I will be good, though."

That Tamara will be a success in Hollywood is inevitable. This child of the Russian revolution will never be content to stand still. Pictures offer a new field, a new world to conquer, and she is one for conquering new worlds.

Hardly known outside of Broadway, the little Russian faces the future with calm equanimity. The spark that made her so vaguely dissatisfied with the anonymity of one who is a member of Diaghlieff's ballet is still burning brightly, so put down the name—Tamara Geva—and remember it, for the Hollywood talent scouts are babbling loudly that here at last is something different, and the Hollywood talent scouts are never wrong—well, hardly ever. And anything that is different pays big dividends on the Hollywood scene.





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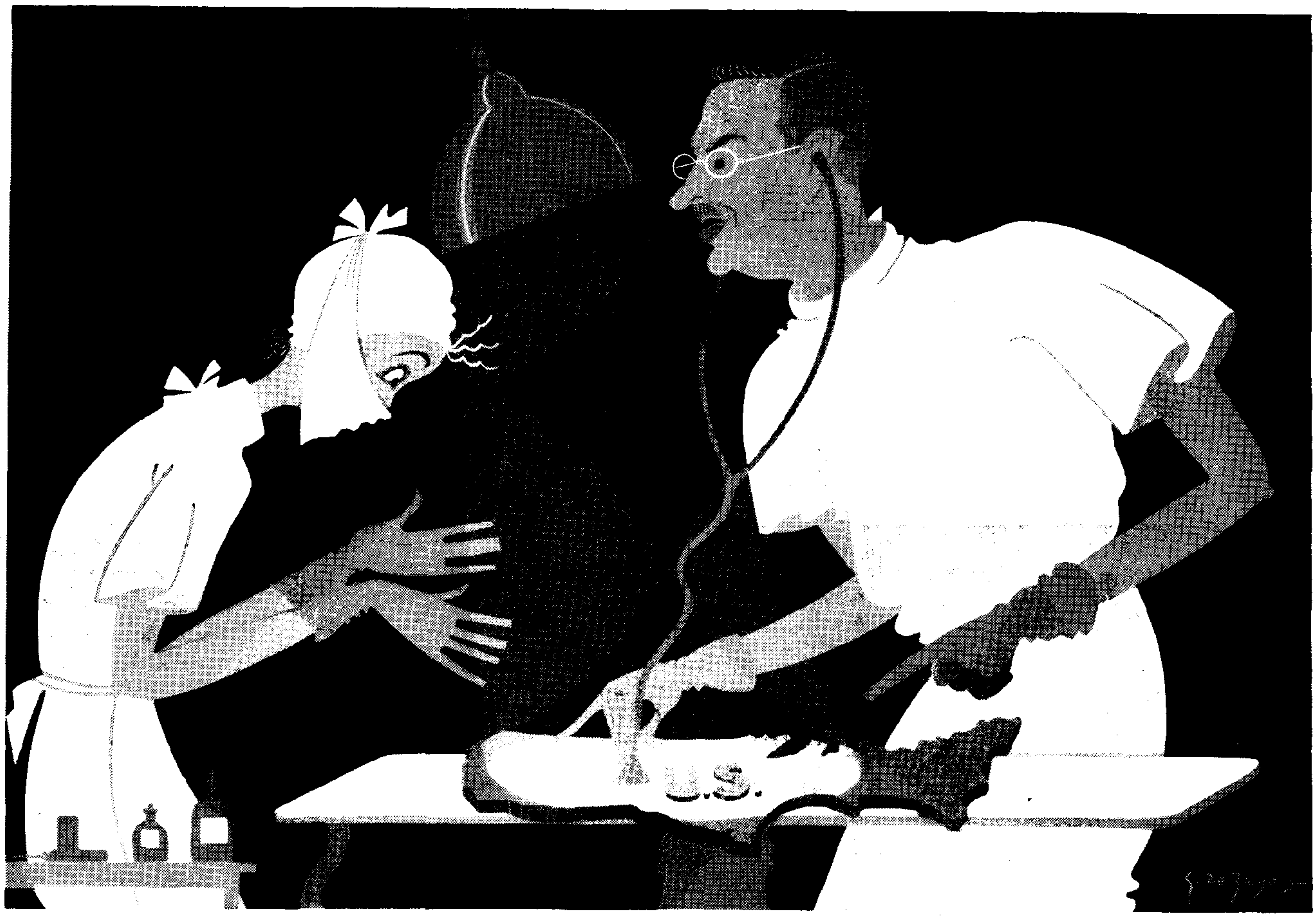

Dr. Thomas Parran, Jr., has taken charge of a far-flung drive to guard the nation against preventable disease

To Your Health!

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

A HAPPY man is Dr. Thomas Parran, Jr., for his is the surprise and joy of having two dreams come true. After twenty years in the Public Health Service of the United States, he finds himself its Surgeon General, and likewise the head of a far-flung drive designed to guard the nation against preventable disease, and shut off the steady stream of poison now being poured into the life stream of the race.

Acting on the assumption that bodily ills play a large part in poverty, unemployment and unemployability, the Social Security Act provided $10,000,000 for the initiation of a campaign to make Americans a stronger, fitter people. Eight millions go to the states, and two millions to the Public Health Service, but, as the commonwealths will have to match some dollars, fifteen millions are actually in the pool.

Not much, considering the size of the problem, but a start. Before any state receives one penny of federal funds, it *must* guarantee the establishment of an adequate health department that will reach down into every city, town, village and rural district, leaving no dark corners unlighted. Not any "paper" affair, nor a haphazard, slipshod department for the benefit of political favorites, but a well-rounded organization manned by experts.

Once the drive is under way, it is the whole field that will be covered, not merely a part. Visiting nurses will go into homes with their gospel of prenatal care, child health, diet and sanitation; communicable and preventable diseases will be fought on every front; eye, ear, nose, throat and teeth specialists will see to the children; sometimes will counsel with communities about stream pollution, water supply and sewage disposal; public health engineers will study housing problems that relate to heating, lighting and ventilation, likewise air pollution and smoke abatement, twin evils that make for lowered resistance in children; other experts will handle industrial sanitation and factory hazards, and back in laboratories behind the firing line, research men will deal with causes and cures.

A Rich Field for Reform

It is a campaign that holds every promise of success, for even as there will be co-ordinated effort on the part of forty-eight states, so does capable federal direction seem to have been assured. Although only forty-four, Surgeon General Parran's twenty years in the P. H. S. have covered every phase of the work from laboratory to field, from operating room to rural sanitation, for at various times he has been borrowed by the states, and knows the farm and the village as intimately as he knows the city and the factory.

His own personal observations uncovered the fact that there were only 540 local health units out of a total of 3,000 counties in the United States; that not 25 per cent of American women get proper prenatal care, 13,000 dying in childbirth every year, and 129,400 babies under one year of age; that not half of the state health departments are adequately staffed or equipped; that thousands still die of smallpox, diphtheria and lockjaw either through ignorance of vaccines and serums or inability to procure them; that many other thousands suffer from rickets, anemia, scurvy and other "deficiency diseases" because they have never heard of the curative properties of orange juice, tomato juice, sunlight and liver extract; and, by way of a climax to his survey, that families with incomes under $2,500 suffer an annual wage loss of $900,000,000 due to illness, while their bill for medical care runs up above a billion.

Dark, dynamic, and a good deal of a zealot, Dr. Parran cried these findings to all who would hear, urging federal funds and federal supervision on the theory that disease knows no state boundary, and that many vital questions in hygiene and sanitation are beyond the power and resources of the individual commonwealth. Bitterly and indiscreetly he contrasted the millions spent on the control of hog cholera, the boll weevil, the tick, the screw worm and the fruit fly with the beggarly thousands contributed to the states by the federal government for the promotion of health work among human beings. Now that his cries have been heard and answered, why wouldn't he be a happy man?

As for the Public Health Service, the Surgeon General's executive staff in the national health drive, it is a small organization with only 380 commissioned

(Continued on page 54)

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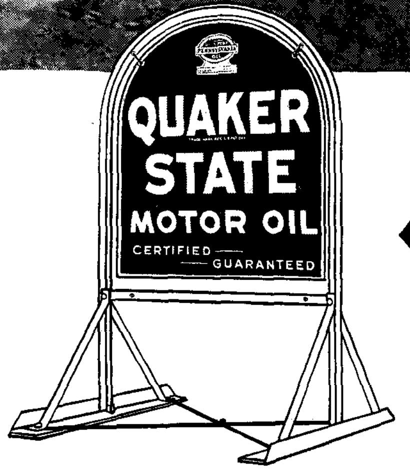
BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART



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To Your Health

Continued from page 52

officers, poorly paid and little known, yet few similar bodies have a better record both in the laboratory and in the field. Goldberger and Anderson were among the first to demonstrate that the European type of typhus fever came from lice, and that the American type was a disease of rats, transmitted to human beings by the bite of the rat flea; McCoy and Francis discovered the cause and prevention of tularemia or rabbit fever; Alice Evans made important contributions in connection with Malta fever; Stiles pointed the way to end the ravages of hookworm in the South.

Day in, day out, the work goes on. Cancer has been developed in mice, a long step forward; the virus of the common cold has been isolated, and search for the right vaccine continues; Dr. Veldee has developed a toxoid for the immunization of children against scarlet fever, and other P. H. S. men report that an extract from the placenta after childbirth, used as a serum, will modify measles and protect against serious consequences.

The Drive Is On

Despite the fact that malaria is known to come from the bite of a certain kind of mosquito, even as yellow fever, and the thousands of dollars spent on mosquito control, there were 6,750,000 cases in the United States in 1934. Because of the expense of draining, spraying and dusting, recognized methods of mosquito control, Dr. Parran and his experts are now approaching the problem from other angles.

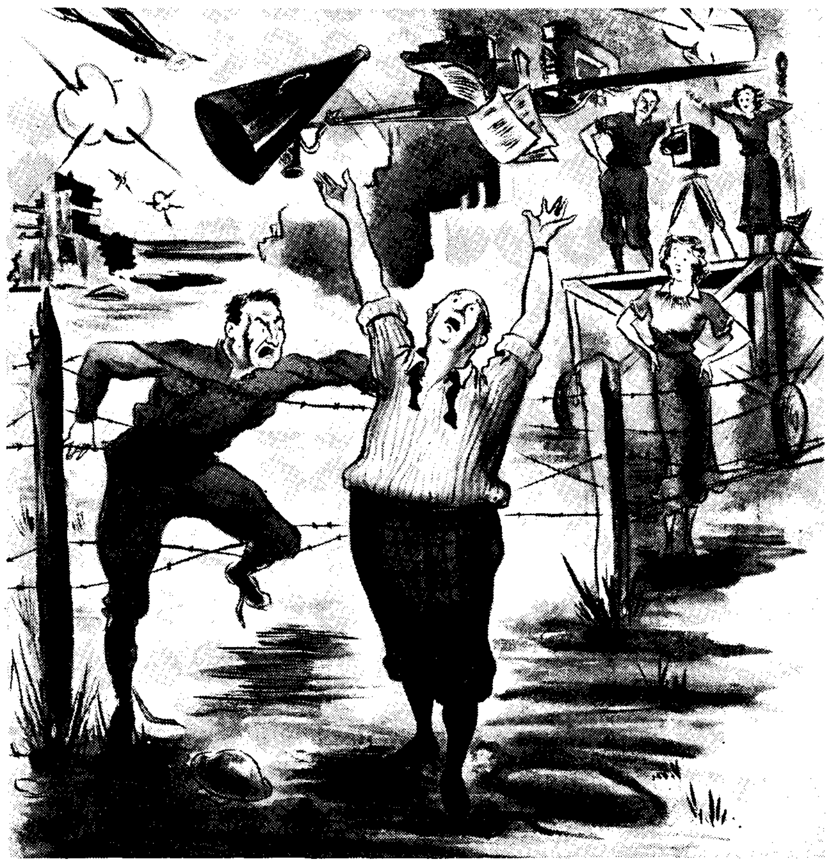
Looking over the field where the battle is to be fought, Surgeon General Parran is of the opinion that tuberculosis still remains the great American scourge, for while its death toll has been cut in half, the number still runs about 74,000 a year. There is now a skin test for children that will ascertain the presence of tuberculosis or tubercular tendencies, permitting the disease to be traced to its source, and the widest possible use of this test will be a major feature of the health drive.

While the Public Health Service will be the spearhead, nothing is farther from Dr. Parran's thought than any program of centralization. What he plans is the fullest possible development of local activity with the P. H. S. merely aiding, directing and supervising.

On the whole, Dr. Parran will be able to count confidently on the support of the medical profession in the great health drive, but there is no question that certain of his deep convictions have aroused antagonism. One of his strongest beliefs is that medicine must undergo a large degree of socialization, the nation's welfare demanding the provision of free drugs and free hospital service to all those who are without money to obtain them. By way of giving a living to doctors, however, he proposes to put in the hands of private practitioners the job of dispensing the free drugs and assigning patients to the free hospitals.

Doctors, for the most part, do not like the idea of becoming mere employees of the government, the states or the cities, and are trying to work out a hospitalization insurance plan of their own that will meet present-day conditions.

It is a dispute, however, that will doubtless be adjusted without bloodshed, for, while a militant soul, Dr. Parran has urbanity, persuasiveness and the gift of accommodation in large degrees. In his spare moments, which are likely to be few from now on, he farms, raises Irish setters, hunts, rides and specializes in cooking waffles, beaten biscuit and fried chicken. Maryland is his native state, and the home of his people since 1635, the time of the Catholic settlement under Calvert. A man with this wide range of human interests will undoubtedly come to some amicable agreement with the medical profession, just as he has succeeded in winning the states to enthusiasm for his health drive.



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A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Hell to Pay in Paradise

Continued from page 11

possible to be with the subject, wag their heads over its complications, which, recently, have been multiplied tragically by the water-front mission tactics of amateur statesmen in the Division of Territories and Island Possessions of the Interior Department.

You will gather, from Puerto Ricans and from informed mainlanders alike, these impressions: Puerto Rico is the problem child of the American family; therefore, a responsibility that cannot be disowned, especially since we took it upon ourselves gratuitously and without leave of the brat. The United States now presents the less than admirable spectacle of a parent who has lost her temper. With the Tydings Bill, we threw freedom at the child's head in pique. With the Campos trial, we dragged it to the political woodshed. Melodramatically, we threaten to open the old homestead door and banish it into the economic night, to the bloodhounds and Simon Legrees of world trade, its nakedness covered only by the leaky shawl of liberty.

Puerto Ricans of culture will lay you three to one—they are the bettingest people you've ever met!—that seventy per cent of average mainland Americans cannot tell with even fair accuracy where Puerto Rico is. There are countless merry stories of the antics and questions of tourists and visiting congressmen to warrant these odds. Yet this small island, a thousand miles out in the Atlantic, has become of grave importance to the United States—far more so, you will see, than headlines indicate. For one thing, it looms as a future threat to the already distraught and overmortgaged American taxpayer. For another thing, it marks the end of the trail for American imperialism—open imperialism, of administration, ballot, flags, annexation, as opposed to undercover dollar imperialism as practiced in Venezuela, Chile, Mexico, and elsewhere.

Unfortunately, the United States approaches this curtain—to a play begun two generations ago—in failure, and with more chagrin than sincerity behind their display of enlightenment.

The Latin Blood

There is a factor of greater importance to national conscience, to future international relationships, and with regard to possible influences upon American business at home and abroad. It is that while Albizu Campos, Puerto Rican Nationalist party leader, and his chief followers were tried for "conspiracy to oppose by force the authority of the United States, incite rebellion, and recruit soldiers to serve in armed hostilities against the United States," the real defendant before Federal Judge Cooper in San Juan in the eyes of every Latin American I talked with, and as revealed by every bit of research I made in a month's tour, was the good-neighbor policy of the New Deal, and whether it will mean anything to Puerto Rico.

Among Puerto Ricans, in common with all peoples of predominantly Latin blood, there is a fanatical tie that transcends clannishness and is purest romanticism. It is the racial well of the vendetta. Let Juan explain, on the balcony in the mountain night:

"With thirty-eight years' experience, and possibly all the good intentions in the world, the mainland government has not learned to understand us. Take the one matter of governors. The initial military government was efficient and solicitous, but then began the parade of civil appointees—men who, even if they were interested, knew they wouldn't be here long enough to learn their job. The United States used its possessions as candy. They weren't smart enough to set up a colonial servant policy, like the British, to whom such island posts are career steppingstones in which they must demonstrate ability before they can hope for better jobs. The United States has worked the other way—sent us old, worn-out men; retired army officers and other public officials, who had no incentive left; often, and even worse, men whose only qualifications were that they made big campaign donations or said nice things in their newspapers about the winning President. Our 'jibaros'—peasants—are shrewd. They quickly appraise each new governor. They say that Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was the only governor we ever had *who did not fall asleep when local committees waited upon him.* That is not wholly true. I know one or two others. I can tell you, he was the only one who got out and made an honest job of trying to know Puerto Rico. He was my guest, in this very house. He walked and rode over the whole Island. Slept in the huts; saw and heard for himself. Of the present governor, every Puerto Rican says, 'Oh, yes, he has been out of San Juan—to go fishing!'

The Strength of a Vision

"Your governors should be men who know us well enough to save Washington from mistakes. What I am leading up to is Campos. Albizu Campos is a visionary; a threadbare demagogue. But he is a Puerto Rican. Many leaders here deride him as a political foe. But when he needed strength to bring his party to official status, they lent him voters. That was not only political strategy. It was our parochialism, which you cannot understand. We can never think of Albizu as a traitor—or anything so important. Traitor to what, to whom? We do not feel this is the United States against Campos, but the United States against Puerto Rico. You send teachers and schoolbooks here to instruct us in the ideals of liberty and the right of self-determination, and then you refuse to let us practice what you preach. Your position with regard to Campos is, thus, inconsistent to us. We may not agree with his method or chatter, but—he is a Puerto Rican. The political and social views of Albizu and his kind are a direct result of American policy and treatment. If Albizu means treason, you've bred it. By jailing him you provide youthful Puerto Ricans with a martyr; and seem like an elephant in a funk over a mouse."

We ask Juan a little wistfully: "Have there been *no* advantages with the American occupation?"

He says, "Yes. Two main ones. But each, curiously, bears its paradox. Sanitation, education; in that order. While I have seen better sanitary arrangements in some European cities than are to be found in any United States center, I am sure it is agreed that in general the conceptions of sanitation, and their practice, are higher in the United States than elsewhere. The doctors, the engineers, the missionaries of cleanliness and all the phases of modern sanitation, were the most inspiring men you have sent here. The health of Puerto Ricans, the appearance and order of our cities and homes, have made unexampled gains since the American flag went up. And still—have you been to La Perla?"

Yes, we had. The slums of the tropics, for obvious reasons, have a peculiar horror; and of the many I have seen, La

(Continued on page 56)

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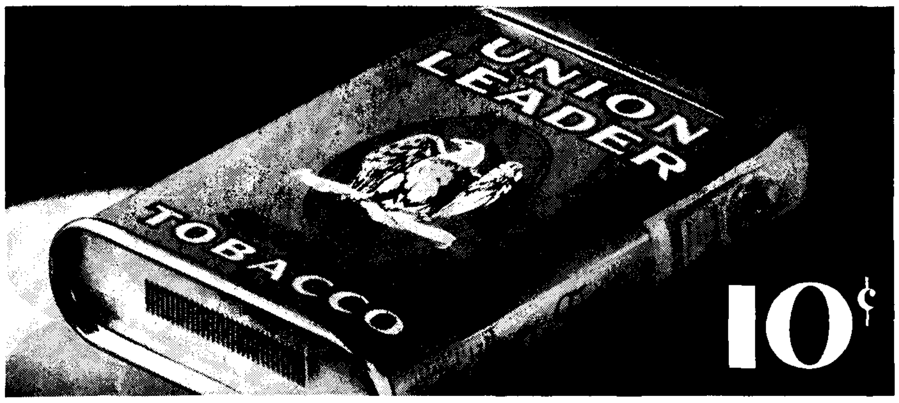

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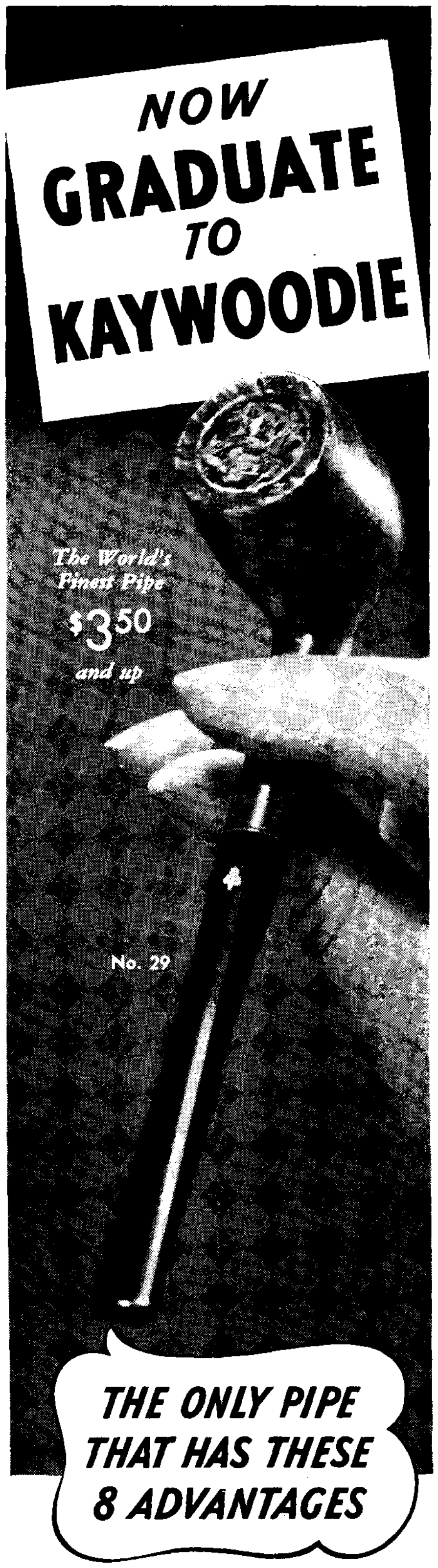

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(Continued from page 55)

Perla is most distressing. Pathetic and hopeless acceptance, by its victims, of incredible squalor. All the tender-minded people who come to Puerto Rico to study her problems and suggest reforms are taken there: Mrs. Roosevelt has seen it; Cabinet members, senators. Some bear it for only a few yards; others become actively ill; no one is ever the same after a climb across its sheer face, where it hangs dangerously to the coral pock-marked shore. You have only to look up from La Perla's muck to see your flag bright in the sun on El Morro's ramparts.

"Well," said Juan, "there was no La Perla before the Americans came; no slums at all on the Island. Improved sanitation is the principal cause of slums here. Maternity care, which reduced infant mortality. Longer life for our people, and more of them. A death rate of about 40 in 1898, reduced to less than half that by 1931. A birth rate that has climbed, until a population that was 400 years accumulating under Spanish rule—and was too large by far, on this little Island, which is not one thirteenth the size of Wyoming, but has seven times as many people—has almost doubled itself in thirty-eight years of American rule. A population wherein two are born for every one who dies; and which, unless God intervenes, will reach four million in another few decades and make Puerto Rico one huge desert city, with no hope of supporting its inhabitants, or giving work to more than ten per cent of them. A population with an unemployed rate of able people when the Americans came, of seventeen per cent; and of more than fifty per cent today. Maybe it would be a good idea if the United States were to let us drink contaminated water again, for a couple of generations!"

Too Many Grads

"What's the paradox in education?" we ask.

"We are the only land on earth with college-trained peons! The Americans gave us a yearning for schools; provided fine people to instruct us, to inspire us. They developed communications and roads, which spur desire for knowledge of places and things beyond your own village. Education is free and compulsory. Some years as much as half our budget goes to the schools; yet, so hopeless is our problem, that not half our children are reached and our illiteracy rate remains close to fifty per cent. Our high schools turn out thousands, our colleges hundreds, each year who have no recourse but to return to the slums and peon homes of their fathers. If they remained ignorant, they would be spared the pain of conscious hopelessness, the agonies of informed discontent."

Similar paradoxes bob up on every hand to confound your attempts to gain clear vistas in Puerto Rico. It has been that way in Puerto Rico since the white beginning—which takes us back to Columbus. Puerto Rico is the only soil under the American flag on which the ambitious Genoese actually trod. Chris named his discovery of November 19, 1493, "San Juan Bautista," in honor of the heir to Spain's throne. Ponce de León in 1508 explored the Island. He came to a fine bay, called it Puerto Rico—"Rich Port"—and made a settlement there. Here the mix-up began; no one knows how, but in the record books the name which Columbus had given to the Island was applied to the first settlement, and the name that León had given it later was applied to the Island.

Hawkins and Drake and Cumberland, outstanding English demi-pirates, as well as French and Dutch freebooters, all dented their reputations in unsuccessful attacks on San Juan. Hawkins was killed there, by a shell from Morro Castle. This stout old fortress gathered cobwebs, thereafter, until the Spanish-American War in 1898 when Admiral Sampson fetched his American fleet up and bombarded it. Morro was untouched by the Yankee marksmen, but San Jose Church half a mile down the road was done in. This did not please the sensitive natives, for San Jose was the oldest church in continuous use in the Americas; constructed by Dominican Friars in 1523, a hundred years before Plymouth Rock got its reputation.

Sampson and General Miles got together, eventually, and set up a military government. Lotteries, cockfighting, and all like sinfulness were abolished, while United States money was substituted for Puerto Rican. This meant that a peon who had paid four centavos, or two and a half cents American, for his indispensable daily rice now had to pay four United States pennies for it. Such blessings poor men are slow to appreciate; lotteries and cockfighting have since been restored.

It was an ironical wind that blew Puerto Rico—together with Cuba and the Philippines—onto our doorstep in that more boisterous than bloody summer of 1898. The United States, from their beginnings and in their traditions and ideals, trended from overseas territorial imperialism; although the enterprise and daring of Yankee skippers, the boundless energy of youthful American industry, quite definitely set us on a way of trade imperialism. Several factors caused our attempt to be a colonial power; among these, the need of the adolescent giant of the New World to show his muscles. It was, of course, the circulation fight between Hearst and Pulitzer that finally pulled land imperialism into our laps.

Now we are retrenching—so far, with notable lack of grace. It has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the average voter that we are not a colonial power; hundreds of lives and millions of dollars have been paid for the lesson. The United States Treasury—unlike the Crown Exchequers of England and Holland and other nations—has not received one penny of direct revenue from our possessions overseas. Private shipping and sugar firms have been the principal beneficiaries.

Puerto Rico, until the New Deal, received no handouts from your taxes and mine, save two small and unbegrudged hurricane relief donations. Its customs and taxation revenues went into the Insular Treasury to line its own budget. The economic weaknesses and social disabilities of Puerto Rico, however, are so numerous and overwhelming that it cannot ever be truly self-supporting. Budget provisions have never reached half the Island's basic needs. Disastrous fecundity of the inhabitants; illiteracy; racial mongrelization; hookworm; climatic lethargy; character decay brought on by months of total idleness between cane seasons; hurricanes; a tradition of paternalism wherein for hundreds of years the Islanders became accustomed to leaning on the government for everything; and, worst evil, absentee landlordism—eighty per cent of the profits made in the Islands are exported; so that Puerto Rico is, in effect, a factory isolated in the ocean—these are among the endless straws which make its outlook as pathetic as it is hopeless.

A Major Industry

Small wonder, then, our Puerto Rican friends tell us, that under the social pressure exerted by such a pyramid of evils, "politics has become the major industry of the Island." The politicos, taking advantage of the desperate poverty of the average voter, of the tragic allure that even a small coin must have for his kind, have exploited "repeating" to a measure that would make even a Philadelphia ward-heeler blanch. In some towns more votes are cast than there are adult inhabitants.

Equal suffrage brought complications; whereas the men would vote right for the equivalent of a day's pay, the women—country women especially—demand a "polling costume," new dress, shoes, hat, and stockings. In one peon district it cost a propertied daddy $30,000 to elect his son to a minor post last year.

The women are fervent. Once Señora Albizu Campos and a girl friend visited the editor of El Mundo, leading newspaper, and charged him with being afraid to meet Señor Campos on the field of honor. While Mrs. Albizu smacked the editor's cheeks with her fan, her friend Carmen sprinkled perfume over him. El Mundo has reported Albizu carefully and fully ever since.

The major parties are the Liberal, the Socialist, the Republican, the Nationalist. The Socialist is the party that loves the United States and wants to cling to the good old starry banner. The Socialists have crawled under the Coalition blanket with the Republicans; and both are hoping omnipotent Uncle Sam will bless their union with a little angel, to be named Statehood. The Liberal is the party of the Nice People. It maintains a lobbyist in Washington—Munoz Marin, son of the distinguished Munoz Rivera. The Liberal party, which has agitated independence for more than a generation, was thrown into a panic by the Tydings Bill, which offered it; for that would end the freedom racket, which provides lucrative jobs for party leaders. The Nationalist party is Señor Albizu Campos.

Portrait of a Reformer

Albizu, in respect to character, background, and possible influence, is the most interesting figure in modern Puerto Rico. He is the direct cause of the present crisis in Puerto Rico's internal affairs and in her relationship to the United States. On his account, the Tydings Bill was flung at the Island. Because of him, the whole colonial policy of the United States at last faces the wastebasket. He has been called dangerous; an inciter of violence. On him is placed blame for crimes that have their springs in thirty-eight years of confused rule. Bloodthirsty sentences are quoted from his public speeches, were used in depositions at his trial, to prove he is a killer—or, at least, one who can stir others to kill. But if you spend hours, as I did, with this frail, dark man you find him spiritual, gentle, cultured, an idealist—with the corollary faults of those traits. He is visionary; listening to him, you might be in Washington listening to the most enthusiastic reformer, who plans social conscience by law overnight instead of through the inevitability of progress. Albizu's major plans are unassailable; the details are fuzzy. His fire-breathing is the normal, unintentional method of the Latin demagogue. All the accusations that have rained upon Albizu have been unable to make him, in the opinion of tolerant Puerto Ricans, anything but what he is—the Mahatma Gandhi of the Caribbean.

His father, Albizu, was of Basque Spanish descent; his mother, a Campos, was of a family noted in the artistic and musical traditions of Puerto Rico. He is a bachelor and a doctor of laws of Harvard and a sincerely devout Roman Catholic. Four successive years at Cambridge he made the principal oration at the reception to foreign professors and students; and he was a club member and officer of the Knights of Columbus. He was a commissioned officer in the

(Continued on page 58)

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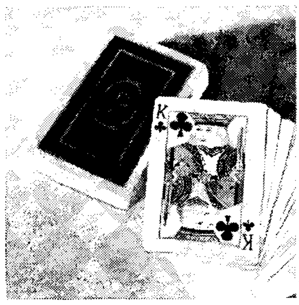

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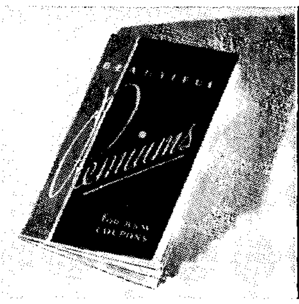

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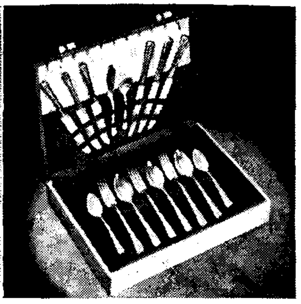

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(Continued from page 56)

United States Army in the Great War; a lieutenant, assigned to the 375th (colored) Infantry. His wife, Laura Meneses del Carpio, is a doctor of science from America's oldest university, San Marcos, at Lima, Peru. She, too, was a graduate student at Harvard. They have a son, and live poorly in a small blue-green-and-red stone house in Aguas Buenas, near San Juan.

Insular political opponents, looking at Albizu, accept him as a smart and entertaining rival; the United States, looking at him, cannot see the comic opera for the wooden guns. The United States attributes the bloody riot at Rio Piedras and the murder of Insular Chief of Police Riggs to the effect of Albizu's spellbinding. Puerto Ricans, with no love for what they call "the sugar-company police," hold the latter equally guilty with the Nationalists. Riggs, ex-United States Army officer, was one of Millard Tydings' best friends; and the senator's bill to cast the Puerto Rican stepchild out of the American family was the reaction of an indignant and heartsick man, rather than considered statesmanship.

No statehood, no colony status, for Albizu. His 5,000, more or less, adult Nationalists, and the whole generation now coming to voting age—which, the rival politicos admit is almost wholly Nationalistic—consider Puerto Rico a Republic, and so refer to it. They have "envoys" abroad; they consider the United States illegally in Puerto Rico, an invader; and they figure we must pay an indemnity of one hundred million a year for each of the thirty-eight years we have been there. The four billion will come in handy to build up the Island defenses, once the *Yanquis* are out. I asked Señor Albizu if he did not fear little Puerto Rico might be gobbled up by grasping powers, once she were free.

"Nonsense," declared Albizu. "We shall be adequately prepared to defend our sacred territory. Puerto Rico is endowed by nature with formidable obstacles to attack. We are insular. In sufficient numbers to effect a seizure, enemies would have to come by naval force. We shall develop a great air corps. None of the Spanish American countries has designs on us, or could annoy us. Besides, they are our brothers. Other potential enemies we could withstand, as our fathers withstood Drake. Of course, I realize England or the United States might be difficult to cope with. But there is no reason for them to fight us."

"Would not Puerto Rico, economically and defensively, in this stupid world of gas bombs, liquid fire, airplane carriers and tariffs, fare better as a state in the American Union than as an independent republic?"

No State

"No," said Albizu, "because the postulate of national unity which informs the North American Constitution has determined the invariable rule that no territory be admitted as a state until the Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Celtic element becomes definitely dominant in the territory in question. The racial, religious, and culture elements are paramount in the consideration of the possibility of admission of a community to statehood. Puerto Rico is the most perfect nationality in the New World. Although we are nearly seventy per cent Spanish in blood, Roman Catholicism has destroyed all racial cleavage. This Christian nation came into being under the aegis of the Cross a hundred years before Jamestown was founded in Virginia. Culturally, this nation regards itself as one of the depositories of Christian Greco-Latin civilization in this hemisphere. From our point of view, statehood or annexation in any form means the passing of our international personality."

Juan, looking down from his mountain balcony, has, perhaps, a more collected if less dramatic point of view.

"We are not ready for independence," said Juan. "This offer of a plebiscite is the final mistake of a long series you have made with regard to us. Give us, through increasing doses, experience in self-government. Give us economic liberty by enforcing the laws against monopolistic control here by a handful of mainland companies, and by returning us to the only system under which such an overpopulated island can live; land broken into small parcels for many farmers, and small local industries financed and worked by Puerto Ricans.

"In the old Spanish time we grew toward that pastoral and industrial ideal. There were thousands of small landowners; they grew coffee, sugar, tobacco, rice, all crops necessary for their own needs, with plenty to export. Now you can look down there and see the real curse of Puerto Rico creeping up every valley like a green cancer. Sugar! Formerly we made our own shoes, clothes, and such things. They were good, but they were not costly, because the general standard of values was low. The coming of the Americans, with no tariffs on American goods, threw us into the most expensive market of the world. With our small incomes, we could not buy freely in it; and if our shoemakers at their lasts, dressmakers at their looms, tried to compete, the Americans glutted our stores with inferior, but few pennies cheaper, shoes and dresses. Meanwhile, the sugar companies were buying out all the small landowners, who, goaded by new market problems, were lured by ready cash. Farmers were forced by the sugar acreage tide back into the hills. They cleared forested ridges, and clawed at the poor soil. This gave new problems. The watershed balance was destroyed; erosion came into Puerto Rico's agriculture for the first time, and now the soil is slipping from the tree-denuded mountains as an old man's gums recede from his teeth.

Reconstruction

"The Puerto Rico Relief Administration—PRRA, 'the Prah,' as we call it here—knows these matters. It is laying plans for their amendment. The plans include rural rehabilitation to put the land back into the hands of the small grower, who can find in a few acres decent sustenance for himself and his family. Some big sugar centrales will be purchased. Forestry practice will stop erosion. The slums will be cleared. Puerto Rico has more than a fair share of water-power resources, and these will be developed. There will be wastage in all these projects; inefficiency, intrigue and corruption. Just as there have been in the states. But there will be a residue of value that should lead to a better future for Puerto Rico.

"You can never assimilate Puerto Rico. Annexation, statehood, all those dodges would be temporary. The plight of our peons is, of course, wretched. But your own miserables—in city slums, in mine regions, drought areas, and among the share-croppers of the South—are even more desperately off; for they, poor devils, haven't the advantage of the gentlest climate in the world and an abundance of perfect food, the banana, theirs for the plucking. You have so much to do for your own poor. Why keep hold of this annex of your poorhouse? We are a different nation, of no value to you, only to ourselves; you could never be anything but policemen here. But so long as you are in here, so long as you took up without our asking the responsibility for Puerto Rico, the one way for you to get out gracefully and without losing prestige internationally, to prove that the good-neighbor policy is more than a slogan, is to do a good job first."

Eye in the Sky

Continued from page 21

the thread of the conversation. He was one of those rare persons who has some compassion for the judge in a horse race. He knew of the experiment at Narragansett Park and suggested that it be repeated to see just how good these Chicago experts were. So, within the hour, the stable ponies were obtained, the boys given their instructions and the show was put on with the writers in the judges' stand.

Two said "dead heat." Two others picked the outside horse. The pictures came down from the big booth high above the track. The camera in that booth and the man who sent the pictures down were the same as at Narragansett Park a few weeks earlier. The pictures showed conclusively that the inside horse had won, contradicting the visual judgment of the writers and defying conclusively the criticism of the ordinary race-track-finish camera that the outside horse is favored. When one of the ordinary cameras is used, the horse in the lane nearest the camera is favored because, while the shutter is traveling across the plate, the near horse travels several feet after the image of the horse on the rail has been recorded. The part of the photograph recorded at the bottom of the plate is actually made by such a camera a split second after the part of the subject at the top of the plate. And in that split second, a race horse may have traveled as much as five or six feet.

A race horse travels about 55 feet a second, the figure being based on a mile in 1:36. Obviously, the hoof is quicker than the eye. A remarkably large number of horse races are won in the last few lengths as the stayer overhauls the mount that can't hold up under the stretch drive. That is why millions of dollars have found their way into the wrong pockets since men began to disagree on the speed of horses and to back their opinions with currency.

Science to the Rescue

And that is why I want to tell you the story of Harry I. Day, scientist, soldier, sportsman, who has discovered the way to correct that situation with scientific finality and infallible correctness. Mr. Day was the man leaning from the window of the booth 110 feet above the finish line at Narragansett Park on that spring morning and again on that afternoon of the turf writers' fanning bee at Arlington Park. It was his electric camera, silent, infallible, all-seeing, that provided in both cases almost instantaneously the visible proof to the newspapermen that the equine hoof is faster than the human eye.

Today, three of the greatest horse tracks in the country—Santa Anita in California; Narragansett Park in Rhode Island, and Arlington Park in Chicago—have adopted Day's electric camera. At Arlington Park, the facile Joe Copps, always ready with a quick phrase, has given the inanimate, more-than-human judge a name that will stick. He has called it the "Eye in the Sky." Other major tracks are adopting it.

The story actually opens on the Olympic Games track in Amsterdam, Holland, during the 1928 Olympic Games, with not a race horse in sight but with the greatest of the world's athletes in action. Gustavus T. Kirby, veteran intercollegiate and Olympic athletic official of the United States, and J. S. Edstrom of Sweden, long-time official in international sport, stood at the finish of a driving sprint and saw the judges place out of the prizes a boy whom Messrs. Kirby and Edstrom believed to have won.

Mr. Kirby was disturbed, and when Mr. Kirby is disturbed things usually happen. There was, of course, nothing that he could do about the actual race in point. But obviously either he and Edstrom or the judges were wrong. Somebody was wrong. That meant that too much was being left to chance and the fallibility of the human eye.

Returning to the United States, Mr. Kirby talked with Harry Day, whom he had known as a promising young scientist. Mr. Day, who for years had made a study of high-speed photography and its relation to the human eye, agreed calmly that it was not humanly possible to judge sprinters racing into the tape in a blanket finish, without frequent mistakes. He added, however, that it *was* humanly possible to develop a mechanical device which would record those split-second finishes deliberately and without possibility of error.

The "Two-Eyed" Camera

The result was the so-called Kirby "Two-Eyed" Camera. Sponsored by Mr. Kirby, it came into use in intercollegiate track sports in 1931. It consisted of a high-speed, electrically driven motion-picture camera complemented by an electric clock connected with the starter's pistol and started by electrical impulse the instant the gun cracked. The veteran Johnny McHugh of New York, who has shot more track men off their marks than any other man in history, was the first starter to use the device.

A row of powerful lights was strung directly above the finish line. The camera was surveyed on the line and mounted at sufficient height to obviate trackside interference. The clock's dial was graduated in minutes, seconds and hundredths of seconds. At the finish, one lens of the camera caught the athletes as they finished. The other lens simultaneously photographed the clock's cylindrical dial to provide the winner's time as he breasted the tape and the times of the others as they crossed the line. The reflex error of the human timer was eliminated. One eye for the runners, one eye for their times. Hence the "Two-Eyed" designation.

The results were amazing, both in the infallible correctness with which the runners were now judged and the accuracy with which they were timed. Straightway the device was recognized by the International Federation and, after further trials in the intercollegiate championships of 1932, was used in the Olympic Games of that year at Los Angeles.

But Harry Day was not primarily interested in intercollegiate track sports. As a scientist, he had thus far been able to give little time to sports of any kind. But he used to tear himself away occasionally to watch the horses run at Belmont, Empire City and Saratoga, even as you and I. And, even as you and I, with two dollars on the nose of a good-looking equine prospect, revealed by hurried study of a racing sheet, he found himself in frequent and definite disagreement with the judges on close finishes. But, not as you and I, he knew what was wrong. He didn't blame the judges. He held for them sympathy, not scorn.

He talked with racing officials about this problem which, with the remarkable increase in the scope of the pari-mutuel system, had taken on new significance. The racing public wanted to bet on horses. Rockingham, Narragansett Park, Santa Anita, Arlington Park and scores of other great racing plants proved that.

(Continued on page 60)

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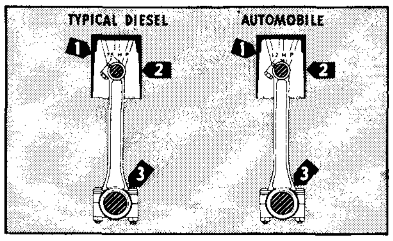

1. A typical Diesel cylinder develops 75 horsepower, the average automobile 12.
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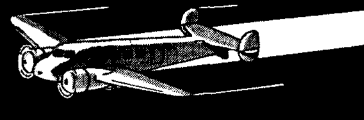

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AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO.
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(Continued from page 59)

But the public wanted to know that its investment would be protected. Sharp drops in the "handle" for days after a disputed finish had proved that.

From some racing officials, Harry Day got nothing more than short pooh-poohs. But to the forward-looking people of the turf who would listen he explained that he was not in disagreement with the judges themselves but merely with the human limitations of their eyes. A horse which is running a mile in 1:36, he explained again patiently, is moving 55 feet a second or 13 feet, 9 inches in a quarter of a second. Experiments which he conducted with a hundred New York University students as subjects proved that the eye can master no more than four images in a single second. As the judge glances along the line from horse to horse in a close finish, therefore, there is the chance that he will be wrong by as much as from five to ten feet.

With the approval of the racing stewards at Santa Anita in the season of 1934 and 1935, the man whose aim it is to protect your two dollars and mine set up his device on the roof of the towering stand. For thirty days he kept an accurate check on the close finishes. Daily the stewards and judges watched the experiment. At the end of that time, having measured decision after decision of the fallible, human eye against the infallible, unhurried camera eye to which 1/100th of a second is a definite period of time, the Santa Anita officials decided enough was enough. The Day electric camera—Eye in the Sky to you—was installed officially. On February 15, 1935, the last day the judges worked without the aid of the camera, the "handle" was $221,537. The next day the "handle" was $536,000. The "daily average handle" for the meeting up to and including February 15 had been $191,000. That daily average started to climb immediately with the Eye in the Sky on the job. At the end of the 64-day race meeting, the daily average was $236,718, as compared with the average of $191,879 for the first 46 days during which the camera was not in official use.

That increase came because the Eye in the Sky bred confidence among the people who went to the races. Take, for example, the opening day of the Arlington Park meeting at Chicago:

The Eye in the Sky is peering down at this finish line for the first time. The day is dark. Rain drizzles. It is the kind of day judges hate. But away goes the first race on scheduled time, a field of two-year-olds.

Two of them, Tootsiecake and Busy Mae have the race to themselves as they come into the stretch. The opening day crowd roars as they go into the wire, hardly a whisker between them. Nobody knows which horse has won. It's close enough to be called a dead heat or either way. The railbirds who have been reading about the Eye in the Sky are saying that "here's a test all right, all right, in the first race of the meeting."

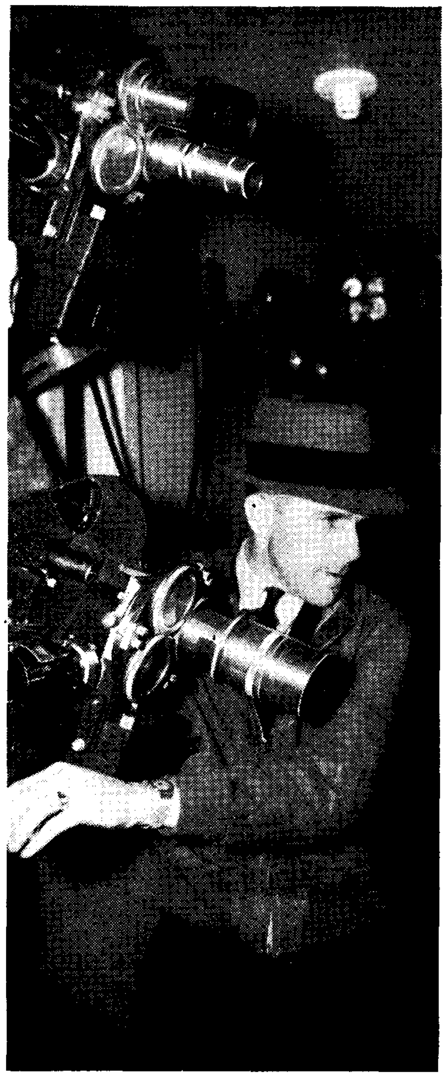
It's Tootsiecake's Race

The board in the infield flashes "photo finish." Before the jockeys are back for weighing in, the prints are in the hands of the judges. Tootsiecake, the inside horse, has won by one and a half inches. Within five minutes, pictures of the finish are posted in the stands for the fans to see. There is no word of protest, no squawk.

This is how it works.

You and I have gone out to Arlington Park, we'll say. The third race comes up. Your choice is Blazer. I like Lovely Lady just because—well, why not? It's a hunch. Anyway, the odds are good.

It's a six-horse race. They come out of the last turn and down the stretch with Blazer leading by two full lengths. But my Lovely Lady is in second position and is staying remarkably well. A furlong from home, the pace begins to tell on your Blazer. Lovely Lady is near the rail, Blazer about fifteen feet out. Bit by bit, Lovely Lady picks up. A hundred yards from home, she's gaining steadily. Blazer is faltering, not much but enough to make it awfully close. It's virtually a dead heat as they thunder under the wire. Blazer, still in front five feet from the wire, doubtless would have been adjudged the winner nine times out of ten before the Eye in the Sky came to Arlington Park. You would have won.



The electric camera developed by Harry I. Day

But now "the eye has it." The judges are not obliged to rely on their own eyes when inches and hundredths of seconds are in question. The loud-speaker booms, "Hold your mutuel tickets." I'm holding mine. You're certainly holding yours because you believe you won. I don't know. We'll wait for the evidence. But how has this camera evidence, on which the decision will be made within two minutes, been collected?

Well, you see that booth up there on the roof of the stand, set well back and high, 250 feet from the finish line. In it are two cameras, one mounted as an auxiliary to guard against the remote event of a breakdown. Each is trained on the finish wire with all the exactness of which surveying instruments are capable. That means to the thousandth of an inch.

When Blazer and Lovely Lady, leading the field, were a furlong from the finish, a technician at the controls of the active camera pressed a button. That started the camera in operation, feeding film exactly as in the case of the ordinary motion-picture camera, except that the speed was much greater. For a few seconds, there was nothing to photograph. Then, as Blazer, followed in a split second by Lovely Lady, flashed into the area thirty feet from the finish wire, they were photographed on the 16mm. film at a rate of 165 frames a second. An impression was made every time the surging mounts moved four inches or less.

A nose crosses the finish wire. Whose nose? That's where you and I—and the judges—differ. You think it was Blazer's; I hope Lovely Lady's. The judges may think either. But they don't have to worry. Perhaps Lovely Lady was inches behind, three feet before the finish. What you and I want to know is whose nose hit that wire first. We'll soon know. The film has been fed into an automatic developing machine. It is developed, fixed, partially dried and, without printing, the technician views the film. He telephones to the judges the correct order of finish and the winner's time. There go the numbers—5, 9, 3. I win on Lovely Lady. I knew I couldn't go wrong on that name. But you have no squawk coming. The Eye in the Sky and its picture did it.

It Takes But a Few Minutes

Perhaps the judges want to view that picture for themselves, however, before they post the numbers. All right. They'll have to wait exactly thirty seconds more before the finished print is dispatched to the judges' stand by the overhead transmission wire rigged up with a brown leather carrier. In that event, the posting of the numbers will be delayed just that long. All of this has added up to two minutes and twenty seconds, perhaps ten seconds more, from the time Lovely Lady crossed the finish line.

But you, my friend—perhaps you're difficult to convince. You'd like to see those pictures just to make sure the judges have read them rightly. All right. Come downstairs. The pictures will be down there before we are, posted in strategic spots in clubhouse and concourse just for your satisfaction. Another set has already been delivered to the press box, for the newspapermen.

Just for fun, it's too bad that you and I were not backing Sun Apollo and Steelhead, respectively, in the sixth race at Narragansett Park on last May 18. Sun Apollo was the favorite and, entering the stretch, had a half-length advantage over Steelhead. But in the stretch duel, Steelhead closed in and they hit the wire together. This was a photograph finish for fair and the judges called for the pictures. Developed and enlarged in less than three minutes, the photographs showed conclusively that there was not a whisker between the horses. Time was when such an announcement of a dead heat would have resulted in a minor riot. But in this case, educated to the fact that this electric camera has reduced horse-race finishes to a scientific certainty, doing away with the error of oblique viewing and all other pitfalls, the announcement was greeted by cheers, the purse was split, the jockey fees were split and the customers were satisfied.

Horse racing is one business-sports enterprise in which the customer can't be always right. If he were, somebody would go broke a great deal faster than you and I do now. But if we have to lose our money—and it was Damon Runyon who observed laconically that "all horse players must die broke"—I think it is only right that we lose it in the most painless manner possible.

That's why Mr. Harry I. Day, I believe, must take rank with the leading benefactors of today's American life. Securely as he has fixed his name among the scientists by tinkering around with atomic phenomena, he has done something with his Eye in the Sky that will touch the lives—and pocketbooks—of the average American sports fan more vitally. The Eye in the Sky has eased the pain in the vicinity of the pocket in which you carry your wallet, for you must admit that the shock of losing isn't nearly so painful when it is quick and beyond all doubt.

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Elep pree

By F raser

When an elephant goes "must" he becomes a rogue and a killer and can never be trusted again—so say the textbooks. Here are actual incidents that show that the books are sometimes wrong

ILLUSTRATED BY MORGAN STINEMETZ

ELEPHANTS are strangely temperamental animals—almost as temperamental as that queer animal called man. In twenty-five years of dealing with these great Asiatic pachyderms—and in capturing and bringing several dozen of them back to America alive—I have many times been stumped by their queer behavior. Yet always, when confronted by one of these great beasts, whether he was as docile as a kitten or savage as the wildest cyclone—and the same elephant can be *both*—I have managed to handle him through that great governor of us all, *habit*.

Three years ago I was in the jungles of Ceylon on an elephant drive. I had orders for two fine, healthy specimens, and at the same time I was photographing the drive for my motion picture. To get the two I wanted it was necessary to drive a whole herd of twenty-two into a huge eight-acre kraal, which had to be built out of jungle logs on the spot. It was a colossal task, but with the aid of several hundred experienced native elephant drivers I managed it; and after keeping the two wild specimens I wanted in training cages for a while and calming them down with the aid of tame work elephants, I marched them back through the jungle to Kandy.

Bill Troller—an old resident of Ceylon whose varied career had comprised every sort of job from tea planter to District Officer, both in Ceylon and in India, and whose long experience in the country had resulted in a pretty thorough knowledge of elephants—happened to see me returning with my weighty catch. He hailed me from the steps of the Queen Hotel and suggested that my triumph deserved a *chotapeg* in the lounge.

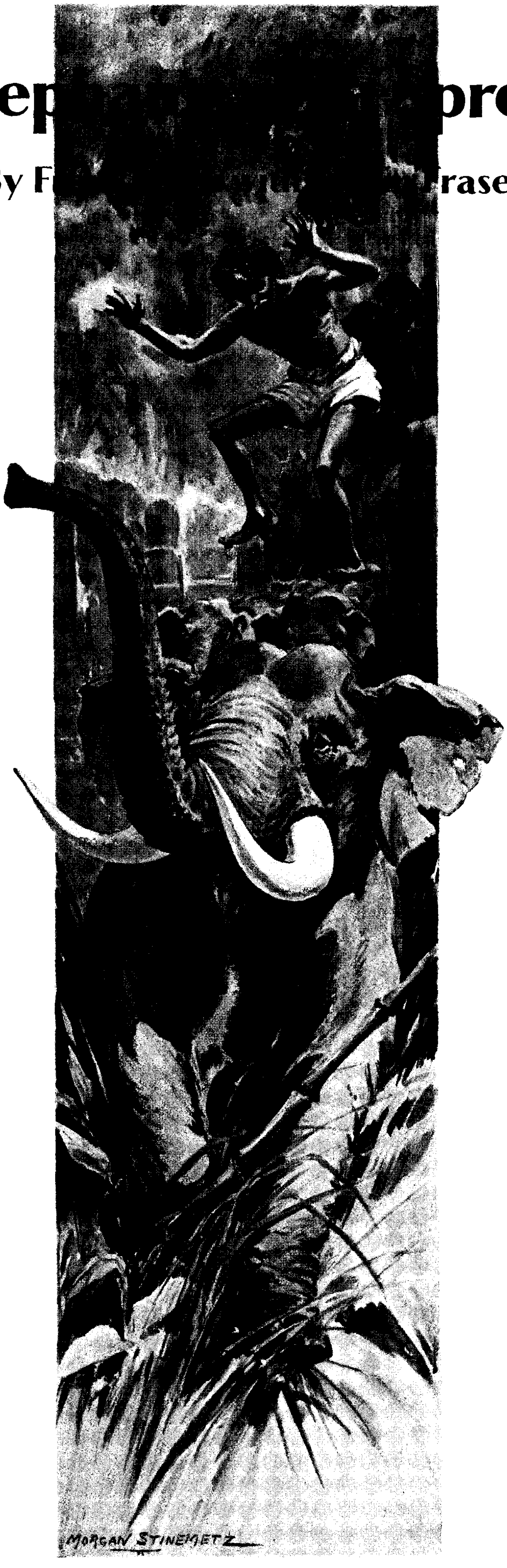
Elephants Have Habits, Too

Naturally, our talk centered about elephants. Elephants are one of Troller's pet hobbies. He has made quite a study of them and, in fact, during several years' experience as District Officer in one of the big forest preserves of Ceylon, it was part of his duty to keep hunters from shooting them promiscuously and to preserve the wild herds by permitting the capture of only a limited number of beasts a year—and these confined to young non-breeding females, and males not of sufficient size or strength to be herd leaders.

"I'm mighty glad you got your two, Frank," he said. "Fine specimens, too. Seeing you walking them in like that, between those big work elephants, I couldn't help but think of something I saw happen to an elephant when I was District Officer up in Central India."

We were on our third *chotapeg* by this time, and Troller was waxing eloquent. He chuckled at the memory of that India experience of his.

"Honestly, Frank, it was a howl! You know what creatures of habit elephants are—"



It was hardly more than a step down onto Satan's neck. Jeju made that step with one lithe move

"Of course," I nodded. "In a few years those wild ones I just captured will be as docile as pups. They'll be carrying kids on their backs in a howdah somewhere in America—and loving it. Simply because it's become a habit with them."

"Exactly," Troller said. "This elephant I want to tell you about had a habit, too. It was a normal, natural sort of habit, and old Rajah loved it. As a matter of fact, I think he looked forward to it all his working day.

"You know, in some of the Indian army cantonments they work elephants pretty hard. Elephants carry logs, do the road-grading work, handle all the heavy stuff, and sometimes even drag the artillery around. Elephants with the British army in India do much the same sort of work that your army mules and horses do back in the States.

Rajah Joins the Family Group

"Well, at the end of every working day Rajah's mahout, Syed Tasad, used to take his elephant home with him for an hour or so. Syed Tasad had a little shack on the edge of the cantonment, a little palm-thatched shack where he lived with his wife and baby.

"Syed was proud as Punch of the youngster. As a matter of fact, I think he only wanted that baby so it could grow up and be a mahout like himself. Many's the evening, just at dusk, I passed that little thatched house and saw Syed and his wife eating their rice and curry on the earthen veranda, with that big work elephant standing beside them and with little Syed Jr. reaching out from his hammock swung between two porch posts to pat a gigantic gray knee of the beast.

"And more than once I heard Syed talk to his son in the hammock. 'Someday you have *gaga* like Rajah,' he'd say. 'Someday you have great elephant—maybe baby even have Rajah! You be fine mahout like your father. You learn about *gaga* now. Pat his trunk. See? *Gaga* like baby?' "

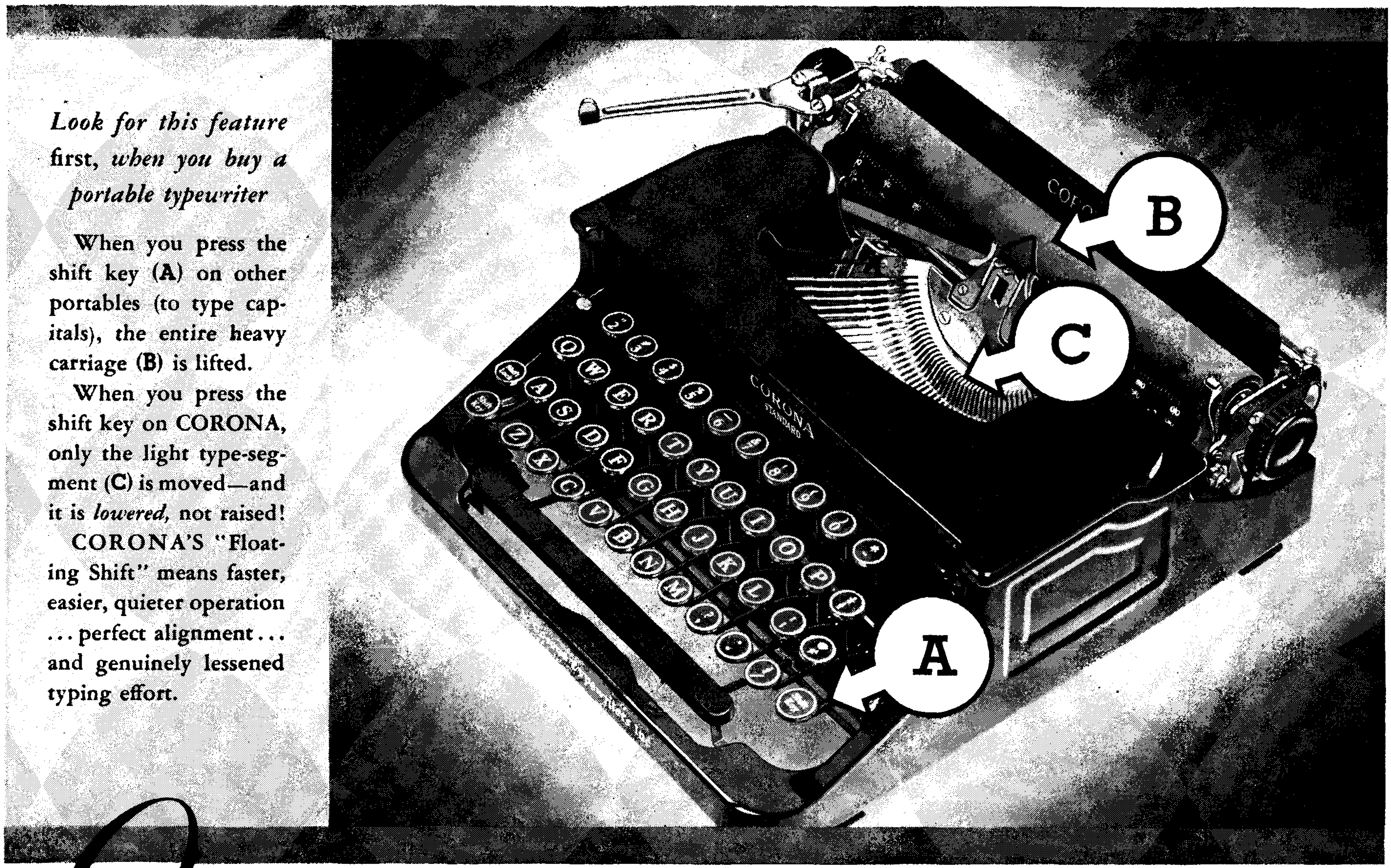
Troller grinned at the remembrance of that homey Indian scene—a great, gray elephant standing placidly in the dusk, gently rocking a brown baby's hammock, while a proud brown father talked of his ambition for his son to become an elephant mahout.

"It was about that time Captain Eaton came to the cantonment," Troller went on. "Eaton was new to the East—a good enough chap, but he had 'book ideas.' Trained back home in England, he'd read books on India, and plenty of 'em. One of his pet subjects was elephants. He'd read somewhere or other that elephants were treacherous beasts that might go 'must' at any time, attack their keepers, and become killers and rogues. He thought that any elephant that went 'must' would immediately become a rogue and couldn't be shot too quickly."

"But that's ridiculous," I said. "An elephant that goes 'must' is merely an elephant that wants a mate. If he gets a day or two of freedom in the jungle—provided he's a good elephant to begin with—he's likely to be the same docile beast he was before."

"Of course," Troller nodded. "That's what I tried to tell the Captain. But do you suppose he'd believe me? No, sir! The power of the printed page he'd read in England was a lot

THE *Floating Shift*★



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Three Corona models are equipped with the Floating Shift—Corona Silent at $67.50, Corona Sterling at $62.50, and Corona Standard (illustrated above) at $49.50. Corona Junior at $37.50 is also excellent for home and school use. All have four-bank keyboards.

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LONG YEARS IN INDIA had peppered the Colonel with strange beliefs. "Hot weather demands high seasoning" was his favorite motto. His particular dish was a curry hot enough to melt gold teeth—even his iced drinks seemed to sizzle.

When he visited America, someone gave him a Tom Collins mixed with Fleischmann's Gin. It was a cool, smooth drink—the gin enhanced the subtle tang of the fruit, but didn't overpower it.

"*Deuced smooth, you Americans!*" was his only comment. Later he was discovered gazing lovingly at his diplomatic passport—which allowed him to salt away several cases of Fleischmann's Gin among his luggage.

★ ★ ★

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DISTILLED DRY GIN

90 Proof Also: Fleischmann's Sloe Gin—65 Proof

Elephants on a Spree

Continued from page 62

stronger than my advice of fifteen years' experience as a District Officer in India.

"So Captain Eaton went on with this elephant-phobia of his. I tried to tell him that elephants were just like mules or horses—or even tractors. That they were just beasts of burden—at least our army elephants—and aside from a display of temperament now and then—and even a tractor has carburetor trouble!—they could always be handled with a little reason and common sense."

"What finally happened?" I asked.

Troller laughed.

"Plenty!" he said. "One night Rajah went 'must.' I imagine Syed, after a hard day's work, hadn't fastened Rajah's chains any too solidly. Anyhow, Rajah heard the call of the wild, snapped his fastenings, and was off into the jungle—not hesitating to take out the wooden side of the elephant stable as he went.

"Naturally, the Captain threw a fit. This was what Eaton had been dreading from his books long before he ever set foot in India. Here was an elephant gone 'must'! Here was a pachyderm that would become a savage rogue, a killer, who would uproot trees, trample and destroy rice plantations, and slay native women and children like flies!

"I tried to talk to the Captain, but he wouldn't listen. Hadn't his books told him that an elephant that went 'must' would become a rogue—the most dangerous creature that terrorized the jungle? You would have thought, judging from Eaton's state of panic, that Rajah was some old wild bull elephant herd leader that had been driven out of his herd by some younger and more powerful bull, and had really become a man-killing rogue. There is only one way to deal with such an elephant—that was to shoot him on sight! But Rajah was a different proposition, and Eaton should have known it.

"I'll never forget Syed Tasad's grief and anxiety over his Rajah. It was pitiful. I am sure he would liked to have gone to the Captain and pleaded with him to give old Rajah time to get over his 'must' and wait to see whether he wouldn't come back home his same old docile self. But, of course, a native mahout cannot approach a grand *sahib* like the Captain, so about all Syed could do was to swing Syed Jr.'s hammock and mumble his opinion of newly arrived *sahibs* who just couldn't understand elephants.

A Job on His Hands

"So Syed and I stayed behind in the lightening dawn and watched Captain Eaton, who had appeared in his full field uniform, leading his company of soldiers out to shoot down a fifty-year-old work elephant.

"Well—he had a job on his hands. You know the Indian jungle, Frank. It's rough, tough going, and by sunset on that first day Eaton and his men had seen neither hide nor hair of their 'rogue' elephant. They set up camp nearly twenty miles from the cantonment, and from all the stories I've heard they tried to sleep in a mosquito-infested swamp that drove them all nearly crazy. The lowliest native private was mighty glad when the sun shot up over the eastern horizon again and he could get on with the Captain's elephant hunt.

"They broke new jungle that day. They spread out to cover miles and miles of territory. But not even a track of Eaton's elephant in the jungle mud did they find. About midafternoon the Captain gave the word to head back toward the cantonment.

"The weary, elephant-hunting troops were moving into the cantonment along the road that led past the mahout's huts. And there, beside the trail, was the *nipa*-thatched home of Syed Tasad. It was a beautiful and homey scene that Captain Eaton and his footsore troops saw. For Syed and his wife were squatting on the earthen veranda in the dusk, eating their rice and curry. And beside them stood the great elephant, Rajah—Captain Eaton's 'must' elephant, the rogue that a whole company had been searching for two days and a night to shoot down as a dangerous killer!

"Rajah, having voluntarily returned from his jungle escapade by himself, was gently and lovingly rocking little Syed Jr. in his twine-braided hammock, just as he had rocked him with his great trunk a hundred times before!"

Satan Was a Brute

"You saw those two wild elephants I just brought into Kandy, Troller," I said when the drinks were brought. "In capturing them I had an experience that shows the power of habit in elephants that's as amazing as yours. You know Ratwatti, of course, the elephant man and contractor I hired to build my kraal. But do you know that big bull elephant of his, named Satan?"

Troller grinned.

"Everyone around here knows him, Frank. In fact, we white residents named him. He's a killer, and a genuine one. Did Ratwatti have him working on your kraal?"

"He did. And I never saw a better worker. Honestly, Troller, that elephant could do the work of two. Anybody who sees my picture, Wild Cargo, will recognize him. He's the big tusker who carries most of the logs for the kraal.

"But he *was* a brute. As you say, a killer. Nobody but his mahout, a little dried-up man named Jeju, could do a thing with him. As a matter of fact, nobody else tried. They knew Satan too well.

"Even Jeju, who'd been Satan's mahout ever since the elephant had been captured as a young bull and trained forty years before, couldn't do much with him unless he was on the beast's wide, gray neck. Let Jeju get off that neck and Satan had to be fastened immediately with double chains.

"But once on that elephant's neck, with a bare toe hooked behind each of Satan's big, flapping ears, that little hundred-and-ten-pound mahout could control every move of Satan's ten thousand pachyderm pounds!

"It was habit, you see—forty years of habit of feeling weight sitting up there on his great neck and being conscious of the mahout's bare toes behind his ears—forty years of going right or left, or stopping dead still as the pressure of those weak little human toes and Jeju's shrill voice demanded.

"Well, one night when we had the kraal about two thirds completed, old Satan broke loose from his chains and, with a great trumpet, went out of our camp like a gray dreadnaught steaming into line of battle. He may have gone 'must,' or possibly it was just his natural inclination to be a bad elephant. Anyhow, he crashed into the jungle, tramping through brush and tearing down branches from trees, and was gone before we hardly got our eyes open.

"Ratwatti, Satan's owner, was desolated—naturally. Here was his best work elephant—a beast worth the pay of any three others—gone. Ratwatti wanted to get him back, of course. But this looked like an impossible thing to do. Even locating Satan in a couple of hundred square miles of dense jungles was a job in itself, and once he was located—after his taste of freedom—being a 'bad' elephant to start with, he'd be twice the killer he was before.

"After six weeks Ratwatti finally managed to find him. His scouts reported that Satan had gone native in a big way. No one saw the fight, but it must have been terrific. For Satan was roaming the jungle with a whole harem of his own private cows, and the usual accompanying calves and older youngsters, behind him!

"To win that wild herd of elephant cows, Satan had had to fight—with tusks and trunk and stamping feet—their former bull and master, and drive him off beaten and bloody into the jungle. This is the way all elephant bulls get their harems—by vanquishing some herd leader in fierce elephant combat. Satan, after forty years in captivity, had done just this, and made a good job of it. Ratwatti's scouts reported that he was the satisfied and complete master of eleven elephant cows and their combined offspring!

The Habit of Forty Years

"Having located his best worker, Ratwatti wanted him back more than ever. But how to get him? Personally, I didn't think it could be done. This Satan wasn't like Rajah; a killer even in captivity, he'd be an utter devil now, and he'd crush the life out of any man who went too near him.

"But Ratwatti, being a good Singalese—and the Singalese are as shrewd as any of the sons of Moses—wasn't going to lose that valuable working beast without a struggle. So he evolved a plan he thought might work.

"Satan had his herd in a valley about thirty miles from our camp. It's a valley of the biggest rocks and boulders I ever saw in my life. Some of them, gray as granite, without a crack on their huge sides, are as big as a three-story house.

"At one end of this valley there is a narrow passage. The hills slope down on both sides, the rocks jut out, and the outlet isn't more than ten feet wide, with a wall of boulders twelve to fifteen feet high hemming it in.

"This was the spot where Ratwatti decided to attempt his recapture of Satan. He spread out two hundred native beaters at the lower end of the valley, and slowly they worked forward, moving Satan and his herd of cows and youngsters gently before them.

"At the outlet of the valley, behind a bush on one of the rocks that formed the narrow defile, crouched Jeju, Satan's old mahout. I've wondered since at the kind of courage that must have taken. After six weeks of wild freedom there was no telling how that killer elephant would respond to what Jeju intended to do. If he responded as might be expected, Jeju could look forward to about two seconds of life in this world. But Jeju didn't bat an eyelash as he crouched behind his bush and watched Ratwatti's beaters working the killer and his wild herd closer and closer.

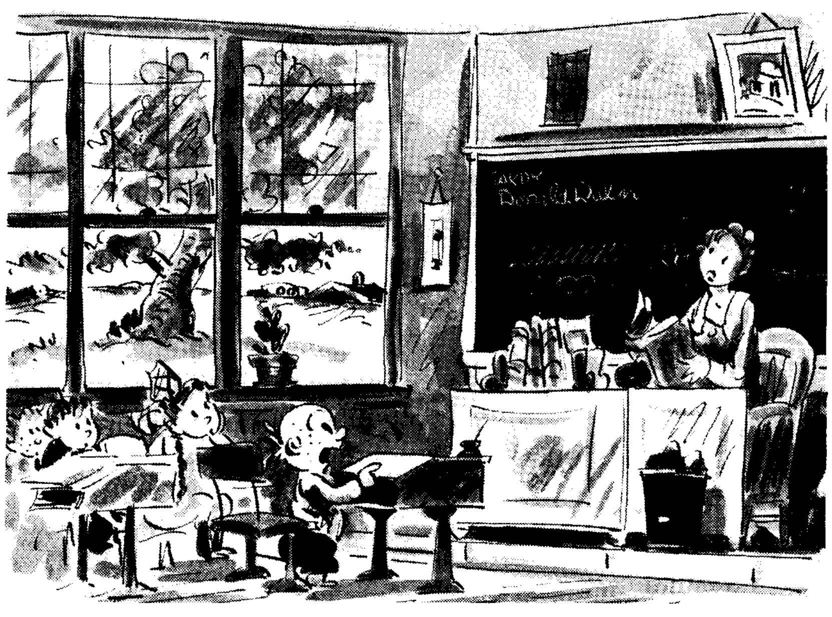
"When the moment came for the actual drive, the actual stampeding of the elephants through that narrow, ten-foot defile, pandemonium broke loose in the valley. Ratwatti's two hundred beaters set up sudden shouts that must have turned Buddha over in his grave. They pounded on hollow tree trunks and native drums, and fired what guns they had into the air.

"Naturally the elephant herd broke into a frightened run away from the terrifying racket behind. Satan didn't lead. A bull never leads a herd. It's a wise old cow that takes charge when things go wrong. And this cow broke for the narrow defile through the rocks, with Satan right behind her, snorting like a locomotive and trumpeting loudly enough to have been heard in Kandy.

"As Satan went between the rocks there was a brown flash from behind a bush. The rocks were about fifteen feet high, and it was hardly more than a step down onto Satan's neck. Jeju made that step with one lithe move. And once there, once on the neck of that mad and panic-stricken killer, he hung on with both hands and stabbed his toes into their old sockets behind Satan's ears!

"Troller, I've never seen anything like it in my life. For a second or two I thought that great elephant would twist that native to pieces with his trunk and trample him into the mud. But suddenly he stopped in his tracks. His harem of cows went thundering past him and disappeared in the jungle beyond. But Satan stood there, unmoving, with Jeju's toes resting firmly behind his ears and with the little mahout screaming out his orders in true elephant-drivers' fashion.

"Then, as calmly as if he'd never had a six-weeks spree of freedom, Satan turned and moved contentedly back toward camp, with little Jeju perched on his neck, and those toes—*the habit of forty years*—guiding him back to a life of captivity and labor!"



"My father says not to bother him with questions about picking cotton. He's in the pickle business"

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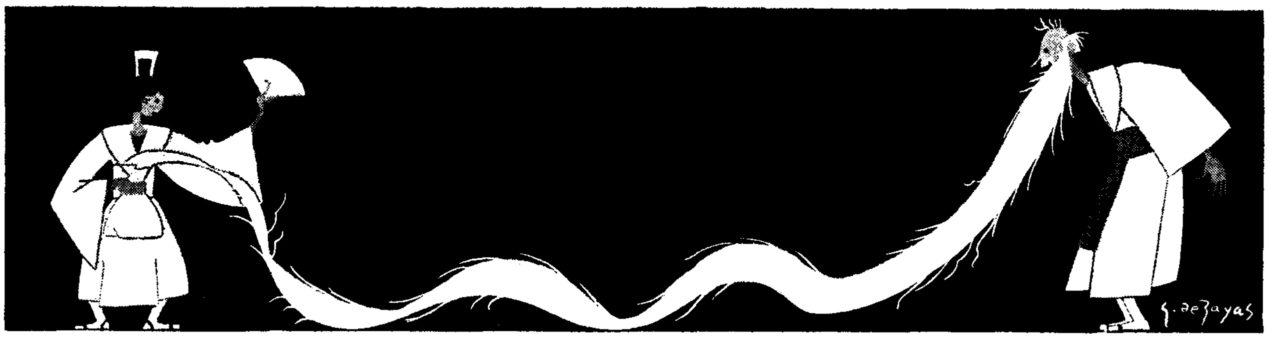


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The longest beard in Japan, where the old gentlemen make a specialty of lengthy facial finery, is owned by a Mr. Kato. After thirty years he has succeeded in producing one that, because it drags on the ground, has to be carried around in a bag.—*By Marjorie Young, Tokyo, Japan.*

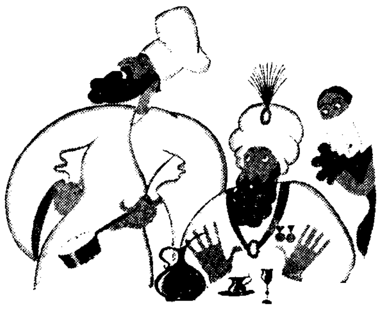
The criminal law of England, unlike that of the United States, does not permit a prosecutor to prejudice a jury with a record of the past convictions of the man on trial, except under unusual circumstances such as when there are previous convictions for the same offense and when the accused himself raises the issue of his good character.

Under federal law a vessel that is equipped with both sail and motor power is classed as a sailing vessel at night and when in a fog and therefore is entitled to the right of way given to such craft. But during the day and in clear weather, it is classed as a motorboat and thus is required to follow the rules of the road of power-driven vessels.—*By Carl Lindenmarfer, Baltimore, Maryland.*

The Campo Santo, a cemetery in Pisa, Italy, was made, about 1195, of 53 shiploads of earth which came from Jerusalem's fields surrounding the spot where Christ was crucified.

As Jewish dietary law prohibits the contact of meat with milk and milk products, they must not only be eaten hours apart but cooked and consumed with separate utensils. Thus the truly orthodox family keeps two sets of pots and pans, dishes, silverware, cruets, tablecloths, napkins and drying towels. In wealthy homes there are even separate cooking ranges and kitchen sinks.—*By Ben Goldish, Duluth, Minnesota.*

India's caste system creates singular situations. The Maharaja of Mysore, the multimillionaire prince who has reigned over India's second greatest state for the past 41 years, is lower in caste than his cook who, therefore, would suffer great humiliation if he were ever made to eat, drink or smoke with his employer-monarch.



Many of the poisonous mushrooms are not easily distinguished from the edible forms. In fact the deadliest species, the *Amanita phalloides,* which causes 90 per cent of the deaths from this kind of poisoning, not only closely resembles but reacts like a wholesome mushroom in that it peels and will not blacken silver.

The only place in the United States over which the American flag is allowed by law to fly each night in times of peace is the grave of Francis Scott Key in Maryland. The purpose is to make true always the famous line in his song, The Star Spangled Banner: "Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there."—*By M. G. Hardimay, Dorchester, Massachusetts.*

In the United States between 1880 and 1890, apparently thousands of small town "slickers" bought and passed counterfeit money. One Reed Waddell, operating in New York, made $250,000 during this decade by selling "green goods" throughout the country at the rate of $12 for $1, boldly advertising his currency to a preferred list through letters, circulars and even elaborate booklets.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Hitler's Traveling Salesman

***Continued from page** 15*

of his deep-set eyes, ready to spread, at the slightest provocation, over his amiable features.

His first striking diplomatic success came in 1935.

In June of that year he signed, on behalf of the Hitler government, the Anglo-German Naval Treaty, which gave Germany the right to build a navy 35 per cent as strong as that of Britain, and aroused in the French a fury 100 per cent as large as any they had felt for a long time.

Then, early this year, it was again Joachim von Ribbentrop who was sent to London, to plead the German case for the remilitarization of the Rhineland, which his temperamental boss in Berlin had just accomplished in his best fist-on-the-table fashion. Despite von Ribbentrop's suave manner and eloquent tongue, Germany came in for severe censure from Ribbentrop's auditors.

He himself, however, emerged several rungs higher on the ladder to success. One measure of his growing importance was the deepening malignity of the scowls lavished upon him by the regular diplomats of the Reich, the "career men" who had long considered him an unwelcome intruder and now began to scent in him a dangerous rival.

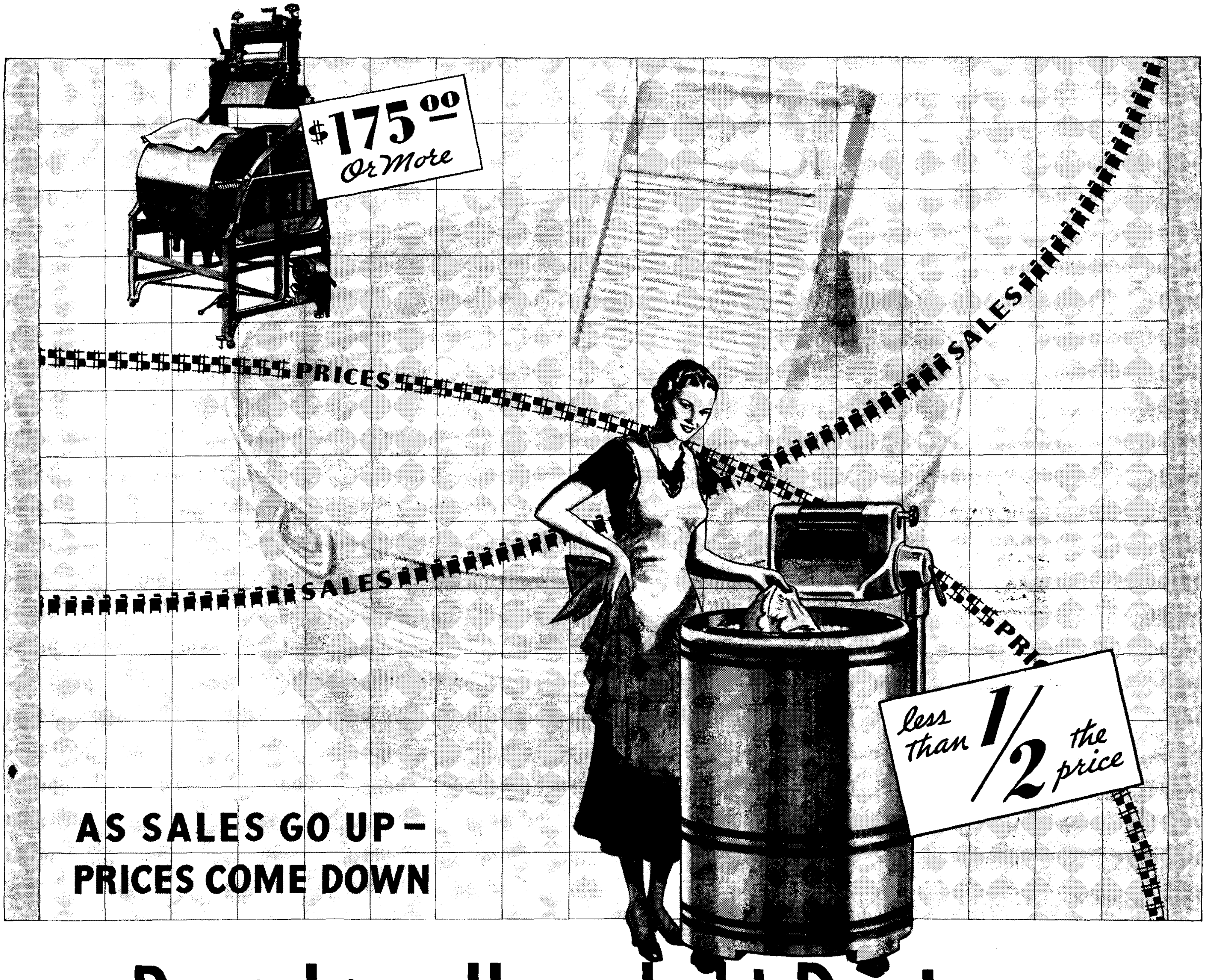
For Bravery in Action

The rumors that he was slated to be the successor of Hitler's Foreign Minister, Baron von Neurath, became more insistent than ever. And they say in Berlin that the sudden death of Herr von Hoesch, Germany's Ambassador to Britain (who, it will be remembered, dropped dead, while putting on his necktie, at the height of von Ribbentrop's London activities this spring and whose place von Ribbentrop now fills), was due to a violent paroxysm of anger, brought on by von Ribbentrop's informal flittings in and out of Number Ten Downing Street and other citadels of British statecraft, hitherto sacred to professional diplomats and barred to pushing amateurs.

Joachim von Ribbentrop was born on April 30, 1893, at Wesel, not far from the Rhine, and close to the German-Dutch border. He comes of a family long settled in the Lippe district of Central Germany, which has gone through an interesting succession of changes in the course of the centuries.

The Ribbentrops, whose name was originally Ribbentrup, with no ennobling "von" attached to it, were originally farmers. Later, some of them, tiring of the countryside, migrated to various towns, where their progeny became petty officials in the service of local nobles and prelates. Somewhat later, having gone through another transformation, several of them emerged as lawyers, or as functionaries hanging on to the fringes of the law. And, about a century ago, after still another change

*(**Continued on page** 68)*



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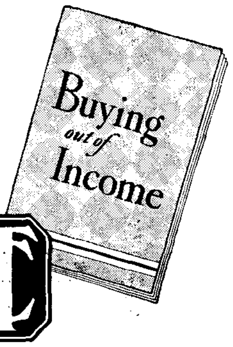

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Good News

For People Who Toss and Turn At Night and Cannot Get to

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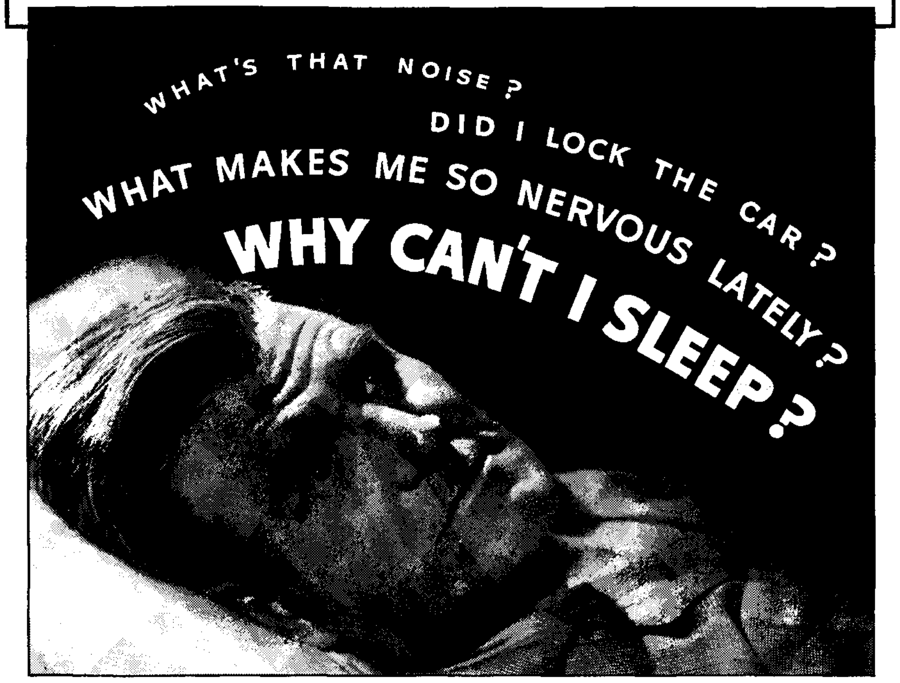
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
DID I LOCK THE CAR?
WHAT MAKES ME SO NERVOUS LATELY?
WHY CAN'T I SLEEP?

—A Natural Drugless Aid That Now Helps Thousands Of "Poor Sleepers" Get To SLEEP At Night

THERE is now a simple way to foster sound sleep quickly—entirely without drugs. A way that has brought restful sleep and quiet nerves for thousands of bed tossers.

It is called Ovaltine—and it was originally created in Switzerland as a strengthening food-drink for invalids, convalescents, and the aged. Then physicians observed that, when it was taken as a hot drink at bedtime, it also produced unusual results in promoting sound, restful sleep.

As a result, Ovaltine has become world-famous as a drugless aid to natural sleep. Thousands of physicians approve it and its use has spread to 54 different countries today.

Remarkable Reports

So remarkable are the results accredited to Ovaltine that, people who have not tried it, sometimes find these results difficult to believe. For example, Mr. F. G. Knefel, 22 Gough Street, San Francisco, Cal., writes:—*"For the past ten years, I have suffered with insomnia and never had a good night's rest. About two months ago, my wife came home with a tin of Ovaltine. I laughed at her, but she persuaded me to try it. Now I sleep like a healthy child—am 42 years of age and feel 30!"*

Another user, Mr. Robert Martin, 30 Pasadena St., Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: —*"I have been a chronic sufferer of insomnia for the past year. Refusing to take opiates for relief, I was finally advised to try Ovaltine. Today I have no trouble at all getting seven full hours of sleep each night. So, if you have skeptics as to what Ovaltine will do, you may refer them to me."*

These letters cover, of course, only 2 individual experiences. Naturally, we cannot predict that similar results will occur in *every* case where Ovaltine is used. But these statements are so typical of thousands we have received, that we believe a thorough trial of Ovaltine is justified by every intelligent person in cases of "nerves" and sleepless nights.

Try It Yourself

The best way to judge the merits of Ovaltine is to try it and *see for yourself*. You may be surprised at the results.

Phone your grocer or druggist for a tin of it now. Then mix 3 to 4 teaspoonfuls of it with a cup of hot milk and drink it just before you go to bed tonight. See if you don't fall asleep more quickly and peacefully than you have, perhaps, in weeks and months—and see if you don't sleep more *soundly*, too. Phone your grocer or druggist now.

NOTE: ***Ovaltine is now made in America by The Wander Company, 180 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. It is inexpensive to serve—and can be obtained at all grocery, drug, and department stores.***

(Continued from page 66)

of condition, various Ribbentrops were to be found strutting about Germany as full-fledged military men. One of these rose to be Quartermaster General in the Prussian army, in which capacity he enjoyed the friendship of gruff old Bluecher, the Duke of Wellington's side partner in the final smashing of Napoleon at Waterloo.

Joachim von Ribbentrop's father is a retired colonel of the old pre-war German army; and two of his uncles, one of whom became a general in that army and the other a colonel, are also living in retirement from active military service.

Young Joachim studied at the Imperial Lyceum at Metz (when that now French city was under German rule); at Grenoble in France; at London, and in Switzerland. At the age of seventeen, he went to America, following the example of earlier Ribbentrops who had also tried their luck in the New World, settled there, and made their name known in Michigan, Indiana, and other parts of the United States.

He spent several months in New York and Boston, where, among other things, he tried his hand at free-lance journalism. But most of his stay in the New World was spent in Canada. There he busied himself with many jobs, ranging all the way from clerk in a bank to laborer on a railroad.

His intention was to stay in America as a contractor, but his plans were completely upset by the outbreak of the World War in 1914. At once he chucked up his job of the moment and took ship for Germany.

Immediately after landing in his native country, he joined the German army, in which he was soon serving as ensign in a cavalry regiment. He saw heavy fighting on both the western and eastern fronts, but escaped with one small wound. The Iron Cross, which hangs so conspicuously nowadays on the coat of von Ribbentrop's black S. S. uniform, was awarded him for bravery in action. In 1915 he was promoted to the rank of second lieutenant.

But there were those among his superiors who felt that one with such a wide knowledge of foreign lands and foreign tongues was wasted in the front trenches. So he was appointed aide-de-camp to a special representative of the German War Ministry, who had been detailed to service in Turkey. Later—again because of the prevailing impression that he knew his way around outside Germany—he was attached, after the German collapse, to Germany's delegation to the Versailles Peace Conference, as an adjutant to one of the important members thereof. After the Peace of Versailles had been signed in 1919, he retired from the German army with the rank of first lieutenant.

Meeting the Big Shots

It was then that he used his varied business connections in England and France to get himself the agency in Germany of an English whisky concern and of a French firm dealing in champagne. This venture soon brought him into contact with the Rhineland wine magnate, Otto Henkell, who gave the young man a job as a traveling salesman.

Not long afterward young Ribbentrop married Henkell's daughter. As the magnate's son-in-law, he continued his frequent trips abroad, rose gradually to considerable importance in the Henkell concern, and founded a wine and liquor business of his own.

It was in 1930, when Hitler was striding toward political supremacy in Germany, that von Ribbentrop first came into personal contact with the Fuehrer. Otto Henkell, a strong adherent of Hitlerism, was in the habit of contributing generously to the Nazi campaign funds; and the go-between, who acted as the wine magnate's paymaster in his dealings with Nazi headquarters, was his son-in-law. At headquarters, von Ribbentrop often saw Hitler, who soon got the idea into his head that a man with such an intimate acquaintance with England and France might be of value to the Hitlerist cause. He was also impressed—according to a story which they like to tell in Berlin—by the fact that, when the two met, von Ribbentrop was introduced as "the man who gets as big a price for German champagne as others get for French champagne." "Surely," said Hitler to himself—so runs the story—"anybody who can do that must be a born diplomat!"

Soon Joachim von Ribbentrop was sitting in with the leading plotters in the Nazi entourage, helping pull the strings, at his Dahlem villa and elsewhere, which eventually landed Hitler in the Wilhelmstrasse.

After going abroad on several unofficial and more or less secret missions for Hitler, von Ribbentrop came into the limelight in 1934, when he got the job of Nazi Germany's special representative on matters connected with disarmament. He now began to strike up acquaintance with some of the leading political big shots—Mussolini; Premiers Doumergue and Barthou of France; Pierre Laval; and a choice sprinkling of similarly prominent statesmen, in England and other countries.

Birthday Greetings

He gets along very well with the English. In this he stands out in striking contrast to Alfred Rosenberg, who also ranks high as a chief adviser to Hitler in foreign matters. Those who know both von Ribbentrop and Rosenberg well seek to explain the former's success in England by emphasizing the latter's mistakes while he was there—mistakes which von Ribbentrop instinctively refrained from repeating.

For instance, Rosenberg, who is a passionate admirer of everything heroic in German history, seems to have spent so much time in London boasting of the achievements of Hermann, the great legendary hero of ancient Germany—who actually defeated a Roman army sent to subdue him—that some of the English compelled to listen to him got terribly fed up and violently pro-Rome. But von Ribbentrop, when he meets English people, talks about hunting instead of Hermann; and he shows a preference for jokes over solemn historical dissertations, thus proving, as one of his fellow countrymen put it, "his understanding of the fact that the greatest man in England after King Edward is Mr. Punch."

Observers who follow closely the ups and downs of prominent stars in the Nazi troupe have stored away in their minds, as eloquent evidence of Joachim von Ribbentrop's rising importance, the fuss made in Berlin and elsewhere in the Reich on the occasion of his forty-third birthday this spring. Several days before it, German newspapers, all of which are inspired by Nazi leaders and print nothing that is distasteful to them, began tossing at him bouquets of pretty printed matter, full of approving surveys of his past achievements and flattering prophecies of his future. On the birthday itself the papers displayed prominently a cordial message sent to von Ribbentrop from Hitler himself, showing that von Ribbentrop had rounded out his forty-third year in high favor with the autocrat of the Wilhelmstrasse.

That view certainly sounds plausible enough—but official favor comes and goes capriciously in the Hitler realm!

Big Shot

Continued from page 9

"Of course it is. Has your husband no vices?"

"He's a sharpshooter," said Ria, as though this fact accounted for the absence of all vices.

"Too bad—I mean, that he has none. Or—who knows?—maybe it's so much the better."

He spoke rapidly; she had difficulty in understanding him. "You are French?" she asked. With the pistol case clutched under his arm, he took two more bundles from her and moved as though to enter the theater.

"No," she protested hastily. He paused and eyed her reproachfully. "Do you mean to imply that you're not coming, but going?" She nodded, smiling. His hair was a gleaming black helmet and his mouth was insolent.

"We're off to Dublin," she said.

"The same old story. You meet, you part. It might have been a glorious month."

"Here's my husband," said Ria. "Brandt, this is Monsieur Guy."

"Delighted," said Brandt and made his stiff bow.

"I'm heartbroken that we're not on the same bill," Guy replied politely. "I heard marvels about your act in Milan."

"We're booked for Monte Carlo in February," said Ria. It sounded as though she were giving him a secret rendezvous, and he smiled at her with an impudent little twinkle.

"Maybe we'll have better luck another time." He bowed to Brandt, held Ria's hand in his for a second before kissing it, and vanished through the doorway.

"Playboy—" said Brandt, looking after him.

THE last day of any music-hall engagement is a day of flurry and turmoil. People come, people go. Luggage must be loaded or unloaded. Props must be transported, and trains made. Everyone is hysterical, and many tricks go wrong.

Ria and Guy met twice again amid the hurly-burly of such a final day. She and Brandt reached Naples as he was leaving. In Bucharest it was the other way round. They exchanged a few words, they fell silent, they gazed at each other. She felt as though they had given each other some secret promise. She thought of him constantly. Often she would sit at her mirror, scrutinizing herself, wondering whether she were pretty enough for him. She imagined him always surrounded by women, a champagne glass in his hand. She might have seen some such billposter as a child. She was no longer bored. She sang now and then, in a small, untrained voice. Brandt watched his wife. Their act went smoothly in those months. He slept eight hours by the clock, measured his food on the scales, walked seven miles, did his breathing exercises and played checkers with himself. She was composed, and timed her movements to the fraction of a second for his shots.

In Budapest, Guy was finally billed on the same program with them. It was eleven months since she had first seen him. "I finally managed to shove things around so I could see you every day," said Guy, when she arrived at the Orpheum that first morning to unpack.

She looked into his handsome, insolent face. "You're lying," she said, defenseless against him.

"Yes—but lies like that are so much prettier than the truth," he replied imperturbably. Brandt approached, with the pistol case under his arm. "I've been telling madame how happy I am to be able to see your act at last."

"It was in this city that my father had his accident," said Ria, with an absent smile.

The program was booked for a month. Guy was going to Prague after that, and Brandt to Milan. The shortness of their time together lent their love affair an indescribable sweetness and intensity. For the first time Brandt's wife realized how dead her life had hitherto been. Her skin was hungry to be touched, her hands to caress, her gypsy blood to know fulfillment.

Guy rented a little room, and there they met. It was dangerous, but maybe they loved the danger without knowing it. Two weeks went by, and Brandt seemed to have no suspicion of what was going on. Guy's act was in the first half of the program; then came the intermission; Brandt's act was Number 8. There was half an hour between his appearance and hers—the half hour when Brandt played checkers with himself to steady his hands.

RIA always stood in the wings while Guy sang. Dressed in a short-sleeved sweater and the peaked cap of the Parisian apache, he sang French couplets, entertained the audience in amusing broken Hungarian, played a tune on the piano, danced a few steps and made impudent remarks to the front rows. While the curtain came down and the applause crackled, he stood beside Ria for a moment, breathing heavily and perspiring like any other performer. "Was it all right?" he would ask breathlessly, dabbing powder over his face before running out to take his bow. Ria felt herself floating aloft like a small red balloon—she was so light, so taut with love. Before the intermission she slipped back to her dressing-room, where she found her husband waiting. Conscientiously she prepared for her own number.

All the time she was on the stage, she could see from the corner of her eye the box where Guy sat in a frenzy of nervousness. It delighted her that he should be suffering torments of anxiety each evening on her account. She herself had grown so used to the act by now that everything went mechanically, and she had long since grown oblivious to her danger.

New things had entered her life, things more important than the big number. Clandestine drives in Guy's car, little meals in out-of-the-way restaurants, nocturnal excursions while Brandt slept.

It was the veriest trifle which first betrayed her. They had all been summoned to a rehearsal for a new orchestra leader, his predecessor having abandoned the Orpheum in a sudden fit of temper. They stood around in attitudes of boredom, indicated the tempo of their acts, and wrangled a little when the new man didn't seem to understand. Guy, leaning against the proscenium arch, was smoking a cigarette, with the sign that forbade it right next to him.

"Stupid business," he remarked to Brandt, who had just arrived to rehearse. Ria paused for a moment beside him—she couldn't for the life of her help it.

"Wouldn't do to get the man nervous," replied Brandt. Ria caught sight of a white thread on the dark blue cloth of Guy's suit. Unconsciously she removed it. A mere nothing. A little white thread. A little unconscious movement. But it held everything—love, tenderness, possession, intimacy. Brandt's face turned gray, two minutes later—after he had absorbed the significance of all this.

(Continued on page 70)

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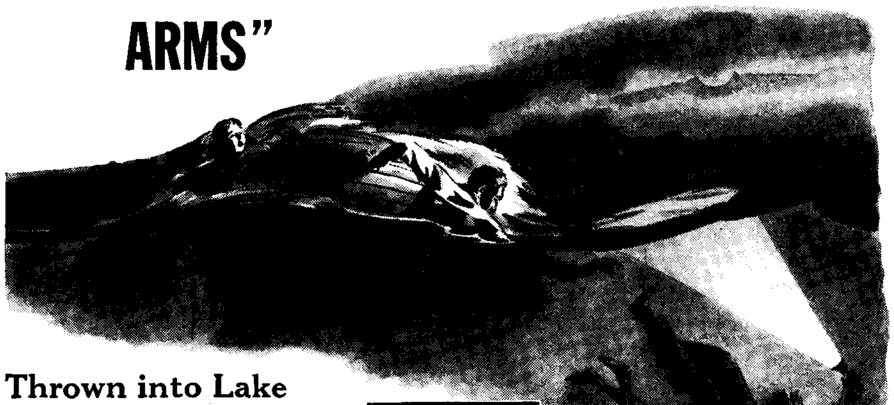
"DOWN THEY WENT...IN EACH OTHERS' ARMS"



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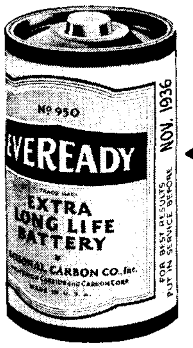
"Sailing peacefully in the summer moonlight one minute . . . in the teeth of a squall the next! Almost without warning, the whole crowd of us found ourselves suddenly in the water and far from shore. With the first gust of the storm the mast had shattered and the boat capsized," writes D. E. Medlock.

"One couple couldn't swim. They went down together, locked in each others' arms . . . But the boy had my Eveready flashlight in his hand. The light continued to burn and he hung onto it as the two of them slowly spiraled down toward the bottom in a well of light.

"Thus, I was able to dive for them and to get them back to the surface. Then, with the same water-logged light, I was able to signal the shore for the rescuers who finally came to our aid.

"I had been using those batteries for months before, yet because they were really fresh when I got them, they were this supreme test. In fact when I picked up the flashlight six weeks after the rescue, the light would still burn."



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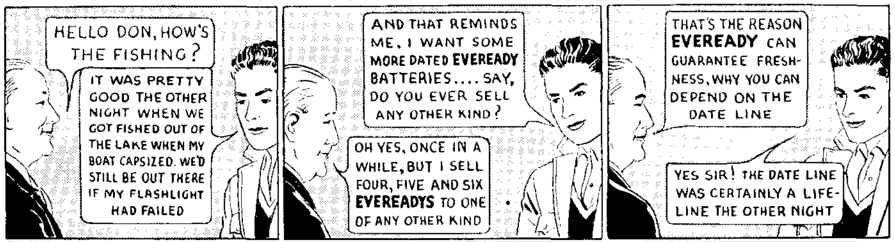
HELLO DON, HOW'S THE FISHING?
IT WAS PRETTY GOOD THE OTHER NIGHT WHEN WE GOT FISHED OUT OF THE LAKE WHEN MY BOAT CAPSIZED. WE'D STILL BE OUT THERE IF MY FLASHLIGHT HAD FAILED
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Always on the Edge of Things

AN INVITATION to do something especially pleasant can be spoiled for a girl or woman whose clothes are not what she'd like them to be if she has no money. She feels on the edge of things.

A day can be spoiled because a bill is due and there is no money to pay it! A meal can be spoiled because there isn't anything but prunes for dessert!

Now picture the girl, the woman, who has the chance to go away for a week-end with a good-looking overnight bag containing a new dress and other things she may need. And the woman who can delve into her purse and pull out a crisp $5 bill to pay the electric or some other bill!

They are, I wager, Pin Money Club members—earning extra dollars in their spare moments. Here are a few of their letters:

"Needless to say, each year brings its burdens and the $25 I have just earned will help out beautifully at this time." *From a busy mother in Ohio.*

"I had almost given up hope of getting a new coat. My earnings of $75.70 will pay for it." *A Kansas Club member.*

"As a teacher, caring for an aged mother and buying a little cottage for us to live in, I'm quite busy. The $36.10 I earned was a great help financially."

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YOUR folks will love you better for it. It is pleasant to feel that you have money in your handbag—money that may be spent freely for a permanent wave or an extra-fine hat, pair of shoes or something else! Yes, luxuries!—They bring happiness to so many girls and women. You should have them, too. Do write for our free booklet, "An Adventure in Dollars and Cents" for it will tell you how to make money, too.

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, The National Weekly
Department 5
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(Continued from page 69)

It was the third week—the week before the last of their love. Their hearts were torn at the thought of parting, and they grew careless. Brandt entered his wife's room one morning, and kissed her hair. "How is it you smell of cigarettes?" he asked without looking at her.

Her lips became stiff and white. "I smoked one on the sly," she whispered. That evening she sent a note to Guy's dressing-room: "Don't come to the box *tonight. Danger.*" She herself *didn't* dare stand in the wings as usual during his act. But Guy was on the stage as she passed on Brandt's arm in her evening cloak, ready for the number. She knew he was suffering agony of dread for her the whole time she was on the stage, under the crackling volley of Brandt's unerring shots.

"I want to go to the café," Brandt said when she had changed her clothes. This was as extraordinary as had been his kiss that morning. The artists were in the habit of meeting at the café after the performance and there, joined by a few music-hall enthusiasts, they would sit around smoking, drinking strong coffee and playing cards. Brandt's entrance, with his wife on his arm, caused a minor sensation. Ria had been hoping that Guy wouldn't be there, but he was.

Brandt seated himself at the singer's table, ordered some coffee and joined monosyllabically in the shoptalk. "Can you let me have a cigarette?" he asked abruptly. Guy proffered his case. Ria flamed into white-hot terror. Brandt never smoked.

"Perfumed?" he asked and inhaled the fumes carefully.

"English brand," answered Guy.

"Aha—" said Brandt.

Ten minutes later they took a taxi home. Brandt spoke no word. "Does he know everything or nothing?" Ria thought incessantly.

GUY waited for Ria in the rented room but she didn't come. He paced restlessly back and forth, stared at the old-fashioned carpet, the tasteless furniture, drank cognac, and waited. She didn't come. At five he left the house and went to a drugstore to telephone the hotel. "Madame Brandt cannot come to the phone," the operator answered. He walked along the bank of the Danube, his fear growing and growing. He hadn't known till that moment that he really loved Ria. "Only an idiot would start anything with a sharpshooter's wife," he thought furiously. But that didn't help much. He dawdled about outside Ria's hotel. It was an hour before curtain time when he saw her pass through the revolving door and enter a taxi with Brandt. He didn't know whether she had seen him, but he was almost certain that Brandt had. He took a taxi and followed them to the Orpheum.

He couldn't bear the suspense any longer. He must go to Ria's dressing-room. The first number was a trained-dog act, and the props for the trick animals were being set up. Guy hurried across the narrow stage toward the corridor, along which lay the women's dressing-rooms. As he turned into the passage, he almost ran into Li, a member of the Chinese acrobatic troupe. Li stood looking after him as he made his way toward Ria's dressing-room. "Better no go see lady," he called softly. Guy turned quickly. The Chinese winked and made a brief negative movement of the head. Guy stood irresolute for a second, then thanked him and left the corridor. The band played the overture, Poet and Peasant, with all its might.

He tried to get dressed, to concentrate on his number. "I'm boiling in hot oil," he thought, making an unsuccessful attempt to laugh at himself. The hoarse voice of the loud-speaker in the corner announced that he should get ready for his entrance. There was a knock at the door, and Li slipped in, dressed in his Chinese costume. "Me postman," he smiled, placed a note on the make-up table and vanished.

"Brandt knows everything. He's going to shoot me," read Guy.

"Monsieur Guy on the stage," called the loud-speaker. Automatically he obeyed the summons. Ria wasn't standing in the wings while he sang. How he got through the number he never knew. "I must notify the police," he kept thinking. "I must see the manager. They'll have to cancel the act." He bowed to the applause, not knowing that he bowed. In his make-up and apache costume, he ran to Brandt's dressing-room and entered without knocking. He and Brandt were headliners on the bill, and had dressing-rooms to themselves.

BRANDT was in his shirt sleeves, but otherwise ready to go on. He was playing checkers. "Oh—" he said, as Guy appeared before him. Everything looked so peaceful, so commonplace, that Ria's note suddenly seemed insane and impossible.

"You wanted to say something?" asked Brandt. He got up and slipped into his coat.

"I'm worried about Ria," stammered Guy.

"That's nice of you," answered Brandt with the trace of a smile. Despite all the make-up on his face, he looked old and gray.

"I won't let you go on—" said Guy, stepping close to him.

"You won't—won't you?" Brandt replied. Suddenly there was an old revolver in his hand. It was this civilian weapon, lacking any hint of the splendor of the circus pistols, that turned Guy numb with fear.

"Are you trying to inform me that you love my wife?" he heard Brandt asking.

"No!" shouted Guy. "I'm not going to let you hurt Ria!"

Brandt seemed to consider that for a moment before he answered: "I'm a good marksman as long as I'm not upset. Ria has always been safe with me. What will happen today, I don't know." He stretched out his hands, and Guy saw that they were trembling and quivering as if shaken by a storm. With a sudden startling clarity he remembered his first meeting with Ria. In the doorway of the Hippodrome in London. She had been wearing a mouse-gray coat. He had started an adventure like hundreds of others; he hadn't known it would turn out to be a matter of life and death.

"I didn't know it would be a matter of life and death," he said softly.

Brandt stepped close to him. Guy could hear his labored breath. "If you had known, you'd have kept your hands off—would you?" he said menacingly.

"I don't know," said Guy. "Maybe not, after all."

"Maybe—maybe not—that's like you and your kind," cried Brandt. "No backbone—no discipline. You destroy a marriage—you take another man's wife whom you don't even love—you don't even know what it is: love. And then you squirm at a revolver."

Guy tried to hold himself steady. It was all a bad dream. He thought of Ria again, almost wonderingly. "It would be tasteless, don't you think, for me to assure you that I do love your wife? But I won't have any harm come to her. I'm going for the police," he said and turned toward the door with a chilly feeling in his spine, as if he would get a bullet into it the moment he turned his back.

"Wait—just a moment," said Brandt behind him. Guy stopped short, as at a command. Facing about, he perceived a ghostly smile on Brandt's painted face.

"If you want to insure Ria's safety, there's a better way than the police," the sharpshooter said. Guy waited.

"I'm an old-fashioned man," said Brandt. "I want satisfaction. Give it to me, and I'll do my best not to hit Ria."

"What kind of satisfaction?" murmured Guy, terrified.

"The usual thing—duel," answered Brandt.

"Number 6 on the stage," announced the loud-speaker in the corner of the room.

"A duel with a sharpshooter! That's a farce!" murmured Guy. Brandt waited without saying anything.

The silence grew more and more oppressive. "That's a hangman's joke!" said Guy hoarsely.

Brandt shrugged his shoulders. "I'd at least like to know that my wife hasn't betrayed me for a coward," he said.

"Very well," Guy said. "When and where?"

"After my act. In the court behind the theater. We won't need any seconds. I'll give you the first shot. Have you a gun?"

"No," said Guy. He felt as though he were coming out of a faint.

"I'll take care of that," said Brandt. "And now—if you'll leave me. I need quiet before I go on."

Guy left him standing at the dressing table, his tall lean figure reflected three times in the mirror.

Guy wrote three hasty letters and put them on his dressing table before he went to the box. A note for Ria he sent to her dressing-room by Li: "Don't worry—nothing's going to happen to you." The farewell note to his mother in Normandy and another to a friend. Outside, they were playing the tango. As he sped across the stage to reach the auditorium, Brandt and Ria were just about to go on. The first shot rang out as he opened the door of the box. He sat down at the front and smiled at Ria. He was amazed at himself. He felt tranquil and untroubled, almost buoyant.

He loved Ria, and he was going to pay for his love. "You don't even feel a bullet through your heart," he thought. "You're dead before you know it. There are worse ways of taking your leave." By the time the second shot rang out, he had forgotten himself and had eyes only for the stage.

L'HEURE BLEUE. Ria in her evening gown with the train. The second cigarette. The lipstick. Nothing had happened to her. She moved about like one in a dream, too slowly. Brandt hesitated before firing. The electrician couldn't time his spotlights properly—the white circles of light were always someplace where Ria wasn't. A kind of humming, breathless hush hung over the house, as if they all sensed the danger. The marksman and his target were both so strangely rigid. Brandt suddenly remembered that he was supposed to be drunk. He staggered immoderately, but no one laughed. He fired at the flowers she was taking from her bosom—and missed. A woman in the audience screamed. He flung the pistol away and took another; he fired and missed. His hands were trembling as he picked up another pistol. Ria dropped the flowers, and the third shot missed. He fired at the flowers as they fell to the floor, and hit them. Applause. The audience decided it was a trick. The act went on amid its hailfire of bullets.

Abruptly the tango stopped. Only the big drum was rolling. The woman stood in the doorway, tossing her husband her ironical good-night kiss. He went to the table, laid his pistol in the case and took out an old worn revolver. Ria's little cry went unnoticed by the audience, but Guy heard it. She stood motionless in the doorway, and the artificial lilies in her hair quivered beyond control. Guy rose, his hands clenched convulsively over the rail. Ria lifted her eyes to his, and thus she stood, waiting for the shots. One. Two. Three.

After the third shot, Brandt returned to the table and leaned against it for a moment, as though his knees were giving way under him. "If they'd only drop the curtain now, everything would be all right," thought Guy. "No, it wouldn't," he thought simultaneously. "The man's mad. He'd shoot in any case."

Brandt raised the revolver again, supported it by his outstretched left arm. A man in the gallery shouted something—an amateur marksman, perhaps, teasing him. Five shots followed in rapid succession. One lily was left trembling in the woman's hair. She stood in the white spotlight, the lily trembling as though it were alive. But the woman seemed lifeless, carved in wood with the music-hall smile on her lips. Suddenly Brandt threw the revolver onto the table, made a little gesture of resignation and walked off. Two seconds later the curtain came down and a bewildered, uneasy applause began to patter. The orchestra broke into the tango. Guy ran backstage. "My turn now," he thought, and was almost amused.

THE court of the Orpheum is surrounded by high party walls. A few forlorn ivy vines, straggling up one wall, bear witness to someone's attempt at decoration. Ash cans and litter occupy the corners—the fantastic litter spewed forth by the stage of a music hall. The wide door leading backstage, through which the huge cages and other props are moved in and out, is locked. "Positively No Admittance," reads the sign under the glare of two arc lights.

"It's bright enough," said Brandt, and made a chalk mark at the place where Guy was to stand. Away up, the sky was like the lid over a box.

"You give me your word of honor that you'll be good to Ria?" said Guy, as Brandt handed him the loaded revolver.

Brandt looked into his face scrutinizingly. "You're a couple of fools," he said brusquely, turned away and walked to his own chalk mark. Guy examined the revolver. "I once shot a horse with it," Brandt called over. This was not at all like a duel; it was more like a rehearsal.

"You have to aim a little higher," Brandt called when he saw how awkwardly Guy handled the revolver.

Guy aimed higher. He was surprised that he felt no fear. "Now," he said. He got a little kickback as he shot; the smell of powder tickled his nostrils; and Brandt stood opposite, laughing. The light from the lamps was white, yet dreary.

Brandt raised his arm, and fired into the air. Guy stood there, waiting for something that didn't come. Brandt left his place and approached him.

"Is Ria worth dying for?" he asked, when they were standing face to face. Guy's breath was coming in huge, vehement gulps.

"Yes!" he cried. "Yes!" He was alive. Ria was alive too.

"Go and comfort her," said Brandt. Guy motioned Brandt to precede him as they reached the little side door, but Brandt pushed him in. On the stage the musical clowns were doing their turn now, and monstrous noises blared from a huge trombone. Guy walked faster and faster till he reached the door of Ria's dressing-room.

No one heard the shot which Brandt fired from the old revolver against himself. They didn't find him until after the performance, when they were taking the trained seals out into the court. He was lying near the vines, and he looked contented.

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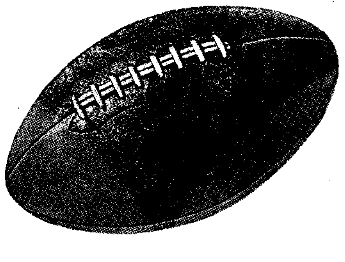

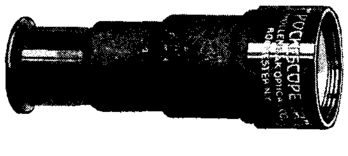

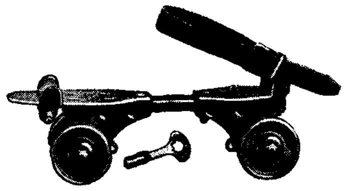

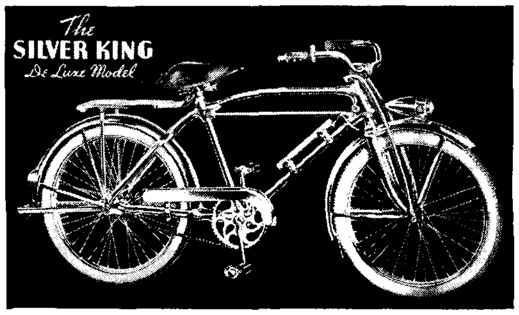

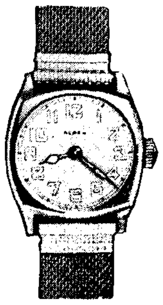

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Caravan

Continued from page 22

about. He nodded to the filling-station guy and set to work.

He had the set tuned to a police waveband while he worked. All kinds of stuff about Carpi. They were sure ringing that guy in. Blocking all highways. Every car stopped. Carpi was just the same as caught.

The set began to tick. The kid frowned and looked out the window. A car coming along. Fast. A blue Breeze sedan. A woman driving it. A man slumped down beside her. The car wavered on the road, all of a sudden. Then it slowed and stopped. The kid looked at the license number. But it wasn't Z38-557. It was a foreign license. Out-of-state.

Mr. Halstead climbed in the big truck and started the motor. The other guys started theirs. The drive-away fleet pulled out and went rolling down the road.

THE kid worked on. His truck, of course, was left for him to follow in. He stepped out of a window and went up on the roof. His sneakers stuck to the shingles like glue. The woman in the blue Breeze sedan was asking questions. The kid heard the filling-station guy telling her about Carpi and warning her about her car.

"If a guy in uniform flags you down," he told her, "you make your brakes smoke! Better go slow anyhow. It'll be safer."

The woman smiled at him.

"Do I look much like Carpi?"

"No, ma'm!" said the filling-station guy. "But the radio's just spouting stuff about him on short waves. You better watch out."

The kid swung down to the ground again.

"Quicker than I figured," he said. "Ought to be okay now."

"I'll come listen," said the filling-station guy, counting out the woman's change. "Say, your boss said he'd tip the guys at the barricades that another of his trucks is following."

"Uh-huh," said the kid. He went in and tried the set. When the blue Breeze sedan started up and drove away again the clickings were very faint indeed. The kid was satisfied.

So was the filling-station guy. He fiddled with the set a while and picked up Madrid and Paris, which he'd never been able to get before. He paid the kid two bucks and asked where he'd dialed in the stuff on Carpi. The kid showed him.

The filling-station guy was so pleased that he set up a soft drink besides the two bucks, and when the kid got in his truck again he said:

"Say, that woman in the Breeze sedan was asking questions about you. What's this strange power you've got over women?"

The kid slid the lever into first speed.

"What're these strange women I've got this power over?" he wanted to know.

He went rolling down the road feeling rather pleased. Two bucks extra in his pocket. Also, he'd had a chance to show Mr. Halstead he knew his stuff on short waves. But he needed to watch the speedometer. This was a new car, and he was responsible for it. If Mr. Halstead was going to take up his proposition, he had to feel that the kid was dependable.

Three miles from the filling station he came upon the blue Breeze sedan.

It was in the ditch. The woman was sitting on the bank beside the road. The man was with her. She ran out in the road and waved. The man sat still. The kid braked and stopped. The woman looked kind of white around the gills, but she smiled at him.

"I ran the car in the ditch," she explained. "Could you—"

"This isn't my truck, ma'm," explained the kid, "and it's a new truck. A drive-away. I couldn't try to haul you out. But I'll take you to a filling station or send back a tow-car."

"That isn't it," said the woman hastily. Her eyes looked queer. "My husband was asleep, and when the bump came he was thrown forward and I—think he hurt himself. His health hasn't been good anyway. I—want to get him to his doctor. The car don't matter."

"Oh," said the kid. "Sure! We'll be a little bit crowded, three up in front, but—"

The woman swallowed.

"I—I want him to lie down," she said. Suddenly, to the kid, she looked horribly scared. "If we could get him in the back—"

The kid blinked. The woman's face was tragic. Desperate.

"I—guess we can do it," said the kid.

He stopped the motor and got out. The man still sat on a rock by the roadside. He wasn't young. His eyes looked incredibly aged and suffering. His skin was a queer grayish color. He sat still in a frozen immobility that the kid found horrible.

The sedan wasn't stuck badly. Both back wheels were on solid ground. And *suddenly the kid noticed how light were* the rings of rust around the license-plate bolts.

The woman was tugging at the man. Urging him, begging him to stand up and get in the kid's truck. Presently he made a wooden, ineffectual movement. The kid helped him to the truck and then climbed inside and spread newspapers on the floor. Then he had to help get the nearly dead weight of the gray-faced man up and inside.

The man sank down, his face a mask. Flat on the floor, though, he turned his head feebly. He opened his mouth. Crimson came out of it and stained the newspaper. The kid felt a funny, startled tingling down his spine.

The man said, "Bag," in a thin, ghostly sort of voice. The woman sobbed.

"Here, honey! I'll put it under your head. You can get at anything you want inside it. The kid here is going to drive us. You'll be all right!"

SHE tucked a sort of overnight bag under his head. His mouth closed again. It was once more a thin, bluish gash across the gray-white skin of his face. The kid gulped and got down into the road. The woman lingered. The kid saw her stroking the man's unresponsive cheek. She pressed his hand feverishly. There were little bubbling noises in her throat.

"You're gonna be all right, honey. The kid here'll drive us. And his boss left word there was one more truck coming through. We'll go right on through an' the doc'll fix you up. . . ."

The kid saw the man's hand move weakly. It patted the woman's wrist. She wept horribly, gustily. She climbed out the back. The kid gulped again as he went around and started the motor. She climbed in on the other side. He let in the clutch smoothly, so as not to jar the man in the back. The delivery truck rode as easily as a touring car. The woman got out her compact and made useless attempts to repair the damage done by tears.

One mile. Two. Three. The kid was sixteen, and therefore could only really think of one thing at a time, with what other matters fitted to it. The business proposition he had made to Mr. Halstead. Mr. Halstead speaking to the cops at the barricade about him. What the cops would ask about this woman, who had not been mentioned. What they'd do when they suspected what the kid knew. And this car belonged to Mr. Halstead, and the kid was responsible for it. If anything happened, his business proposition . . .

He swallowed, and said clumsily:

"There's a state-police barricade a couple of miles ahead."

The woman said nothing. The kid waited, sweating. Then he said:

"I—I thought Al Carpi was young. But he looks old. Forty, anyway. M-maybe it's because he's hurt."

THE woman got a pistol out of her handbag quicker than the kid would have believed possible.

"What's that? What d'you mean, Al Carpi?"

The kid swallowed once more, driving steadily.

"You had a blue Breeze sedan, like Al Carpi. The license plates had just been changed. The rust on the bolts was new. You could've backed out of the ditch if you'd tried. And Al Carpi is hurt and—so is the guy with you. He's pretty bad off, it looks like. He's Al Carpi."

He felt a hard pressure in his side, and *cold chills ran up and down his spine.* The woman's voice was suddenly thick.

"But the cops ain't goin' to get him! Sure he's hurt! He's dyin'! But they won't get him! I promised! An' if I have to bump somebody—"

The kid said carefully, so the dryness of his mouth wouldn't interfere with his talking:

"There's a state-police barricade a couple of miles ahead. Mr. Halstead left word about me. But they'll ask questions about you."

"Then duck off somewhere!" commanded the woman fiercely. "If the cops flag us down, you get hurt! An' somebody'll get killed before they get Al, anyway! That bag under his head's got his guns in it. They'll never get him alive! He'll go out shootin'!"

The kid had to show Mr. Halstead he was dependable.

"I've got to think of the truck," he said. "It's not mine. You get in the back. The cops won't see anybody but me. I'm part of the drive-away fleet. Mr. Halstead tipped them I was coming. By myself. And Al Carpi, he always drives himself. See?"

The truck rolled along the road. It curved, and there were tumbled rocks and green foliage and the brown trunks of trees. It curved again, and there were the brown trunks of trees and green foliage and tumbled rocks.

"You haven't got much time," said the kid. "It's only a mile more."

The woman suddenly put her hand on his arm and said harshly: "I promised him! And if you cross me—" The kid stopped the car. He got out. He opened the doors in the back. The woman climbed in beside the man. Her voice shook as she called:

"Honey, are you all right? Everything's goin' fine! But are you all right?"

The kid closed the doors behind her. He'd left the engine running. He rubbed his knuckle reflectively over his upper lip and went back to the front. He let the clutch in smoothly, and shifted gears carefully so the man in the back wouldn't be jarred.

(Continued on page 74)

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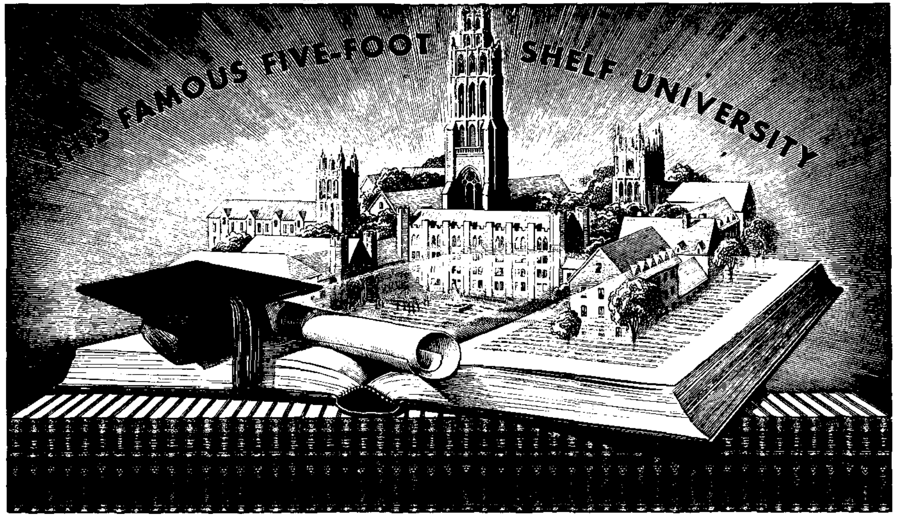

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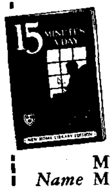


Name Mr. Mrs. Miss ....
Address ....

(Continued from page 72)

The car rolled on and rolled on. When the state-police barricade appeared ahead the kid was loafing at the wheel, driving with the abstracted ease of a master. A guy in a state-police uniform flagged him down. He braked and stopped.

"Drive-away fleet," said the kid, his heart pumping. "Mr. Halstead came through a little while back and said he'd leave word about me. Want to see my license?"

The state trooper grinned.

"No. I guess you're all right. You ain't old enough to be Al Carpi. Go ahead."

The kid slipped the lever to first speed.

"Say," he observed in magnificent calm, "there's a car in a ditch about six or seven miles back. Nobody in it. I stopped."

"Okay," said the trooper. He waved the kid on.

"It's a blue Breeze sedan," said the kid.

He let in the clutch as the trooper's expression changed suddenly. He rolled away. The pop-pop-popping of motorcycle engines set up before he was out of earshot. Some state troopers were streaking for that car—which was Al Carpi's sure enough.

THE kid went on. Five miles. Ten. Fifteen. Through one small town. Five miles more. Ten miles more. The road went into thick woods. It went up and down, too. And there were little side-roads—dirt—that hadn't been used much. To haul wood out, most likely. Logs and firewood. And here and there was a little concrete bridge over a stream or brook.

The kid kept his eyes open. Presently there weren't any cars near, either way. He stopped and turned off the ignition. He listened. There was no sound anywhere but the wind in the trees and a bird chirping in a lonely sort of fashion, all by itself. The kid slipped out of his seat and went around to the back. He opened the doors.

The woman looked out at him. And her face was gray, just like the man's had been. She looked at him dumbly. The kid said:

"We're past the barricade."

The woman whispered:

"He's dead!"

The kid gulped.

"What do you want to do now?" he asked desolately.

"I guess," said the woman dully, "I guess I want to die too."

She stirred. And the kid saw that the bag under Al Carpi's head was open, and he had a gun in his hand. He was dead, but he had a gun ready to shoot. The woman said in a strained voice:

"When you stopped and—the cop was talking to you—he wanted his guns. I gave him one of them. And—almost as soon as you'd started off again he started to cough. And he was dead."

"Yes, ma'm," said the kid. "But what—"

"The cops didn't get him!" said the woman in a bitter triumph. "I promised him they wouldn't, and they didn't!"

But then she sobbed.

"I guess," said the kid uneasily, "we've got to tell the cops now."

He thought about the truck, and Mr. Halstead, and gulped. He was responsible for the car. And since Al Carpi had died in it—

"What'd you do for a hundred dollars, kid?" demanded the woman fiercely. "I'll pay you! I promised him they'd never get him, an' if you'll help—"

The kid drew a deep breath. Being sixteen, he could only really think of one thing at a time, with what other matters related themselves to it. The one thing just now was short-wave radio. The other matters included the fact that this was Mr. Halstead's truck and the business proposition the kid had made him. The kid agreed with an infinite relief to what the woman proposed.

He started the car again. He drove ahead, but slowly. Presently he came to another of the little-used dirt roads. He turned the city-delivery truck into it. He drove with infinite caution to avoid scratches on the paint of Mr. Halstead's truck.

Half an hour later he backed out again. The woman was in the seat beside him. Her face was tear-streaked. From time to time, as the kid drove on, she sobbed. The afternoon waned. The car rolled smoothly onward. Sunset came. An hour later the street lights of the kid's home city sprawled across the dark horizon.

He took the woman to the railroad station. She offered him money when he let her out. He shook his head.

"I can spare it," she said bitterly. "I've got all Al had. How much? Ten dollars? A hundred? How much?"

"I couldn't take it," said the kid awkwardly.

"Listen, kid," she said suddenly, "if you don't want cash—and it is hot money—how about a gun? I'll give you one of Al's. The one he killed two cops with, in Des Moines. How's that?"

The kid writhed in his seat.

"No, thanks. I'll be going. I've got to get home."

He let in the clutch and rolled away while she stared after him. But she knew he wasn't going to tell on her. It simply did not enter his mind. He had something else to worry about. The car—Mr. Halstead. That business proposition. He drove in the garage and went over the truck anxiously, hunting even inside the back. If its newness was in any way impaired, he was responsible. . . .

It was not impaired. Mr. Halstead came back from the office, looking for him. The kid explained that he was late because he'd driven slowly.

"Perfectly all right, my boy," said Mr. Halstead. "But before you go home I want to talk about that proposition of yours."

He had been thinking about it. Seriously. The kid could hardly believe what his ears told him as Mr. Halstead talked. He went home practically reeling. When he went in, Mom looked disturbed. The kid didn't notice. He said in an awed voice:

"Mom, Mr. Halstead's taking me up! He's putting in a line of all-wave radios. He wants me to sell and install 'em. Salary and commission for all summer. And I can try to sell one of the big plants on the idea of ultra-short-wave sets for their trucks, for dispatching. Can I take the job, Mom?"

Mom said, smiling rather queerly:

"Son, Mr. Halstead wants to marry me. Maybe—maybe that's a bribe to get you to consent."

"It works!" said the kid fervently. "It works, all right! All summer with short-wave sets! Mom, you're going to marry him? Please?"

HE WENT to wash up for supper, walking like one in a dream. He washed his hands. He had to dig under his nails to get them clean. There was clay there. Dirt. From where he'd been working on a steep bank of clay with a tire tool, to make a cave in it.

But the kid didn't think of that. Being sixteen, he could only really think of one thing at a time, and that—at this time—was not the impropriety of assisting a public enemy to escape the law, nor the wrongness of concealing the final triumph of justice. No. The kid thought of something else. He grinned at his own reflection in the bathroom mirror. Exuberantly.

"All summer working on short-wave sets! Boy!" said the kid.

The Dumb Gods Speak

Continued from page 25

softly, "we will pay you one hundred thousand francs."

She sat stupefied. Then—

"I will do what I can."

Suzanne was spending a very stuffy, highly unpleasant but somewhat exciting evening. From half past five until seven she had drunk sweet coffee and sticky liqueurs without having achieved the slightest success. There was no sign anywhere in the saloon of that interesting chart and every time she tried to allude to the past or present activities of the ship her infatuated host had merely blinked and muttered unintelligible things down his beard. Notwithstanding the fact that it meant failure, she was relieved when seven o'clock came, and with apparent unwillingness she rose to her feet. For some reason or other her ardent companion made little effort to detain her. He himself, on the other hand, had been continually glancing at the clock for the last half hour.

"I go," she announced. "It has been very pleasant. I like your little room, *Monsieur l'Amiral*. I like to be here with you, but alas—"

She sighed. The Admiral squeezed her hand. Just then the telephone bell rang.

"Wait," he begged. "I speak."

The Admiral drew the instrument toward him and held the receiver to his ear. For some reason or other he gave Suzanne the impression of a man who was receiving excellent news but who was struggling to conceal his satisfaction. He spoke rapidly and with many gestures. In the end he wound up with what was evidently a gracious speech. He hung up the receiver and turned toward his guest.

"I love *mon Amiral*," she said, patting his hand, "but even if you took me away with you to live in your distant country I could never learn that language."

"It is not so difficult," he assured her. "Listen—that was my navigating Commander who spoke."

She nodded. "A man whom I do not like. He has no way with women. He does not please."

"He is very good-looking."

"Looks are not everything," Suzanne cooed. "I like a man—a man—a man who has lived—a strong man who understands and seeks to please. Your Commander is not like that."

"LISTEN, little one," the Admiral confided. "He went this afternoon to San Rafael to visit once more the battleship that is there. That is why I sent for you. He has just rung me up to beg leave for the night. There is a party at St. Tropez."

"He does not interest me, that man," Suzanne declared, edging gently toward the door.

Her host caught her by the wrist. She had been playing with him that afternoon, aching for a glimpse of that chart, wondering how she dared allude to it. His fingers were moist; his eyes were clouded.

"He will be away until nine o'clock tomorrow morning. It is an opportunity. I have a cabin here furnished for the occasion. Look here and I will show you."

He drew her outside and opened the door of a gaudy little stateroom with faded pink sheets, a good many frills upon the pillowcase, furniture of the cheap rococo style. He pointed out these atrocities with pride.

"I have kept this little chamber for you," he announced. "We dine together tonight, yes?"

"*Oh, la la!*" Suzanne laughed. "Are you going to put me in your harem?"

"Harems no longer exist," her host assured her. "At present I have no wife. As to that—we might see. It is against the rules to have a woman on board with us while we cruise, but after all, why am I an admiral?—and there is to be no fighting. We have a little dinner together—yes? My chef will show you how he prepares chicken with rice and livers. There shall be any dish you fancy—and champagne. What do you say?"

She patted him on the cheek.

"*Méchant!*" she exclaimed. "You wish?"

"Sit down with me and I will tell you how much I wish it," he answered.

"No, no," she insisted. "Behave yourself. I am afraid it is true what I have heard of you Turkish officers—you are not to be trusted."

HE SMILED. It was unfortunately a smile that ended in a leer. Suzanne looked away.

"After all," he remarked, "you and I—we are not ingénues."

"Why did you not ask me to dine with you before?" she inquired. "Was it that you were afraid of your handsome Commander?"

The Admiral frowned.

"He is a good fellow, that," he said, "but he looks too seriously at life. He thinks because we are on duty we should live severely. That is all very well for him. He has still steps to climb. I am an admiral. I do what I choose. We are on duty, it is true, but we are not going into battle. It is a task to be accomplished of great importance, without a doubt, but an hour or two of love-making will only give one zest for the work."

"I will stay," Suzanne acceded, "if you do not ask me to drink any more of that sweet coffee or eat sticky stuff; and if you send your steward out for a bottle of French vermouth, a bottle of the best English gin and some ice, I will make you a Martini cocktail and we shall pass the time pleasantly until your dinner. If I drink more of your sweet things I shall be sick."

He laughed until his sides shook.

"You shall give your own orders to my steward," he consented. "He speaks French."

"There must be plenty of ice for the champagne," she insisted.

"We will have an iceberg," he promised.

"And dinner must not be for at least an hour."

"Agreed."

"Then I stay," she decided.

Suzanne threw herself upon the settee and picked up one of the French papers.

"Before dinner," she announced, "I like to drink three cocktails. Send for your steward and give him the orders. I am ready for the first one now."

A steward made his appearance, received his orders and departed. Suzanne threw down the paper and jumped to her feet just in time to evade a caress.

"I shall now explore your saloon," she exclaimed. "Show me everything. Where is that funny-looking map with the black dots you had on the table the last time I was here?"

"That was not meant for observation," he grunted. "It is in the safe."

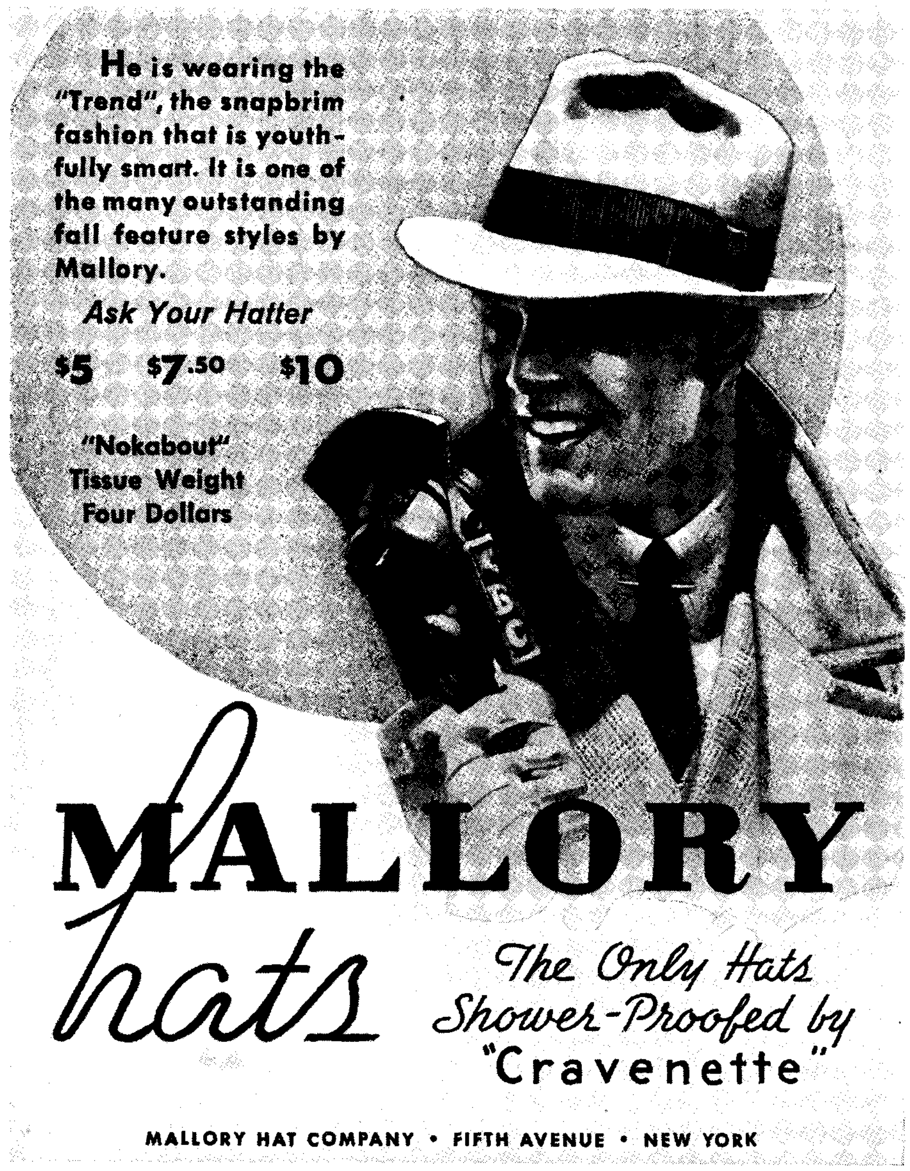
"Show it to me," she begged.

"But why? You could not understand a line of it. It is a naval affair and you know nothing of the sea."

"Show me something else then. I do not care what. Tell me where you are going when you leave here."

The Admiral sighed.

(Continued on page 76)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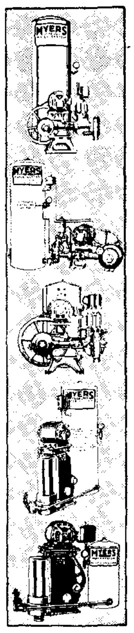

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Money for all your tomorrows

(Continued from page 75)

"It will not be a pleasant voyage. I am of the old regime and to leave Constantinople was to me a tragedy."

"You are going to Constantinople?"

"That way," he admitted.

"Why?" she asked. "There is no fighting anywhere."

"Oh, practice — exercises — maneuvers."

"What are you going to do now?" she persisted, "when you leave here, I mean, and when do you leave here?"

"The little miss is curious," he remarked, looking at her out of the corners of his eyes.

She looked at him reproachfully.

"You do not trust me."

"It is the nature of our race," he confided, "never to trust a woman. We love them but we do not trust."

"I do not think I shall stay for dinner after all," Suzanne declared, swinging herself to her feet.

He pulled her down almost roughly.

"You are here and you will stay," he insisted, with a new note in his tone. "I shall place a sentry on the gangway."

She shrugged her shoulders. After all, she liked him a little better in this mood. The cocktails were brought. She drank hers with approval. He attempted his and spat it out.

"*Méchant!*" she exclaimed.

"I never eat or drink what I do not like," he grunted, his thick red lips pursed with disgust. "Sour things are like thin women—they are nothing to us."

"I am not fat like your Turkish beauties."

He felt her arm.

"You have the beauty of an angel."

Nevertheless, it seemed as though Suzanne's mission were foredoomed to failure. With dinner the Admiral, vastly more personable in his mess kit, was a little more coherent, a shade more dignified but absolutely determined. Suzanne tried all her wiles in vain. In the end she ceased her questioning, dismissed the subject which lay nearest to her heart and became her old self—provocative, at times almost tender. She had no more difficulty. The thing became almost too easy.

AT MIDNIGHT, humming a gay tune to herself but shivering with fear, she ran gayly down the gangplank, bade the astonished sentry, who looked more than half inclined to stop her, a mocking good night and tripped up the steps on to the Avenue de la Poissonerie. She jumped into a little carriage.

"Drive toward the Jetée Casino," she told the coachman. "As soon as we meet a taxi, stop. I pay you well—four times the fare—if you find a taxi quickly."

Crack went the man's whip. She looked fearfully around. The quay seemed deserted. There was no sign of movement upon the cruiser. Suddenly she saw a light flash out from one of the portholes. Behind it was the cabin from which she had fled! She leaned over to the coachman, shivering. He flogged his horse, only to pull it almost off its haunches at the corner of one of the streets leading to the market.

"There is a taxi," he pointed out.

She thrust a hundred-franc note into his hand and whispered an address.

"Quick, quick!" she cried.

The taxicab man knew her and laughed. He flourished his cap.

"As Mademoiselle says," he agreed, and counted the traffic laws as nothing.

Another hundred-franc note and a storm of thanks. Suzanne chose to seek the quickest refuge by entering the vast premises of the International Bureau through the *Café des Oiseaux Noirs*. It was crowded with a very unsavory lot of men but the etiquette of the place prevailed. No one stared at her, no one watched her as she flitted through to the private exit. Madame lent her a hand there. Monsieur patted her on the shoulder.

"Gently, little one," he advised as he opened the door. "Monsieur will wait."

She threw them a laughing rejoinder. Already she was well on her way to recovery. She sped down the passage, up some steps, through a door which she opened with a kick, along more passages, downstairs and up until at last she reached one of the reception rooms of the bureau. In a moment it was open. She sprang through and, turning round, closed it with a quick passionate movement.

"Listen!" she cried.

"One hears nothing," Catherine Oronoff reassured her. "More trouble, Suzanne?"

SUZANNE searched in her bag with feverish fingers. She drew out a crumpled roll of parchment and thrust it into Catherine's hand.

"Lock that up," she begged. "Please —quickly! You have the keys of the safes. Oh, do not stand there looking at me! Someone may come."

Catherine Oronoff glanced at what she was holding, then she crossed the room swiftly, unlocked the big safe which stood against the wall behind her chair, placed the parchment inside, reset the combination and turned away.

"Well," she remarked, "whatever this precious thing is that you have committed murder for, it is safe now. Do not faint—be a good girl."

"Where is—he?" Suzanne demanded.

"In the wireless room. There are messages coming through late tonight."

"I wish I could see him," Suzanne faltered. "I think if I heard his voice I should leave off trembling."

With a contemptuous gesture Catherine turned to her desk, opened a drawer and drew out a flask of brandy. She filled a small glass and brought it across to Suzanne, who swallowed it at a gulp.

"Are you in serious trouble?" she asked.

"I might be," Suzanne admitted. "I was terrified. I lost my nerve. That old Turk—oh, he was horrible!"

"Ours is not exactly Sunday-school work, you should remember," Catherine remarked. "It is no use your losing your nerve. Mr. Humberstone might come in at any moment. If he sees you in this state he will not trust you again."

The brandy was doing its work. Suzanne was sitting up in her chair, her open vanity case before her, when the door on the other side of the room was quietly opened and closed. Mark came toward them. She rose to her feet. She was not exactly steady but in her eyes flamed the light of success.

"I have done it," she announced. "I have got it."

"Got what?" he asked.

"Suzanne is a little upset," Catherine interposed dryly. "She has a plan or chart of some sort from that Turkish gunboat in the harbor. I have locked it away."

She crossed the room toward the safe.

"It—it was not easy," Suzanne faltered. "I lost my nerve—very nearly. He was obstinate, that old Turk. He seemed so easy and then he changed."

"So it was the Admiral you suborned," Mark said, smiling.

Catherine returned with the plan in her hand. Mark took it from her and spread it open. For several minutes he stood utterly and entirely absorbed, then he rolled it up again and pointed to the safe.

"That is a very valuable possession," he admitted. "Lock it up carefully. Tell us all about it."

"As you know," she recounted, a different girl now that she was under Mark's protection, "I had no fortune with the Commander. Twice I have visited the Admiral. I went this afternoon to tea and was nearly sick with sweetmeats and sweet coffee. The Commander rang up from San Rafael. He had gone over there to visit a British warship. He asked for leave until the morning. The Admiral was very pleased."

"Don't hurry," Mark begged, as he shook out a cigarette from his case and lit it. "I am beginning to be jealous of you, Mademoiselle Suzanne. You are getting what they call all the fun of the fair."

She shuddered. The fear was not quite gone.

"I think I will have no more fun just yet," she said. "Well, the Admiral said yes to the Commander. Then he insisted that I stay for dinner. I stayed. I tried so hard to get him to talk about where he was going or what that plan had been. It was useless. More and more cunning he became. Still I stayed. We had dinner and drank champagne. Then there was coffee in the other room. There was nothing to be done. The old man was terrible. I—put something in his coffee!"

Mark nodded.

"A reasonable thing to do," he murmured.

"For some time," she went on, "nothing happened. Then all of a sudden he threw himself back; he was perspiring all over and his face looked awful. He tried to speak and could not. Then he began to groan. I tried to pull him up but I think he was unconscious. He made awful noises, though, in his throat. I felt sure that he was dying."

"All very interesting," Mark observed. "And then?"

"I hurried out—took his keys and opened the safe where he had told me the chart was. I snatched it out and then I rushed away. I ran down the gangway. The sentry tried to stop me but I was up in the Avenue de la Poissonerie before he could make up his mind. I got a carriage, then changed into a taxi. Here I am!"

Mark nodded approval.

"You have done well, Suzanne," he told her. "You have brought me a document of great importance."

"The hundred thousand francs?"

"Are yours," he replied with a little bow, "tomorrow morning or tonight—which you will. Meanwhile, remain in your room. You are safe there but nowhere else."

Suzanne made her way toward the door. From the threshold she curtsied first to Catherine, then to Mark. Then she danced down the corridor towards the wing of the building where her apartments were. The terror had passed. She was no longer haunted by that old man's face. She heard no more that gurgling cry in her ears.

SUZANNE was riotously happy and because she was happy she found the idea of sleep impossible. She looked longingly at the telephone but, alas, its use for private purposes—except with special permission—was sternly forbidden by the rules of the bureau. She slipped out of her gown and practiced a few steps of one of the latest dances in front of a mirror, humming gayly to herself. One hundred thousand francs! No debts, plenty of new frocks, a small but precious piece of jewelry which she had long coveted and fifty thousand francs into the stocking. Bless the old Turk! . . .

She wearied soon of her solo dance and, fired with a sudden idea, glanced at her watch. It was barely one o'clock. The idea was so wonderful that she was swept off her feet. Away went the remainder of her clothes. She threw open the door of the bathroom, took a hasty plunge in perfumed water, shook out a

(Continued on page 79)

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(Continued from page 76)

marvelous confection of peach-colored chiffon which she had not as yet worn, paid a good deal of attention to her hair, drew on her stockings and shoes, threw a little cape around her shoulders and stole out.

In less than five minutes she was in the spot she loved most on earth—Maxim's—greeted by bowing waiters and a *maître d'hôtel*, the heavy atmosphere of the room already in her nostrils, her feet moving to the music. Very soon she was surrounded. One of the best tables was hers. She sat there a reigning queen with an admirer on either side. Champagne was poured into her glass. She drank feverishly. The wine was like a new elixir. All those hateful memories in the background—the cramped cabin, the water gurgling against the side, the fat man with the protuberant eyes lying groaning at her feet, his eyes staring at her, the horrible gaze of a man racked with the fear of death. Ugh!

ANOTHER glass of wine. A dance with *Monsieur le Comte*. How he danced! Breathless, she regained her place. The ugly memories had vanished. Fresh admirers were always coming. The leader of the orchestra waited for her commands. She chose the music—danced and danced again. Then, breathless, she leaned back in her place.

"I am exhausted," she cried. "I must rest. And behold—my supper! No more dances for half an hour. Play what you like, André. I am starving. My dinner—oh, it was not a dinner—it was a funeral feast!"

More champagne—delicious food. André was playing a little piece for her—something of his own composition. What a world! Jazz music again. In the crash of those opening bars her little cry was unheard, the clatter of the fork she dropped was unnoticed. She sat stiffly in her seat; her eyes were fixed upon the door. It was a terrible vision. Inside, coolly divesting himself of cape and hat, untwining the white scarf from around his throat, stood the Turkish Commander.

A *maître d'hôtel* solicitously pointed toward a table. The Commander glanced around the room. His eyes rested for a moment upon Suzanne's and, though a few seconds before she had been warm and happy and as near heaven as she was ever likely to go, she felt a queer chill—colder and colder. The blood in her veins seemed to be turning into ice. She must be dying. There was a haze in the room. With slow deliberate footsteps she could see the Commander walking toward her, a very personable figure, well and correctly dressed, an object of apprehension to no one except to her. No one interfered with him. If he chose to pay his respects to Mademoiselle Suzanne, what more natural?

The man who had been sprawling over Suzanne's table gave place. This newcomer had the air of claiming anything he desired. He reached the table. He leaned toward Suzanne.

"Mademoiselle," he ordered, "you will return to me that chart."

"I have no chart," she faltered.

She saw his hand come stealing out of his jacket pocket.

"You will give me the chart, mademoiselle?"

Five seconds. He raised his arm. The gun was in his hand now, hidden from the others by a napkin he had snatched up. He leaned closer. Arm and gun were plainly visible now. Simultaneously, as it seemed to everyone in the room, there was a loud explosion, the crash of the mirror behind Suzanne's seat and the disappearance of the Turkish officer. . . .

One second, two seconds, three seconds. The smell of gunpowder was in her nostrils. I must be dead, she thought. Little pieces of glass were falling down behind her. She bent over the table. The Commander was lying upon the floor. Someone was standing there—someone whom she had seen following him through the mist down the room, someone whose presence she thought must have been a dream. Four seconds, five seconds, six. She saw the Turk's hand steal out on to the dance floor—no longer a swaying mass of people—deserted. With a quick convulsive movement he had the gun once more in his hand, pressed it to his own temple. There were two quick reports and the gun fell onto the floor. The Commander's head fell back hideously.

The man who had struck up his arm disappeared among the little oncoming rush of waiters and guests, but without a doubt the Commander was dead and the hole from his first bullet was there in the mirror about a foot to the right of Suzanne.

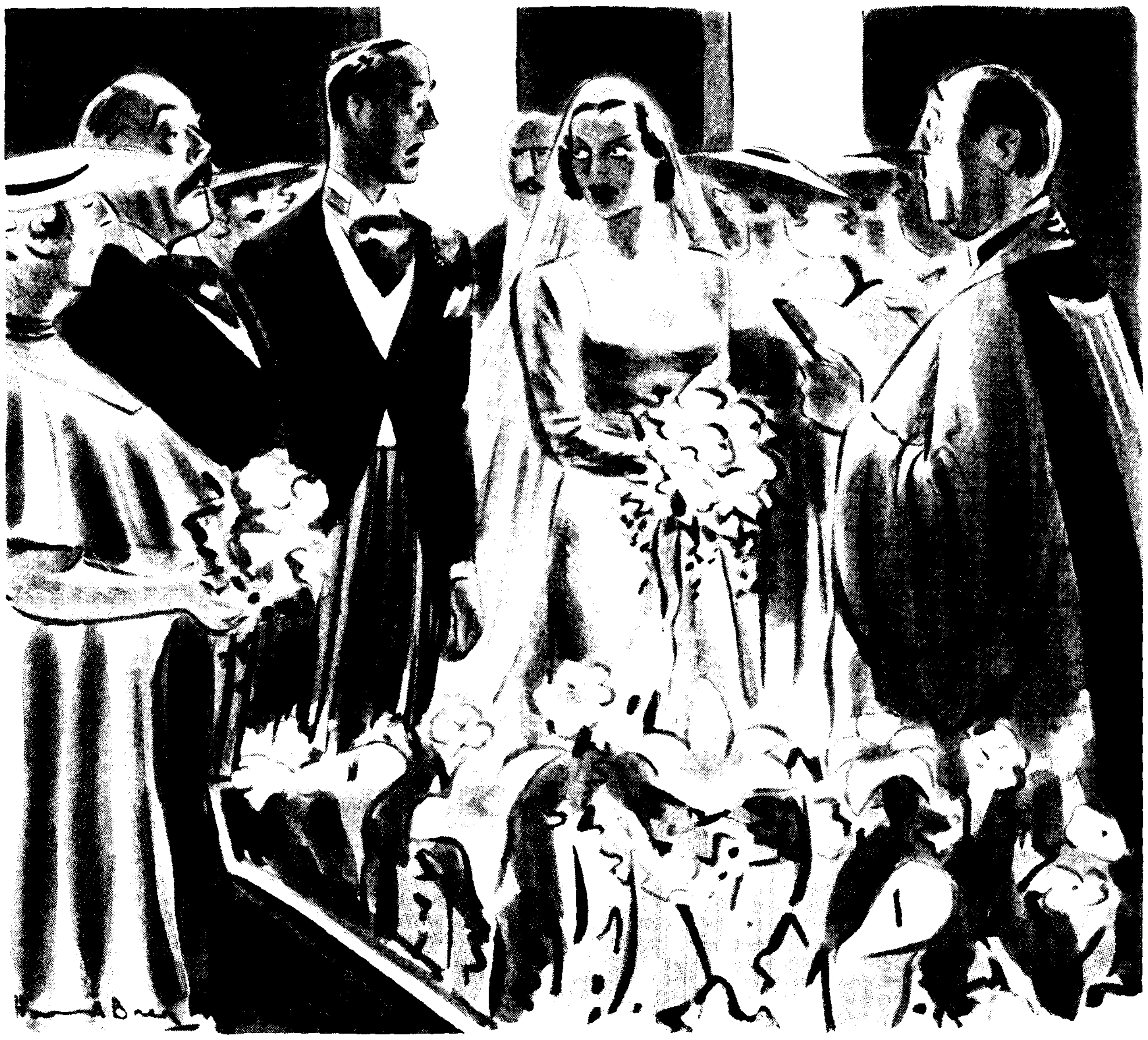
MONSIEUR DECHANEL, attached to the staff of the *Chef de la Sûreté* of the district, paying a morning call upon Mark, shook his head gravely as he accepted a chair and a cigarette.

"Am I in trouble again, Monsieur Déchanel?" Mark asked with a smile.

The police official gesticulated eloquently.

"To protect you, sir, is becoming an impossibility," he declared. "Your Mademoiselle Suzanne, too! Unheard of! A

(Continued on page 80)



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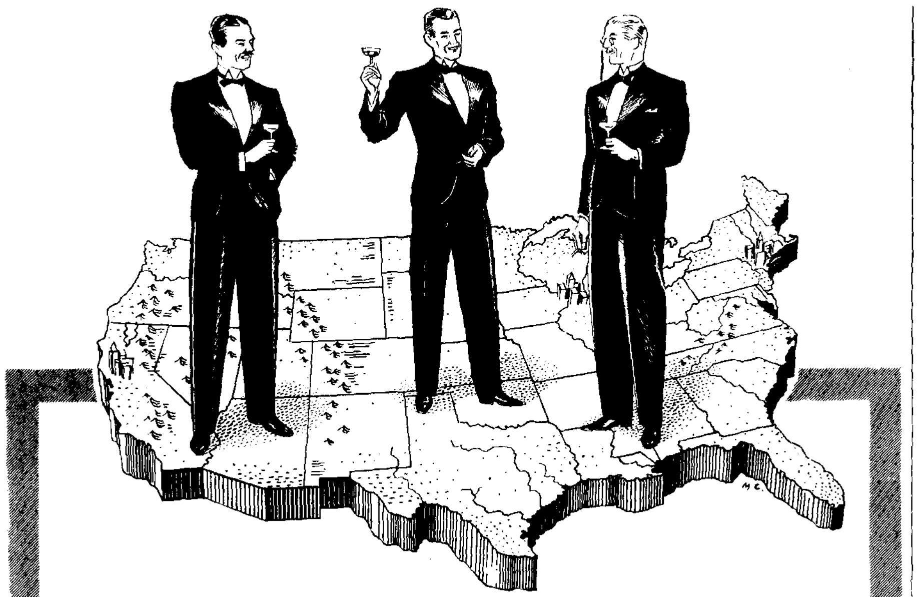

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(Continued from page 79)

week or so ago I smuggled the body of one of her victims, who blew out his brains for her sake, onto his battleship for burial and I aided her escape so that she reached shelter here unseen and unharmed. And now again an attempted murder—a suicide in Maxim's at her feet—the one night place in Nice which is under my personal supervision! And, worse than all, you yourself ask for death—risking a life as valuable as yours for the sake of a little cocotte! Monsieur Humberstone, you depress me. I shall tell my chief that I can no longer be responsible for your safety. The situation becomes impossible."

"My friend," Mark protested soothingly, "you take this little matter too seriously."

THE police official very nearly relapsed into hysterics.

"Too seriously!" he cried. "Name of God, what then is serious? The second in command of the Turkish cruiser a corpse upon the floor of a public restaurant with a bullet in his head, thrown down by you as he was in the act of shooting Suzanne! And you—as the authorities of Paris assure us, one of the great figures of the world here on a mission of vast importance—dead to a surety if the Turk had turned his head and seen you standing there!"

"But nothing serious has happened," Mark argued gently. "The Turk is dead. It was a suicide. Why disturb me and yourself like this?"

"But everyone knows that it was Suzanne again at whom he shot—this man," Déchanel pointed out. "How can I keep people's tongues from wagging?"

"There may be some reason in what you say," Mark acknowledged. "Suzanne had better disappear for a few weeks. At the end of that time we will see. Conditions here are changing. The International Bureau may be shifting its quarters."

"At least one would have peace," the Frenchman groaned.

"Come, come, my friend, confess now that you would break your heart if we went," Mark continued, leaning back in his chair with an air of genial expansion. "Here is the center of all movement and mystery for you. How you wonder up there at headquarters as to why I have spent millions of francs upon the most unusual and powerful radio installation in the world! How you wonder what goes on under this roof and to what parts of the world our spies steal to carry out your commissions! What does it all mean, you ask yourselves, you and the others—even some of your ministers in Paris who worry you so by telephone. Fancy if we were gone. You would have nothing to ask one another. And Déchanel—a word in your ear—your bank account! Awful. Nothing going in. Nothing for the stocking—nothing toward that little château!"

The police official mopped his forehead and looked steadfastly at the speaker.

"Monsieur," he confessed, "we should go into mourning. All Nice would regret you. You keep us alive. You provide us—well, with more excitement than is good for us. You know what my own particular confrère said to me only last week—'Read me the secrets of the International Bureau and I will tell you what will happen in Europe during the next five years.'"

"A very farseeing fellow, your confrère," Mark observed. "We pull many strings, my friend. We have sometimes to employ strange people and to give our friends in authority anxious times. Never mind. When the grand finale comes no one shall suffer because of us. . . . Suzanne shall go to Warsaw for a fortnight and to Paris afterward. Come, that is a promise. You are satisfied?"

"You will permit us to put it in the records that she has been sent away by order of the police?" Déchanel asked anxiously.

"But certainly," Mark assented.

Déchanel twisted his black mustache.

"I should like some evidence to put before my chief that the departure is bona fide."

Mark glanced across at Catherine and motioned toward the telephone.

"A compartment on the *Train Bleu*, Mademoiselle, for Suzanne as far as Paris today. From Le Bourget the morning plane to Berlin and through to Warsaw. All papers to be here in an hour. . . . Good."

The police official rose to his feet.

"As usual, Monsieur," he exclaimed saluting, "you treat me like a prince. Is there any message I can convey if I am rung up from Paris?"

"There is one matter which needs arranging," Mark observed. "The Turkish boat which seems to be the cause of much of this trouble has been hanging around waiting for a cargo. Will you give my compliments to your chief and say that if he has a chance to walk round to see Monsieur Renard, who I believe is the head of the Maritime Customs, I should be glad if he would use his influence to prevent the embarkation of the cargo."

The police official stroked his chin.

"No explanation?" he asked.

"I have from the quay," Mark confided, "studied the build of that small cruiser and I am convinced that it would be a dangerous enterprise for the port of Nice and for the cruiser herself to attempt to load her with explosives."

"Explosives?"

"Precisely. That cruiser is waiting for a delivery of mines purchased from a certain government for delivery at Toulon. Toulon proved to be an impossible place so the cruiser came here to Nice. Mines would be a very dangerous cargo for the cruiser. You see, she is not fitted properly for their reception and they would have to be transferred somewhere or other between here and their destination to a mine-laying craft. Dangerous. Very dangerous. If your superintendent of the Maritime Customs would like to discuss the matter with me I shall be here for a few days longer at any rate."

Déchanel, with a final salute, made his way to the door.

"Your message shall be delivered," he promised.

A VERY crushed and deflated Suzanne answered Mark's summons. She entered the room reluctantly. She walked with heavy footsteps; the volatile grace which had been one of her most appealing charms had gone. Her eyes were beringed and with a listless gesture she sank into the chair which Mark indicated. Nevertheless, something of the old light returned to her eyes at the sound of his level voice. She realized that her disgrace was not irredeemable.

"You leave this afternoon for Warsaw, Suzanne," he announced. "In your room within an hour you will find a packet containing your hundred thousand francs, your month's money, your expense account replenished and your tickets."

"Very well," she assented wearily. "I would rather it were Paris but Warsaw will do. You are not sending me away for always?"

"No," he replied coolly. "You are too useful. You will return when you have finished your task."

"And what is that to be?"

"You will go each day to the aviation office; you will find the names of those who are traveling westward. The day that Paul Agrestein books a place you will telephone to me."

"The old man?" she murmured.

"Yes, the grandfather of your lover. Listen, you know him by sight?"

"Of course."

"The day he has booked his passage you must see the plane start. If it is indeed Paul Agrestein who travels you must report it. If on the other hand—this is important—there is someone else traveling with his passport you must telephone through here as soon as the plane leaves the ground."

"That is easy," she admitted.

"Leave for Paris when you have carried out my instructions. Apply at the *Bureau des Affaires Etrangères* at the American Embassy each morning for a message. Remain in Paris until you get it. Repeat now what you are to do."

She repeated almost every word with parrotlike exactitude, then she leaned a little farther over in her chair. Her face was drawn, her eyes were tense and her voice had lost its music.

"How did you know?" she asked.

"You are overwrought, Suzanne," he replied indulgently, "or you would know that it is not permitted to ask such questions. However, this may be a lesson to you. You will understand now that whenever anyone leaves this place his destination is known to me or to Mr. Cheng automatically. I was told that you had disobeyed orders and that you were at Maxim's within ten minutes of your entering the door."

"BUT why did you come there?" she asked feverishly.

"I had received a report from the police," he told her. "Commander Darnu returned from San Rafael in the middle of the night to find the Admiral unconscious upon the floor of his cabin and the chart which was to have been the keystone of the work gone. The Commander dashed to the police. It was not a matter in which, for various reasons, they felt greatly concerned and he found them unsympathetic. In a fury he went himself to Maxim's, obviously in search of you. The information was conveyed to me and I acted upon it. . . ."

"You knew that he would kill me?"

"I imagined so."

"But you ran a terrible risk," she went on, breathing a little more rapidly. "You ran a risk when you threw him down just as he was pulling the trigger of his gun. Even when he lay upon the floor he could have shot you first and then himself. He could have killed you easily."

"I can assure you he could not," Mark answered with a thin smile. "I had no fear of that. It is not my fate to be killed in a minor squabble like that."

"You saved my life," she said half to herself, but with her wonderful eyes all the time challenging his, "I cannot imagine why. You have never spoken a kindly word to me. You have never looked at me as though I were a human being."

"I protect my employees."

"Was that all?"

He looked at her steadily, his eyebrows slightly raised, some inkling of surprise in his face.

"It was all and quite enough," he told her.

"I am very grateful—"

"I dislike gratitude. Remember that, and forget your fancies."

She rose to her feet.

"I should have liked to have thanked you," she sighed. "I will keep what I feel in my heart. A miserable sort of place, you think? Perhaps so."

His eyes followed her until she left the room. He turned to Catherine, who had just entered, with a smile of gentle irony.

"A battered old portmanteau, I should think, Suzanne's heart," he remarked.

"But, *mon cher*, why do you run such risks for the sake of such a creature?" Catherine asked. "Do you think it is fair to the great work—to all your responsibilities here?"

He installed her in his chair and watched her light a cigarette.

"You see, I am beginning to imbibe Cheng's wonderful fatalism," he explained. "I feel that I shall always have warning when anything is going to happen to me."

She looked up at him—a little differently. Her eyes seemed almost of a deeper blue, yet he fancied that they were softer—faintly misty.

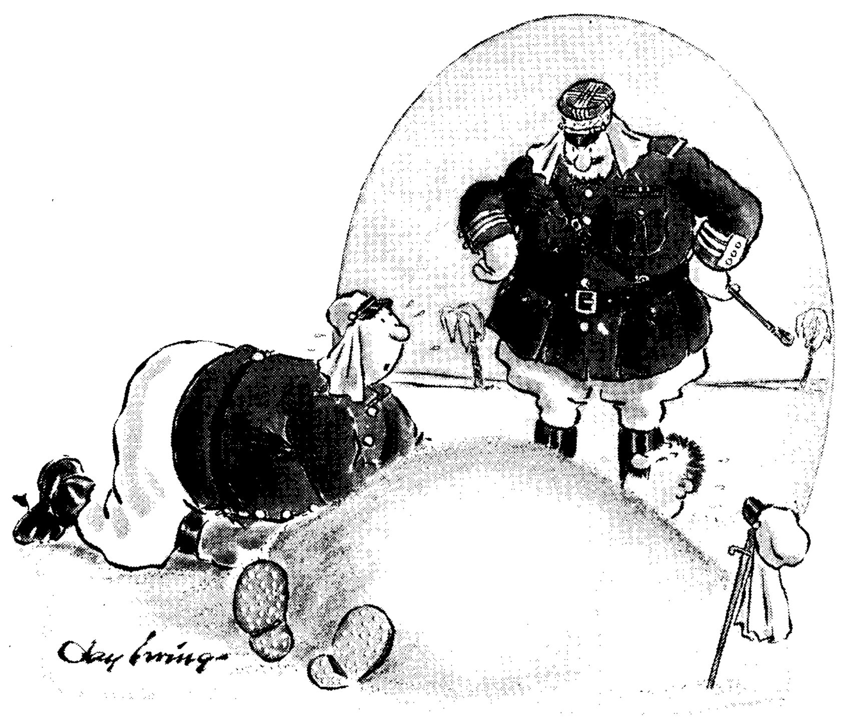
"Would it make any difference, Mark, if I told you that, as I do not quite share this wonderful fatalism you and Cheng talk about, I would rather you took a little more care of yourself?"

Mark felt his heart suddenly bounding. He leaned a little toward her.

"Catherine—" he began.

Both of them heard the soft opening of the door. He turned his head unwillingly. Cheng was standing motionless upon the threshold. For a moment he did not speak, and a queer thought flashed through Mark's brain. He fancied that there was something ominous, almost sinister, in that brief silence.

(To be continued next week)



"We kinda got homesick . . . for Coney Island"

JAY IRVING

An Old Thrill Hunter Gets a New Thrill

By Rex Beach

Author of "The Barrier" etc.

I'M a thrill hunter. I like excitement and I've explored several frontiers looking for it. The other day I got a real kick out of exploring a factory! In Boston!

This was the Gillette factory where precision is raised to the nth degree. I beheld efficiency perfected. I watched thoughts expressed in terms of steel and shaped with absolute exactitude. I saw machines too complicated for the average man to understand—machines with thousands of whirling parts which performed operations too intricate, too delicate and too painstaking for human hands to attempt. Every hour in the day, miracles, both visible and invisible, are wrought by these mechanical wizards.

A human hair is only 3/1000 of an inch thick, yet I saw ribbons of the best razor steel in the world—miles of such ribbons—every foot rolled to such a precision that a variation of *one-tenth of a hair's breadth* caused it to be immediately rejected.

Electrical robots, swifter and more cunning than human beings, govern the tempering of the blade steel. Almost instantaneously, these sensitive devices regulate the heat of the furnaces to the fraction of a degree. The hardness of the finished steel is tested with diamond pointed punches, and the punch marks are microscopically gauged to guarantee absolute uniformity. An X-ray eye looks through the metal itself with a vision so clear that a change in its structure due to mere bending can be detected.

Nothing is left to chance or taken for granted. Mathematical accuracy prevails in every department—in every operation.

The most extraordinary piece of equipment is a photo-electric device which makes it possible to measure the sharpness of a razor blade, although the cutting edge is barely 1/80,000th of an inch thick! Gillette engineers invented this device; there is no other in existence and it is in constant use to check the efficiency of the grinding, honing and stropping machines.

In the sharpening process, the same exquisite refinement of technique is employed and finally every finished blade is inspected and tested before it goes out.

Even in the packing, each blade is ingeniously fastened inside its moisture proof envelope so that its super-keen edges cannot be dulled by touching the paper before it reaches a user's hands.

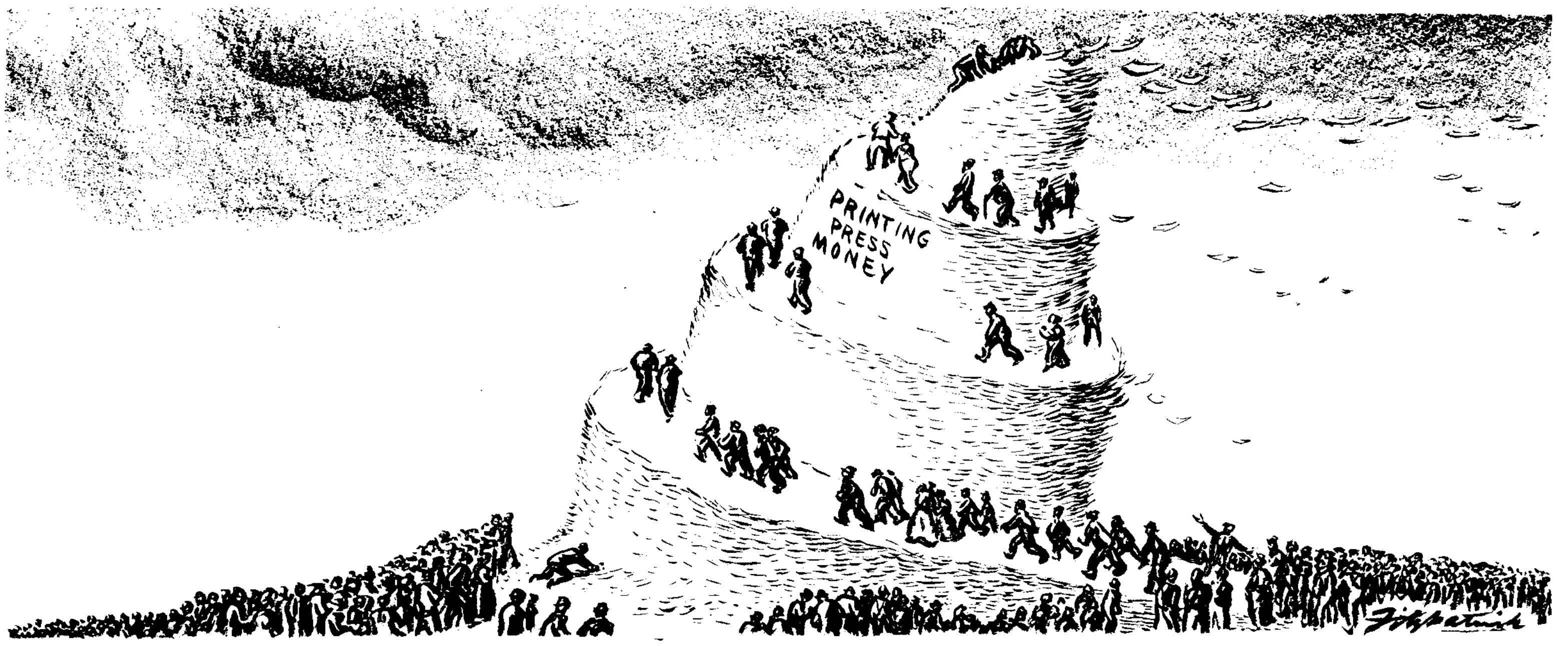
Upon leaving the Gillette factory I was convinced that I had beheld a miracle of scientific accomplishment. This morning when I opened a new package of Gillette Blades I realized that these are truly the Blue Bloods among razor blades—the finest that modern science can produce.

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* **WILLIAM L. CHENERY**, *Editor* **CHARLES COLEBAUGH**, *Managing Editor*



Stage-Property Dollars

AMERICANS who like to fool with money can thank our Canadian neighbors for the Alberta show. Premier Aberhart is actually printing and distributing his paper money. He is undertaking an experiment similar to those which Dr. Townsend and Father Coughlin have been so eager to try.

Premier Aberhart is the public-school teacher who, when times were leaner, thought that a $25 a month pension would be pleasant for everybody. After reading Major Douglas' book on Social Credit, Mr. Aberhart decided he had the answer. Briefly, his notion was to print the money.

It is hard to vote against a pension and so the schoolman became prime minister of Alberta. Even then he could not find the money to pay all Albertans $25 monthly. He has been able to begin the printing of his new paper money.

The first edition of this money was not large—just $250,000—a modest sum for so extensive a province. Ordinarily when a government issues paper money, the paper can be traded for something generally regarded as valuable. More people seem to want gold than any other convenient commodity. So, where possible, the gold standard of exchange has been used.

Premier Aberhart's "property" dollars will not be redeemed in gold or silver or anything else of value by the Alberta government during the next two years. The former schoolteacher has a scheme something like Dr. Townsend's plan to pay for his paper dollars.

Each week a special stamp representing 1 per cent of its value must be fixed to each of the Aberhart certificates. The stamps must be bought from the government with real money, and no fooling. If a stamp were affixed weekly for 104 weeks the province would have enough gold and silver to buy back its paper certificates.

Meanwhile, as is usual in such circumstances, those less able to defend themselves have to be the first to accept the money. Workers in the government road camps were paid with the first batch of Aberhart dollars.

The success or the failure of the scheme will, of course, depend upon the extent to which it is tried. Alberta can issue $250,000 in paper without running into serious trouble. Everybody knows that the province can pay a debt of such small proportions. But the issue of $250,000,000 or any sum large enough to permit the fulfillment of Premier Aberhart's campaign pledges would bring swift proof of the continuing truth of the ancient observation that you can't make something out of nothing.

As a matter of history, we don't have to go to Canada for answers to the question of what happens when governments begin to print irredeemable paper money. We had our own experiences and we didn't wait long for them.

Remember the old phrase, "Not worth a continental?" Continental became a substitute for damn and similar expletives. We got that term of contempt from our first national experiment with printing-press money.

The Continental Congress had no money with which to finance the Revolutionary War. Neither had the Congress the authority to collect taxes. So it borrowed what it could and issued paper money for the rest.

Between 1775 and 1779 the Continental Congress issued about $240,000,000 in paper. The states or colonies printed almost as much. So in 1779 a continental dollar would buy about two or three cents' worth where it could be used at all. The paper money of so prosperous a state as Virginia sank as low as 1,000 paper dollars to 1 metallic dollar.

In fact, one of the important influences in writing the Constitution which created our government was the desire to stop the nonsense about printing irredeemable paper money. After the Constitution was adopted, Congress alone had the right to issue money. Congress could print worthless dollars if it pleased but the itching fingers of state politicians were compelled to seek other booty.

A hundred and fifty years ago, as now, politicians tried to prove that the money to be had from printing presses was somehow very democratic and right. It has, however, never worked out that way. For example, Charles A. Beard, the historian, and himself a liberal in politics, summed up our first experience with printing-press dollars in these words: "The heaviest losers were the soldiers who received in return for their sacrifices reams of paper currency and paper claims to lands in the wilderness of the West."

In spite of this experience and of numerous similar ones, printing-press money in its various forms continues to be the favorite standby of radical and eccentric politicians. The old Populist party, so similar in many ways to the radical parties of today, was weaned on the hope of paper money.

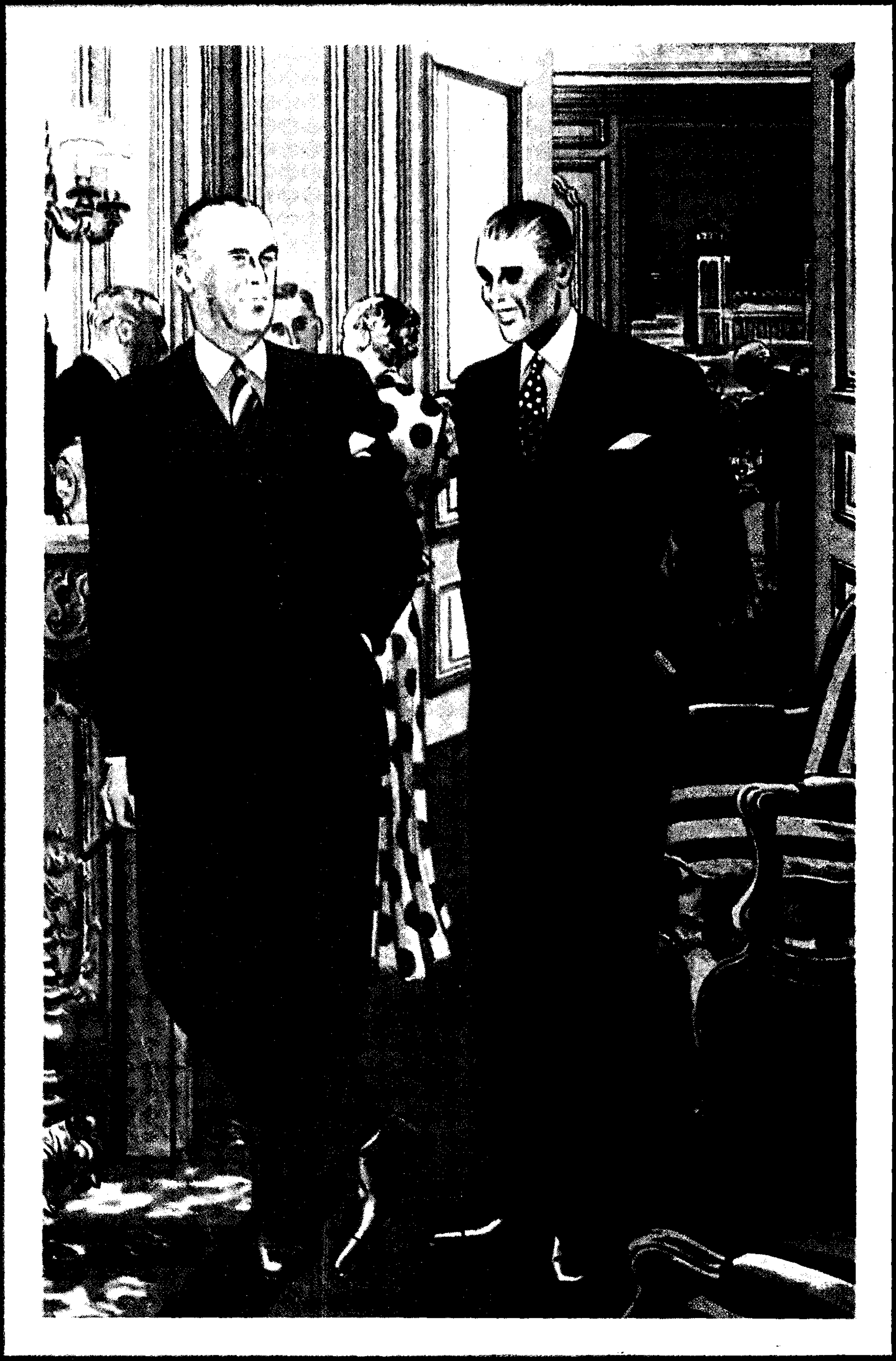
Every time the Populists got together they adopted resolutions demanding the abolition of national banks and the issuance of legal tender notes by the government. Forty-seven years ago almost precisely the same arguments lately made by Father Coughlin were agitated by the rural Populist orators from the South and Middle West.

The honey in the agitation for printing-press money, whether in Alberta or in the United States, lies in the suggestion that those who owe money won't have to pay their bills. Or, at least, payment with worthless dollars won't hurt.

Of course paper dollars can be made legal tender and can wipe out debts, mortgages, grocery bills, and everything large and small. When the full tale is told, however, it is usually discovered that the poor have been hardest hit. Debts can be abolished without payment but much else is lost in the process. Among these other losses is the intangible thing called honor. Some regard that as important.

LONDON SAID "CHEERIO"... AMERICA SAID "O.K."

And Cheerio Stripes became the hit of the season!



TAILORED BY
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
OF THE SENSATIONAL, NEW
Triple Test Worsteds

THEY know their woolens—these smart Londoners! They have their pick of the world's finest. And they know their style. So when these colorful, new stripes "clicked" in London we knew what to plan here. ● And Cheerio Stripes ARE the hit of the fall season. They're gay! They're colorful! They're as sprightly as a crisp fall morning! Grounds of dusted blue, warm gray and rich brown—with bright contrasting clusters of neat stripings that give the distinction of being just different enough. Tailored in the new fabric sensation—Triple Test Worsted—you're sure of a cloth that will wear and wear. ● Step into a Cheerio Stripe—step out—dressed as only Hart Schaffner & Marx styling can dress you. ● And the price? After you check it at your dealer you'll add your own "O. K." to London's "Cheerio"

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Use Old Dutch
for all your
Housecleaning

Of course you can have easier housecleaning! Just use Old Dutch and you'll save time, work and money. This modern, scientific cleanser whisks away the dirt without scratching because it is made with quick-acting Seismotite.

Don't worry about finger prints on painted walls and woodwork. A sprinkle of Old Dutch on a damp cloth wipes them away "with the greatest of ease." No need to rub with a vengeance when you use this quick-acting cleanser.

[illegible] in the nursery. So use Old Dutch [illegible] from painted furniture and [illegible] no scratchy grit, no harsh [illegible]

Old Dutch gives a real sparkle to windows, mirrors and glassware. It doesn't scratch, and polishes as it cleans. Use a little Old Dutch on a dampened cloth and rub it over the glass. Wipe with a cloth wrung from clean water and dry.

Make this simple test of cleanser safety. Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the back of a plate and rub with a coin. You'll hear no grinding or grating because there is no harsh grit in Old Dutch. Then try the same test with an ordinary cleanser. You'll both hear and feel the difference.

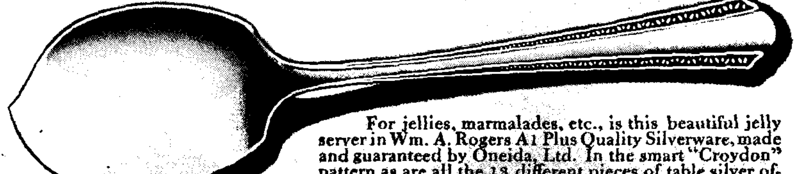
To clean brass candlesticks, fireplace accessories, lighting fixtures, ash trays and other metal objects, sprinkle Old Dutch Cleanser on a damp cloth and watch tarnish and stains disappear. Wipe with a damp cloth and dry.

To clean linoleum floors. Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the floor; wipe up with a damp mop; rinse and dry. Always do this before re-waxing.

Why Old Dutch costs less to use. Housewives find Old Dutch goes very much further than ordinary cleansers. This is because it is made with Seismotite. The flaky, flat-shaped particles cover more surface and do more cleaning than the chunky grit found in ordinary cleansers.

It pays to use safe and saving Old Dutch.

Send today for this handsome Silver Jelly Server... $1.00 value for only 15¢ and 1 Old Dutch label



For jellies, marmalades, etc., is this beautiful jelly server in Wm. A. Rogers A1 Plus Quality Silverware, made and guaranteed by Oneida, Ltd. In the smart "Croydon" pattern as are all the 13 different pieces of table silver offered you by Old Dutch. Wonderful values! Note coupon!

Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
Makes everything spick and span

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. S261, 221 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

I am enclosing______windmill panels from Old Dutch labels (or complete labels) and ______c for which please send me

☐ 6 Teaspoons
☐ 3 Butter Spreaders
☐ 1 Gravy Ladle
☐ 3 Oval Soup Spoons
☐ 3 Iced Drink Spoons
☐ 1 Dinner Knife and Fork
☐ 3 Tablespoons
☐ 1 Cold Meat Fork
☐ 1 Butter Knife and 1 Sugar Spoon
☐ 3 Salad Forks
☐ 3 Oyster Forks
☐ **Round, Pierced Server (This item for 25c and 2 Old Dutch labels)**
☐ **Jelly Server (15c and 1 Old Dutch label)**

You may order any one of these units or as many as you like. Remember, each unit requires 50c and 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels (or complete labels). **Offer good only in the United States and Canada and expires July 31, 1937.**

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